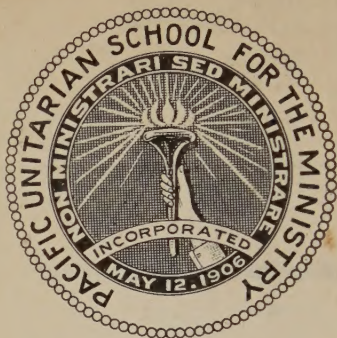






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THE
CHRISTIAN PIONEER:

EDITED BY

GEORGE HARRIS.

“Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.”

VOL. IX.

JANUARY 1835—DECEMBER 1835.

GLASGOW:

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IRELAND:—S. ARCHER, BELFAST; L. F. SHAW, DUBLIN; KING & CO.

CORK. AMERICA:—L. C. BOWLES, BOSTON.

1835.

CHRISTIAN PIONEER

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THE
CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

JANUARY, 1835.

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. I.

ANY one of these subjects might be expanded over the pages of many folio volumes. Upon each, millions of pens have been employed, and myriads of tongues and heads engaged. And while time lasts, it must be a subject of deep thought; while truth endures, it must be an object of anxious inquiry; while theology has a name, it must be a theme of the most intense interest. Of the rapid flight of time, its irrecoverable glide into the all-absorbing past, and the fact, that it is to be improved while passing, or never, we are seriously apprised, not only by the swift revolution of the year, the swifter roll of the month, and the thought-like movement of the opening and closing day; but by every oscillation of the pendulum, and every beat of the pulse. Of the priceless value of truth, we are made acutely sensible by the numerous stumbling-blocks of error, over which fallible humanity is constantly falling. And of the inestimable worth of pure theology, we are made fully aware by the endless systems of heterogeneous perplexing jargon, which have been foisted on the too credulous world under that name.

And to engage all the mental energies, in the business of attaining as clear ideas as possible, on time, truth, and theology, what is it but to stir up the intellectual powers, to become better acquainted with Him who was before and will be after all time, who is both truth and theology? But in order to speak, or even think of time, we have to call in, and examine its measurers. These are the planetary bodies in motion. Were the great machine of nature perfectly at rest, to what could we refer time? Did not our earth whirl round its own centre, nothing could we know of day and night. Did not this terrestrial ball fly through its orbit round the sun, no experience nor idea could we have of changing seasons and the revolving year. Suppose the earth and other planets completely void of motion, either forward on their annual journeys, or round their axes, so long as they remained in that quiescent state, the heavens must continue to present to all parts of the earth's surface, precisely that appearance which they were seen to wear at the moment the motions ceased; there would be no rising and setting of the sun and moon and stars; and if all our

artificial time-pieces were annihilated at the same moment, time itself would to us appear to have found its end.

But while our globe turns on its own axis, or round its own centre, and moves also round the sun, we perceive constant change, and witness times and seasons. The first motion gives us day and night, the second brings in its train the year. The periods thus measured out to us by these revolutions, we for convenience divide into various portions, which we term hours, minutes, and seconds—and weeks, months, and quarters. Then we speak of twenty-four hours making a day and night, seven days a week, and three hundred and sixty-five days five hours forty-eight minutes and forty-eight seconds, amounting to a year. These divisions and sub-divisions of the motions of our earth, referred to the sun and stars as fixed points, we who dwell upon this planet designate *time*. But this is not time to the inhabitants (if inhabitants there are) on the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. And surely there are inhabitants on such a body as Jupiter, which is more than a thousand times the size of this earth. Yet Jupiter turns round its own centre nearly twice and a half, while this earth moves round once; although, on the other hand, our earth goes round the sun nearly twelve times, while that planet makes one journey round the great lamp of day. Then Mercury performs more than four revolutions during each single journey of the earth; and Uranus sees this earth roll round the sun about eighty-five times, while he is himself travelling once through his orbit.

Now, as out of the ten primary planets, and the eighteen secondary ones that fly round the sun, and turn round their own centres as our earth also does, there is not one of them that performs its revolutions in the same period as this globe performs hers; days and nights, and years, and seasons, or to express all this by another word, *time* will be quite different at each of the other planets from what it is with us. The sun is fixed in nearly the centre of the twenty-nine bodies that move around him, at different distances and in different periods; having scarcely any motion, save round his own centre. What then is time at the sun? Again, the fixed stars, of which there are countless millions, keep their permanent places in the heavens through innumerable ages, enlightening and warming the globes that roll around them. What then is time at the fixed stars? What will time be when the stars shall fade away? What is time there, where are seen no sun, moon, and stars—no waxing and waning queen of night—no rising and setting king of day—no successions of periods—no changing seasons—no varying year; but where one unabating blaze of excessive light emanates from the eternally immutable throne of God? Time, we thus learn, bears reference only to that which undergoes changes.

Time is change. But God is everlastingly the same. He never changeth. Time, therefore, has no reference to him. We thus obtain one great truth, and fix one fundamental principle of theology.

And to what useful purposes may we apply this physical truth, this theological principle? If a reason for this question be sought, it will instantly be found in the fact, that truths and principles, however invaluable in themselves, are utterly worthless to man, till he employs them as the instruments of effecting good. No knowledge is power, till it is made to act. What is the most capacious and largely stored mind, when its possessor is soundly asleep? Does such a mind then give any indication of superiority? And knowledge of truths and principles in science and religion, is rendering no more service to either the person who has acquired it or those around him, in his waking but unthinking and inactive hours, than is derived from that knowledge during the most death-like sleep. Those things on which we seldom reflect, differ very little in their influences upon us, from those which we do not believe. And those truths which are most familiar to our minds, but which we never make of practical utility, are in no way of more advantage to us, than those of which we are in the most profound ignorance. And this is perhaps more clearly and lamentably illustrated and proved, in the non-application of this truth in astronomy, which becomes a principle in theology, than in hardly any other case. Men constantly talk of time and eternity, of the changing nature of all created things, and the unchanging nature of the uncreated God; but how little do they act in unison with the sentiments expressed! Nay, while the words are on their lips, how often do they act in direct opposition to their spirit and meaning! Time they think not of employing aright, till they have no more to employ. Then, on a death-bed, they persuade themselves that they are able, by the utterance of a few words, by professing to believe that to which they can attach no clear ideas, and by the performance of a mere ceremony, not only to make full amends for the time wasted, the opportunities neglected, and the crimes committed through life, but more effectually to recommend themselves to the favour of Heaven, than they could have done by the most virtuous conduct during the whole of their existence, and actually to work a change in the mind and plans of Him with whom is no variableness nor the shadow of a turning.

It is the same non-application of the principle, that time or change refers to created moving things only, and not to God, that has left men floundering in the muddy waters of school divinity, there to be enfeebled by the deleterious ingredients of which they are composed, and stupified and stultified by the noxious fumes which they exhale; till to the mental vision, the heavens seem no longer glorious, the earth

no longer beautiful, life no longer a blessing, and God himself no longer unchanging, save in wrath—no longer almighty, save in vengeance. Heaven, earth, and life, appear one mighty blunder—one measureless, cureless evil. The distorted optics and the disordered mind together, see God undergoing incessant mutations: now pleased and now angry, now loving and now hating, now filling immensity, and now circumscribed by the womb of a woman, then born, then sustained for a while on earth by food, and air, and light, and heat, then dying as a criminal, then rising again to life, then ascending to heaven, and there living a God who never underwent the slightest change! But the sun and moon and stars, from day to night and night to day, utter their protest against this representation of God, and affirm that it is false. The earth, as she whirls round her centre and flies round the sun, declares that it is untrue. Man's life, his powers, his enjoyments, all testify that such opinions are contrary to fact. And the Bible assures us, that God is ever the same—can never undergo the least conceivable change in his nature; that that nature is love; and that it is a crime of the deepest dye to ascribe to him the changes and passions to which human beings find themselves subject. Were he to change, heaven itself, the dwelling-place of the Universal King, must be a scene of uncertainty, giving no assurance of permanent felicity. Were he to be agitated by swelling fury, alternating though it may be with melting, burning love, yet he could not be perfectly and unchangingly happy in himself, nor could even the future happiness of any of his creatures be secure. But were he ever for one moment actually enraged, creation would shrink into nonentity under the blasting influence of the very first almighty frown that arose on his brow. Useless, childish, idiotic is it, to appeal to earthquakes, volcanoes, inundations, tempests, diseases, and human ills, in proof that the breast of God is subject to those changes which the entrance of anger, malice, and wrath must inevitably produce. What should we think of an enraged giant evincing his wrath by tearing off the leg of a fly? What should we think of a mighty sovereign, full of wrath against the great majority of his subjects, who, to show his determined vindictiveness, should send forth an army of five hundred thousand soldiers to accomplish no other object than the destruction of a single infant? Should we not rather ridicule than reverence such displays of rage? And shall we ascribe infinitely greater folly to our Heavenly Father? All the changes of nature are indispensably necessary. They are the results of unerring wisdom and boundless goodness. If this be denied, then it must be affirmed that God has been disappointed and thwarted. Say that the convulsions of nature are fits of almighty indignation for vexatious crosses experienced by the Creator, and you affirm that time or

change affects him as it affects us. Is not this impious? Must not such an idea lower our reverence, lessen our devotion, and diminish our love? To have our reverence of the Deity exalted to the highest possible degree—to have our devotion rendered the most deep and pure—to have our love of God raised to the greatest intensity—and to have our trust in his promises, our reliance on his goodness, and our hope in his eternally unerring dispensations, rested on an immovable basis—we must look on nature around, with all its mutations, and meditate upon time and its effects, only to attain an undoubting faith in the perfect and everlasting immutability of God.

D. D.

DEATH-BED SCENES AMONG THE POOR.—No. I.

THE RUINED FAMILY.

CRABBE has been accused by fastidious critics, of drawing his pictures of human life in gloomy colours. His defence is, I conceive, perfect in one short sentence: "He was the poet of the poor." He who is familiar with scenes of destitution, will find not many elysian bowers through which to conduct his reader, and revel in his own imagination. The first part of the sybil's service to Eneas, is a suitable illustration of his task; alas, I fear whether he could relieve it by any thing analogous to her second. There is, however, one happy difference. Our visitors may mitigate the wretchedness they are led to behold; his could only look, and pass away with vain regret. Should these simple descriptions interest one additional benevolent heart in the cause of suffering humanity—should they lead one foot more to the abode of misery on an angel's errand, the writer will not have laboured in vain.

While residing in the city of —, the scene, of which I here endeavour to give a faint picture, came within my observation. The evening was one of the darkest and fiercest in December; the heaviest gloom thickened in the atmosphere, the storm rushed with loud and fitful blasts, bearing away the slates from the houses as if they had been feathers—heavy drops of rain and snow were hurled like missiles against the window; it was an evening to make the comfortable melancholy—alas, how bitter to unprotected and shivering poverty! I had been enjoying the luxury of a blazing fire and an interesting book, when I was told that a little boy desired to see me. I called him in. He seemed as if he were the child of poverty and sorrow, and to exhibit in strong delineation the features of both his parents. But the reader shall see him. His age appeared to be about eleven or twelve years; but this would not have been known from his size, which scarcely corresponded with his years. His cos-

tume consisted of a leather cap, thin jacket and trowsers; a rusty black handkerchief was tied about his neck, yet not with an art so consummate as to effect the concealment he desired. Every blast pierced him; the black, cold rain flowed round him where he stood; and the streams from his black cap made gloomy lines along his pale countenance. There was in his manner an appearance of thoughtfulness and reflection, in strong contrast with his youthfulness. Severe suffering has a tendency to call the mind into action, from the strong and marked impression it makes, and from the strength of impulse which desire of deliverance naturally imparts. His object with me, was, to be put in the way of getting a coffin for a little sister who lay dead at his lodging. He had travelled through a large part of the city, amidst all the storm, and had failed in attaining this last requisite for dissolving mortality. I informed him that I could procure it for him. He appeared intensely anxious to go away: on his departure, I received his number, and immediately followed him. Having passed through some noisome backward streets, I entered the wretched and filthy court in which his lodging was situated. The house, hall, stairs, were all in keeping with their position, cold, dark, and muddy. I rapped at a room-door; it was hesitatingly opened; the figures retreated; the scene which was disclosed, is more than imprinted on my memory, it is identified with the consciousness of my past existence. There are some events in life which you easily recall, others you recollect with an effort; but some stand so strikingly in view, that, like towers on the tops of mountains, they are presented to the most casual glance. The scene was such, as that I fear to bring my veracity into question by its description. I was deeply affected; but then *I saw it*.

It was one apartment, without closet or concealment; all was open and all was naked. Scarcely did a single article of furniture present itself to remove the idea of utter desolation. There might have been a few broken tea-cups, or two or three small stools; but will it be credited? here was neither kettle nor pot—neither chair nor table—neither bed nor covering. I, however, cannot disbelieve it, because I was eye-witness to the fact; I might desire to forget, but I cannot doubt. I stood petrified. I rapidly inquired within my mind, Do human beings live and breathe here? Do they eat, drink, or sleep? Have they not even a little straw on which to recline their weary bodies, to forget for a few moments their hunger in visionary luxuries, and to lose for a little, the sense of their sorrows in dreams of departed pleasures? What an inestimable comfort does not even a bed afford? How often does it give a night of paradise to a day of calamity? Here labour dissolves into ease and relaxation, and misery finds the balm of oblivion or delusion; here the

destitute sometimes revel in abundance, slaves exult in liberty, and the afflicted kindle into joy; here sometimes hands are grasped, which oceans sever, voices are heard which sound in distant climes, and faces burst on the sight in health and loveliness, and eyes look upon us in affection and tenderness, which have mouldered and closed in the darkness of the tomb. But the wretch without a bed has perpetuated misery. He shivers in a freezing slumber, he dreams of frosts, and snows, and piercing winds—bleak mountains and unsheltered plains—the heart-thrilling shudder rouses him from dozing misery, to its wakeful, withering, reality. How natural, therefore, was the feeling in Baron Trenck, when in the most horrible dungeon, he would have considered it happiness to be provided with the means, and to be allowed the privilege of sleeping, and that the cruelty which inflicted privation in this particular, produced a degree of suffering, to which all his other tortures bore no comparison. But I am digressing. The window let in every blast—there was at this time, no fire in the grate, and around it shivered five poor emaciated creatures, who crowded to that spot more as the place of habitual assembly than one of superior comfort. In prison-dungeon, or inquisition-cell, seldom has a door closed in more melting calamity, than the door of this room, nominally free, concealed. If the reader has any idea of desolation, physically considered beyond this, I must confess his imagination or experience outstrips mine. But it may be asked, how did they exist? In answer to this question, I must anticipate, and tell a little of what came out in after circumstances. Their clothing, on the whole, was only sufficient to enable one member to go out. There were two little boys, and each took this duty alternately. They were continually going on journeys of supplication, though they never could bring themselves to common beggary; their success was variable, at best but limited; disappointments were terrible, and they were many. Their fastings far outnumbered their meals; sometimes they were enabled only to procure a very small quantity of potatoes, which cut into slices, they roasted on the coals; and when the provision was more varied, they borrowed some few utensils in the adjoining room.

But let us contemplate more particularly this affecting group. At one side of the empty fire-place sat the mother of the family. I took one rapid glance; modesty and pity forbade me to take a second. But this glance left on my memory a strongly defined picture. Her countenance was a fine oval, without one trait of vulgarity; her features, amiable and interesting on the whole, rather than handsome in detail, and the general expression was a mixture of mildness, resignation, and affection. Her eyes were sunk and reddened, her sorrow was evidently deep, but not turbulent; and whilst

grief had been rankling in her heart with corroding influence, hunger was laying his emaciating hand on her external appearance. There was in her manner, something too mild to allow you to call her look haggard—it affected few of the stronger feelings of our nature, but penetrated to the very inmost recess of our softer sympathies, and touched every chord of pity that vibrates in the human heart. In her arms she folded an infant, which might be called a living skeleton—pressed it to her naked bosom—gazed tenderly on its emaciated countenance—and whilst the glassiness of death seemed gathering on its eyes, the fulness of a mother's heart was pouring from hers. At the other side, the figures were in contrast, but not less affecting. On a miserable handful of straw lay an infant corpse, the remains of a child between four and five years old. It was a sweet creature, its beauty was remarkable, it had all the stillness of death, without, as yet, any appearance of dissolution. A smile of joy still lingered on the pallid lip, as if the spirit, while it trembled between two worlds, had seen the dawn of immortal glory, and left, in departure, the mark of its expiring delight. Thus it is, that at the close of evening, a gleam of sunshine tinges some cloud hanging on the horizon's border, with a golden hue, after the orb itself has vanished from our sight. This shadow of a smile on the cheek of death, was the only thing here which bore the merest resemblance to pleasure.

The father sat looking on the face of the dead. His person, appearance, and manner, it would be difficult to describe—impossible, with full justice. He was almost naked; yet you would never have mistaken him for a savage or a peasant. His forehead was high and bald—his features, worn, intelligent, and handsome—his eyes, though sunk and red from grief and want of sleep, were deeply expressive, keen, and penetrating, seemed to be those which many a passion had looked through—anger, love, pity, and ambition. During the short time that I had the opportunity of observing him, his worn and pallid countenance changed with many varying emotions; sometimes lowering with the gloom of desperation, sometimes with the agonies of unutterable grief, on which, the effect was rendered truly awful by the wildness cast around it, from a beard unshorn during some weeks, and a bosom covered with dark hair. Then, indeed, did his eyes illuminate his countenance; not as when a brilliant sun shines on a softened landscape; but as when rapid and fitful flashes of lightning, rushing through gloom and storm, cast their lurid glare on some pile of mouldering ruin. His was not the quiescent fortitude, the meek, submissive sorrow of his wife; it was the raging conflict of strong sensations—the intense endurance of energy and capacity. One time he gazed on his lifeless child, then raising his eye it falls upon his weeping wife and dying child,—a deluge of recollections and

passions seem then to rush upon his memory; the husband and the father pour in their united streams of sorrow, and the convulsive sigh which burst from his full heart was deep and heart-rending as the last groan of despair. Two heart-broken little boys looking mournfully at their parents, or weeping over their dead sister, complete this miserable group.

There is something deeply awful in extreme misery—a sort of moral sublimity, which sheds dignity even on the lowest of our race. The more profound capacities of our nature seem more evident in pain than pleasure; tears are at once the evidences of its superiority and suffering—of its majesty and subjection. How unfeeling in such circumstances is the cant of common-place consolation, the loquacity of indifference, the well-modulated simper! To the wounded spirit there is infinitely more balm in an expressive silence, a soothing look, a gentle, a sympathising tear, than in the whole vocabulary of comfort-givers. There is one thing wanting to them; but that happens to be essential—namely, soul. The man, observing that I stood in amazement and interest, addressed me. His accent was that of a gentleman, and his language was marked by correctness and purity. I am unable, from memory, to give the eloquence, approaching I might say to sublimity, which flowed from the depths of an over-burdened spirit:

“You have come, Sir,” said he, “to the dwelling of misery. You see before you an abridgment of the world’s calamities, and not one of its enjoyments. Within this narrow compass, are hunger, thirst, cold, nakedness, disease, and death, wasted bodies and broken hearts. Oh, that a father’s and a husband’s name was mine! How black the fatality, when woman’s heart gave me its affection, and joined my wretched, wretched fate! How dreadful to be a father only to see my children die with hunger; and to be a husband, and see my wife, unable to relieve her, fainting with famine and affliction! Alas, alas! all the inlets of joy to other human bosoms, have been to mine but the avenues of torment.

“Yet it was not always thus. Once I was numbered with the happy and the gay; once I sported in the mazes of pleasure, and my yet unbroken spirit, thirsty in its youthfulness, drank deeply of the cup of enjoyment. The sun of life shone clearly on our bridal day; for a while it cheered our path; but oh, who could have thought it would close in despair, such as clouds this gloomy hour! There (said he, pointing to the dead child), my poor little babe is happy: she has escaped from the fangs of hunger and disease—her eyes are closed on our pale and haggard faces—her ears to our stifled groans—her tongue does not now burn with thirst—her untainted spirit has entered into joy, and for the sake of her happiness, I am willing to believe, she is where no knowledge of our misery can interrupt her delight.”

The afflicted heart, once opened, delights to pour out of its fulness; and to listen in sympathy, never fails to secure its confidence. Gradually, I made this poor man perceive that I felt for his distress, and drew from him more of the particulars of his condition. The story of his life was simple, such as, under various modifications, occurs continually in the world, though not often attended with a catastrophe so melancholy. The details, I fear, would give little interest to the reader, were the repetition of them even consistent with our limits or design. It was a transition not very uncommon, through various intermediate steps—such as unforeseen losses, unsuccessful speculations, severe disappointments, and prolonged sickness—from independence to wretchedness. Each stage of these was attended with the results common in such cases. Job's comforters abounded; of advice there was no lack; and could safety have been found in multitude of counsellors, salvation could not have been more complete. Unfortunately, this was a case where more than empty advice and gratuitous counsel were needed; but this was the only commodity which these benevolent and disinterested friends were willing to bestow. Those friends now began to find that many of their sapient prophecies were accomplished—that events had turned out precisely as they had anticipated—there was now only folly, where before they had discerned wisdom, and nothing but stupidity where they had admired talent. Could deception always be penetrated, to have poured a generous hospitality on such characters, was the very climax or rather "bathos" of idiocy; and were the practice of some keen sharpers a moral standard, to secure personal independence by sacrificing the rights of others, to make a base provision for a few short years at the expense of personal integrity—of every thing sacred between man and man, were indeed wisdom. In both these instances, the subject of this sketch was, on such principles, an egregious fool. He was generous where he could not have prophesied ingratitude; he paid his debts, and became a—beggar. Money, with numbers, being the measure of worth and wisdom, he became contemptible to those who would have pardoned vice and admired inanity, if adorned with golden decorations. His companions forgot him, his relatives refused to know him, and he, with his unfortunate family, rapidly sunk to a state of destitution and neglect, as terribly desolate as human beings ever endured. One angel of mercy never forsook them—sought them in the damp cellar and filthy garret—shone amidst their gloom and wretchedness like the spirit of benignity—gave generously from a little, and when that little was exhausted, gave tears and consolation. This faithful friend was a woman. Oh, woman! ever most generous and devoted, how much does human nature owe thee! For all thy pains, and care, and tenderness, and

fortitude, from the cradle to the tomb. By the bed of sickness, in the dwelling of wretchedness, despite even of crime, disgrace, and ruin, in the prison-cell or at the execution scaffold, thou standest the spirit of fidelity, the friend and guardian of the miserable; and when the tear-drop in the eye shall need thy hand to wipe it off, and the struggling conflict in the bosom require thy gentle voice to hush its tumult, and look for them in vain—then indeed the wretch is lonely.

HIBERNICUS.

(No. I. to be concluded in our next.)

THE GROUNDS OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

“And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.”—JOHN X. 16.

THE personal ministry of Christ was confined chiefly to the Jews; he was sent, as he himself declares, “to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” We find, however, that his views, in accordance with the spirit of his religion, were far more extensive than his actions. His miracles and labours were limited to one small country and to the brief period of two or three years; yet it was not for Israel only, but for the world, that he both lived and died. The narrow spirit of sectarian zeal had no place in the Saviour’s bosom: born a Jew, he yet had sympathies unconfined by Judea; love, strong and unutterable, swelled beyond the natural ties of kindred, and in him embraced mankind. Besides those who worshipped at Jerusalem, he had other sheep to gather into the true fold; the heathen, whose minds thick darkness covered, were to be called on to rejoice in the sun of righteousness, and nations, the barbarous as well as the civilised, to furnish converts to the truth of heaven.

The word fold (*αυλης*), where it first occurs in the text, properly signifies a court. From the circumstance, that our Lord, soon after uttering these words, was walking in Solomon’s porch, it is probable that at the very moment of speaking, he was standing in the inner court of the temple, into which none but Jews were allowed to enter, the Gentiles being restricted to the outer court. On this supposition, the precise meaning of his words is, that there were others for whom he was labouring besides the Jews, namely, the people who were not admitted to the inner court of the temple. Thus, in a mild and delicate manner, Christ announced to the Jews, that his mission extended not merely to his own countrymen, but to the whole human race: out of every nation would he gather the disciples of revealed truth. “My flock,” our Lord informs us, “is not all within the boundaries of Judea; I have others that will believe and obey me, be-

sides and beyond the Jewish nation—of them also must I undertake the care and guidance; they will follow my call and own my authority, and all my disciples, both Jews and Gentiles, shall constitute one society under one head or ruler.”

The words of Christ lead us to conclude, that however diversified by colour, customs, or national peculiarities, all people who receive him as their Saviour, will be regarded by him as if they formed but one community; he is the shepherd, they are the fold. In worldly condition the disciples may be widely apart—the king and the subject, the rich and the poor, the prosperous and the unfortunate, those blessed by freedom, or such as weep because of bitter slavery,—in the estimation of Christ, they have equal claims on his assistance; let them only obey his voice, and for them all will he prepare the way to his everlasting kingdom; his heart is opened wide to bless his fellow men, and to welcome them to the brotherhood of truth, righteousness, and mercy.

Christ's church, which, in its wide and genuine meaning, comprises every man whom our Lord himself would recognise as a child of God—Christ's church and his fold, signify the same thing: out of the whole world there is but one true church of Christ—it is the company of his faithful disciples, gathered from every nation under heaven. We hear, indeed, of a Protestant church and of a Catholic church; men speak of the churches of England, of Scotland, and of Geneva; there are churches or assemblies of Dissenters, of Presbyterians, and of Episcopalians, of Arminians, and Calvinists, of Unitarians, and Trinitarians; but what mean we by such modes of speech? Is there some one of these, *exclusively*, the true church of Christ? Is there some one, which can stand forth and declare with the judgment of unerring truth, that all who are not of its communion, are aliens from the commonwealth of the spiritual Israel, and outcasts from the fold of Christ? I blush for human nature—for the arrogance and pride of the man who can venture to anathematise as antichristian, those whose chief difference from himself is, that they adopt another interpretation of the Scriptures besides his own. I should take guilt to myself, were I—a fallible and sinful mortal—to presume to say that Christ had not other sheep besides those who profess the same creed as I do. Thank God! the records of Christian salvation never authorise us to mount the judgment-seat, to condemn our fellow-men for what we deem the errors of their opinions. Judgment, all judgment is reserved for the Son of Man; and until he decides, we have no authority to exclude from the Christian name, any who own, trust, and seek to obey Christ as their teacher, saviour, and lord.

One fold under one shepherd, supposes, however, a spirit of unity, of agreement, and of concord; and, by consequence,

a uniformity both of heart and action, as to certain important principles. There must be some common grounds, in virtue of which a man may regard himself as a member of the universal church of Christ—something which makes him one of the true fold, and entitled to hope for a share in the shepherd's kindness.

But in what do the grounds of Christian unity consist? To be members of Christ's fold, must we all agree in our opinions, in our religious ceremonies, and in our moral actions? Is there but one standard of thought, to which all must bring themselves—one mode of worship, to which all must conform—one set of virtues, in which all must equally delight? Did Christianity require such an agreement as these questions imply, I should not hesitate to maintain, that the religion of Christ was but little suited for universal sway; it would be adapted to only a few peculiar minds, not to the great bulk of the human race; it would be what too many seek to make it, a narrow sectarian religion, and not that wide expansive system of truth, which can at once serve as a guide for the ignorant and the learned,—accommodating itself to the feebleness of the one, and soaring above the utmost strength of the other. Christianity, however, like the mercy of our heavenly Father, extends its care to all classes and conditions of the community; it possesses resources within itself, amply sufficient to satisfy the various religious and moral wants of human beings; for sin it has a cure, for grief a remedy, for virtue an exceeding great reward. Most truly and admirably, therefore, is Christianity calculated to improve and bless us, to unite our hearts in the love of righteousness, and to lead us each to perceive that the broadest principles of charity and brotherly kindness ought to influence our actions.

The bond of fellowship among Christians, does not depend upon agreement in mere speculative opinions; if it did, then might the Apostles themselves have been separated into two classes, one included in Christ's fold, the other, outcasts from its privileges. St. Peter differed from St. Paul, and St. Paul in some respects from the great body of the Jewish Christians: are we therefore to conclude, because of such differences in sentiment, that they are not equally members of the genuine church of Christ? Is either to be excommunicated, because he cannot think in every particular of doctrine as the other thinks? Or, are both, notwithstanding they are chosen Apostles of Christ, to be regarded as scarcely members of his fold, simply because they, in common with all men, entertained opinions proved and acknowledged to be erroneous? Differences as to doctrines commenced under the ministry of the Apostles;* the congregations which them-

* See Christian Examiner (Boston, U. S.) March 1834, where several of the arguments on this subject are given at greater length.

selves had gathered and instructed, were far from being unanimous in all points of opinion. From that time to the present, differences have continued to exist: never for a moment have all Christians agreed as to what are the true and only speculative doctrines of religion. Every method of reconciling such dissensions has hitherto failed. Human nature cannot, without a direct miracle, be so changed as to admit of perfect uniformity of opinion. Even on subjects of trifling importance, very few persons have the same views; and in the all-important subject of religion, it would be passing strange did all who receive it as divine, adopt the same sentiments in every particular. Persecutors, indeed, have in their day of power, vainly thought that they could by torture and banishment, make men all of one mind; they have set up a standard of belief, and most cruelly have oppressed all who would not bow down before this image of human workmanship. In a former age, the church of Rome tried this method of producing uniformity; Protestants followed the evil example; and still among those who are loudest to talk of religious liberty, are many who will not admit their fellow-Christians to join them at the Lord's supper, unless satisfied respecting the soundness of their faith. But all these plans fail, and must fail; they contemplate what is contrary to nature; namely, to compel men who differ in talent, in education, in temper, and in opportunities of gaining knowledge, all to think alike. While the Bible and the human understanding continue what they are, it is the most fanciful of all imaginations, to suppose that identity of faith can ever be the true bond of Christian fellowship. Some of the mightiest potentates, after devoting all their power to produce uniformity, have confessed the vanity of their labours. "If," said the emperor Charles V. "I cannot make two clocks which shall go for any length of time exactly together, how impossible that I should ever make all mankind concur in the same opinion."

And if it is impossible for all men to concur in opinion, it is equally impossible to make them conform to *one mode* of worship. The question here is confessedly a question of but little importance; for the spiritual and true worship of God, has no essential connexion with any peculiar *ceremonies*. Sincerity, thankfulness, and humility, are all feelings of the heart, and are no less genuine whether we bow before a crucifix, or read a printed form of prayer, or utter our pious thoughts in the language which the moment dictates. Equally unimportant in determining our fellowship with Christ's true fold, are the *modes of government* adopted by assemblies of Christians. Whether we acknowledge the authority of bishops or of presbyters, of general councils or of single congregations, or go so far in our Christian liberty as to hold ourselves accountable in religion to no tribunal

save that of Christ, still we violate no principle the observance of which constitutes our right to be regarded as members of Christ's universal church. The history of religion shows, that men most eminent for piety, for the love of truth and the culture of holiness, may be found in each and in all the various sects of Christians. In our own country, what bigotry would it manifest to say, that none are Christ's save those who bow to the rule of some one or other of the Established Churches of Great Britain; and, on the other hand, equal bigotry to maintain, that Dissenters only are of the true fold! Our Lord revealed truth, exemplified righteousness, and taught virtue; these were *the weighty matters*; but he left to each age, to each assembly of his followers, and even to each individual disciple, to adopt that mode of government, as to the temporal affairs of religion, which suited best the peculiar circumstances of society, or most effectually promoted the establishment and observance of those great principles of Christianity—love of God and good-will to man. So that these were kept in view as the first and most important parts of religion, liberty was allowed to frame the outward constitution of Christian societies in any way consistent with perfect freedom for the conscience; the sheep may still be of Christ's fold, though ranged under the banners of Episcopalian or Presbyterian, of Popish or of Protestant leaders: if they obey the shepherd's voice, the shepherd will own them as his. H. G.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PHRENOLOGY.—No. I.*

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

“It is a very great presumption to slight and condemn as false, all things that do not appear to us likely to be true; which is the ordinary vice of such as fancy themselves wiser than their neighbours.”—*Montaigne*.

SEVERAL months ago there appeared in our pages a controversy on the character and opinions of Rammohun Roy, in the course of which some discussion on Phrenology took place. Understanding that the subject excited considerable interest among our readers, and being convinced, moreover,

* Considering the philosophy of Mind to be one of the most important subjects that can engage human attention, and that every thing which tends to throw light on mental phenomena, must be useful to man, we have requested a series of papers on Phrenology, from an individual well qualified to do justice to that interesting science; and though we do not pledge ourselves to coincide with every statement he may make, we are well satisfied that none will be made but such as will merit candid and serious consideration; and therefore gladly present to our readers the first paper with which our correspondent has kindly furnished us.—*Editor*.

that the diffusion of Phrenology will tend much to forward the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind, we have resolved to publish a series of essays, containing an exposition of the principles of the science—the leading evidence by which these are supported—and the practical purposes to which they may be advantageously applied. Phrenology has met with so much obloquy and ridicule, that some of our readers who have not had occasion to examine the subject for themselves, or to meet with an exposition of *what the science really is*, may think it strange that even the slightest attention should be seriously devoted to it in the “Pioneer.” But we have no doubt, that after candidly weighing the facts and arguments which we propose to bring forward, many will see cause to abandon such an opinion. Some may imagine, with Mr. Jeffrey, that the fact that after thirty years’ preaching in its favour, Phrenology is more generally rejected than believed, ought to be regarded as affording “pretty conclusive evidence against the possibility of its truth.” (Edin. Review, No. 88, p. 296.) It must be known, however, to every one who has attended to the history of science, that the reception of Phrenology has, in this respect, been exactly that of almost every great discovery that went before it. To such individuals the bare mention of the names of Copernicus, Galileo, Harvey, and Newton, is enough; and indeed there is hardly a possibility of denying, that discoverers of important truths have very seldom received from their contemporaries generally, that meed of admiration and respect which is afterwards eagerly accorded by posterity. No doubt, the reception of *pretended* discoveries is equally unfavourable; but we are now endeavouring, not to extract any presumption in favour of Phrenology, from the ridicule and opposition which it has met, but merely to invalidate the shallow argument of Mr. Jeffrey, and those who reason like him. The same writer thinks, that, if Phrenology be true, “it is, in the first place, inconceivable that the discovery should have remained to be made in the beginning of the nineteenth century; and, in the second place, still more inconceivable, that, after it was made, there should be any body who could pretend to doubt of its reality.” This logic has been severely but deservedly chastised by Mr. Chenevix, in the third number of the “Foreign Quarterly Review”:—“Admirable critic! profound philosopher! Adieu, then, all that has been brought to light since the year 1800, together with all that any body doubts about! Nay more, for if the critic fixes upon the opening of the present century, as the era at which he locks the gate of science, and throws the key into a fiery furnace, we will wall it round in 1700. Some other friend to the progress of truth, will stifle it in 1600; and so on, till the retrogradation of knowledge is complete. And then, adieu Vesta, Juno, Pallas, and Ceres; potassium

and sodium, hydrogen and oxygen; steam-engines and mule-jennies;—the discoveries of Newton cannot be true, for *somebody* still doubts about them; and, in fine, there is not either truth or knowledge upon earth, and none can henceforth ever be disclosed!" As an additional commentary on Mr. Jeffrey's remark, we extract the following passage from a letter written by the late celebrated chemist, Dr. Joseph Black, to his rival Lavoisier:—"For thirty years I taught the doctrine of phlogiston, ten years of which time I combated your discoveries. That barrier against every improvement, prejudice, required ten whole years—a second siege of Troy—before it could be subdued. I now see, clear as the noon-day, the truth of the new system. I have begun to teach it; and the young students, having no prejudice to overcome, are every one of them delighted with its simplicity and truth." If a philosopher so intimately acquainted with the phenomena of chemistry as Dr. Black, resisted for ten years the evidence afterwards so clear to him, is it wonderful that persons who know little of physiology, and perhaps nothing at all of the evidences of Phrenology, should for thirty years regard it as an extravagant dream? Were the period a century, we should not be surprised at their unbelief.

The opinions of a large majority of mankind rest not upon personal examination—for which, indeed, many are wholly unfit—but on the authority of other men, who are supposed to have made themselves acquainted with the bearings of the case, and to be competent witnesses of the truth to their admiring fellow-mortals. Such, however, is the constitution of human nature, that even philosophers of eminence can seldom stoop to the candid examination of opinions different from those which they themselves have long cherished, and perhaps stoutly maintained in ponderous treatises. "Would it not," says Locke, "be an insufferable thing, for a learned professor, and that which his scarlet would blush at, to have his authority of forty years' standing, wrought out of hard rock, Greek and Latin, with no small expense of time and candle, and confirmed by general tradition and a reverend beard, in an instant overturned by an upstart novelist? Can any one expect that he should be made to confess, that what he taught his scholars thirty years ago, was all error and mistake, and that he sold them hard words and ignorance at a very dear rate? What probabilities, I say, are sufficient to prevail in such a case? And who ever, by the most cogent arguments, will be prevailed with to disrobe himself at once of all his old opinions and pretences to knowledge and learning, which with hard study he hath all his time been labouring for, and turn himself out stark-naked in quest afresh of new notions? All the arguments that can be used, will be as little able to prevail as the wind did with the traveller to part with his cloak, which he held only the faster." Locke

here speaks from experience. Though now regarded as one of the brightest ornaments of science that Britain has produced, his views were almost universally rejected by the learned of his own day, and even considered as dangerous to morality and religion.

It is, then, to that fair-minded and enlightened portion of the community—that class of liberal inquirers, who think and examine before they decide, discover real errors or faults before they condemn, and honestly endeavour to convince and reform before they deride, mock, or denounce; and whose judgment, therefore, when given, is the result of knowledge, conscience, and good feeling,—that we would venture to address ourselves. To any others our appeal would be vain; nor do we consider their opinion of the slightest value. An attempt, or rather pretence, openly to decide on a subject without examining it, is a meditated fraud on the public, which cannot fail to disgrace its author. It is a juggling effort to purchase consideration and influence with counterfeit coin. It is one of the tricks of the sciolist and demagogue in letters, philosophy, and religion, to procure from the breath of the million, without a price, the rank perfume in which he delights. “The individuals first referred to,” continues the eloquent writer whose sentiments we are now borrowing, “being the only faithful votaries of nature, the great storehouse of all that deserves the name of knowledge, are the only sincere lovers, seekers, and patrons of truth. They earnestly search after it from a desire to possess it, fondly clinging to it on account of its beauties; and industriously promote it, because it is the sole fountain of general prosperity and human happiness—the sure foundation of our welfare here, and the only ground of our hope hereafter. It is in this class of society alone that we find those whose approbation is real applause, whose disapproval is censure, and who are fairly entitled to the high denomination of philanthropists and philosophers; and there alone that we need look for the positive benefactors of the human race. By inquirers thus liberal in their views, and fair and magnanimous in their feelings, justice is done to every investigation, and charity extended to every faithful disciple of nature, and student of truth. Opinions are not obnoxious to them, merely because they are new, and in opposition to those that have long been prevalent, nor yet on account of their authors or origin. They are examined on their merits, judged of impartially, and adopted or rejected according to the evidence on which they are founded.”

Dr. Charles Caldwell, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in Transylvania University, U. S. the writer from whom the foregoing passage is cited, has for many years been a most powerful advocate of Phrenology. “In our belief in this science,” he says, “there is nothing *voluntary*; nothing which

we could *at option* choose or refuse. It is the result of *all-controlling necessity*. It was forced on us by evidence which we could not resist, and did not, therefore, reject. On such evidence we would be willing to rest our belief in Christianity, including its high and solemn connexions with our present comforts and our future hopes. Nor, as we conscientiously believe, would the candid and enlightened reader fail to receive it as conclusive, and yield to its authority, had we leisure, and were it expedient in us, to lay it fully before him. Although this evidence did not come to us from above, by any immediate act of revelation, we, notwithstanding, accept it as pertaining to the 'elder revelation,' because we regard it as a response from Nature, who is the priestess of Heaven, and the oracle of its ordinances, acts, and purposes."

Such sentiments as these may excite a smile in the countenances of more readers than one; but Dr. Caldwell is not the only scientific man who entertains them, after taking the trouble to examine the question. It is now too late to attempt, as the Edinburgh Review did in 1815, to put down Phrenology by reviling it as "trash," "despicable trumpery," "a collection of mere absurdities, without truth, connexion, or consistency, and a piece of thorough quackery from beginning to end." The wide diffusion in Britain of the works of Dr. Spurzheim, the Messrs. Combe, and the other Phrenological journalists of Edinburgh, have done much to rescue the public from the delusion into which they were led. Phrenological societies now exist in Edinburgh, London, Dublin, Paris, Glasgow, Dunfermline, Dundee, Greenock, Hull, Manchester, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Warwick, and other towns in Britain; and also at Boston and Philadelphia in the United States; and medical men of the highest eminence have enrolled themselves among the defenders of the science. Professor Elliotson of London, declares, that "Dr. Gall has the immortal honour of having discovered the particular parts of the brain which are the seats of the different faculties, sentiments, and propensities." Mr. Abernethy says, "I readily acknowledge my inability to offer any rational objection to Gall and Spurzheim's system of Phrenology, as affording a satisfactory explanation of the motives of human actions." Dr. Barlow, Physician to the Bath United Hospital and Infirmary, alludes to Phrenology as a science in which he "has no hesitation to avow his firm belief; and which, justly estimated, has more power of contributing to the welfare and happiness of mankind, than any other with which he is acquainted." Dr. Conolly, lately one of the Medical Professors in the London University, and now President of the Phrenological Society of Warwick, says, "I can see nothing which merits the praise of being philosophical in the real or affected contempt professed by so many anatomists and physiologists," for the science of Phrenology. These

quotations are given, not for the purpose of proving Phrenology to be true, but to lead those who ignorantly hold it in contempt, to suspect that it may, after all, be something else than "a piece of thorough quackery from beginning to end," and to dispose them to listen without prejudice, to the arguments which it is our intention to propound. Similar passages might be quoted from other esteemed medical writers; but it is sufficient to add, that Andral, one of the highest medical authorities in Europe, who was recently President of the Phrenological Society of Paris; that the Medico-Chirurgical Review, which is unquestionably at the head of the British medical periodicals, has for many years adopted Phrenology as founded in nature; and that a conviction of its truth and importance is daily forcing itself upon many, who, before making themselves acquainted with the science, were among its bitter opponents.

Many have their fears that Phrenology is dangerous to religion; that it leads to materialism, fatalism, and the subversion of human responsibility. Were we to ask for the grounds on which such fears are entertained, few would be able to produce any other than the common hue and cry. If the science be *true*, it cannot lead to evil; and as many truths now established, were originally hooted at and persecuted as dangerous to religion, may not this be the case with respect to Phrenology too? If there be one principle in philosophy less doubtful than another, it is, *that truth can never be productive of any hurtful consequence*. Hence it might be a sufficient answer to the objections alluded to, were we merely to demonstrate the truth of Phrenology, leaving its consequences to speak for themselves. Nevertheless, it shall be our business candidly to state, and at the same time to answer, these and other objections urged by anti-phrenologists; so that every reader may have the means of judging of their validity for himself. In the meantime, it may be useful to remark, that, as not a few clergymen have enrolled themselves among the Phrenologists, there is at least a presumption that the science is in no respect dangerous to religion. The Rev. Robert Buchanan of Glasgow, for example, is a member of the Phrenological Society; the founder of which, indeed, was the Rev. Dr. Welsh, now Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. In his *Life of Dr. Thomas Brown*, Dr. Welsh states, that "after a very careful and long investigation, he is fully convinced of the substantial truth of the doctrines originally published by Dr. Gall." "Even in its applications," he continues, "to what Dr. Brown has called the physiology of mind, and to the physiology of our corporeal part, the discovery of Dr. Gall is in the highest degree interesting; and when it is considered in its relation to the other sciences, and in all the variety of its practical bearings, I cannot but consider it as

the most important discovery that was ever made. The time is long gone by, since this subject could legitimately be treated with ridicule; and the absurdity of employing this weapon against it, will appear still more obvious, when I mention, that many of Dr. Brown's doctrines correspond in a very remarkable degree with the new system. I am convinced that the time is speedily approaching, when, great as Dr. Brown's merits in other respects will always be allowed to be, his greatest merit will be seen to consist in the near approach that he has made to many of the doctrines of Phrenology, without the aids of the instrument that Phrenology presents."

Having thus endeavoured to remove the prejudices which some of our readers may have hitherto entertained against Phrenology, we shall proceed, in next Number, to give a statement of what the science really is, and a narrative of its rise, progress, and present condition.

R. C.

A DIRGE FOR THE BYGONE YEAR.

OLD year, farewell!
 Thy parting knell,
 The solemn bell
 Hath sadly rung;
 And in their flight,
 The winds of night
 Thy requiem have sung!

Time was when thou
 Upon thy brow,
 Though wither'd now,
 A garland wore;
 But wintry showers
 Have crush'd the flowers
 That ne'er may blossom more.

Thou then wert young,
 And wild-birds sung
 The hills among
 With daisies pied;
 But waxing old,
 In winter's cold
 Thou laid'st thee down and died.

And oh! since first
 Those flowers were nurs'd,
 How oft hath burst
 The bubble joy!
 How oft the star
 Of hope afar
 Hath proved a mere decoy!

How oft the throes
 Of secret woes,
 Have chased the rose
 From beauty's cheek;

When languid eyes,
And broken sighs,
Told more than words could speak!

And we are sad,
For friends we had—
Dear friends who bade
The world adieu,
In thy short reign;
Yet not in vain
The breath of life they drew:

For like the flow
Of streams below
The summer's glow,
Their course they wound
Through life's rude scene—
A brighter green
Diffusing all around.

But they are gone!
The days that shone
Their brows upon
Are perish'd all!
Thus, one by one,
Life's race is run,
Till generations fall!

Adieu! adieu!
The tears are few,
But they are true,
Which fill our eyes;
For most the heart
Conceals the dart,
Which rankling deepest lies.

Another year
Hath found us here,
With hope to cheer
And gild our woes;
But still, sublime,
The tide of time
Forever onward flows!

All joys are brief,
And end in grief!
Leaf falls on leaf,
When autumn sighs!
The merry morn
In sunshine born,
In darkness dreary dies!

Oh, let us pray,
While day by day
Years roll away,
That, when the grave
Our bones demand,
An angel band
May watch, our souls to save!

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

AMONG the uses of biography, none is more valuable, than that which inspires good purposes, awakens energy, and incites to exertion. The events of a person's life, who has risen to eminence by the force of his own genius and enterprise, are always interesting, because they are rare; they are always instructive, because they serve as a light and a guide to others, whose early fortunes may be equally unpropitious.

That one should go out triumphantly on the tide of life, who is blessed with all the advantages of family, wealth, powerful friends, facilities of education, and incitements to employ them, is no cause of wonder. It would, indeed, be strange if it were otherwise. But when the sons of obscurity and indigence break from the cloud which surrounds, and the weight which oppresses them; when they enter on the world's wide ocean, without a parent's voice to counsel, or a parent's hand to protect; when each returning day brings them into a new conflict with want and anxiety; when the allurements of vice besiege them on the one side, and the spectres of despondency assault them on the other, without shaking their firmness, or turning them from the steady purpose of uprightness and perseverance; and when, in defiance of every other obstacle, they ascend to a proud station among the wise, the learned, and the good; it is then that they may justly claim the respect and admiration of their fellow-men, and call on them to behold an example worthy to be praised and emulated. Among the few, who are to be revered for self-acquired eminence, the subject of the present memoir stands in an honourable place.

ROBERT ROBINSON was born at Swaffham, county of Norfolk, on the eighth of October, 1735. His father was a native of Scotland, and an exciseman, of whom little needs be said, except that his humble sphere in life received no dignity from his understanding, and no brightness from his virtues. Mary Wilkin, the mother of Robert Robinson, was descended from a respectable family, and to the advantages of a good education she added the charms of a beautiful person, an amiable temper, and gentleness of manners. She was the daughter of a second marriage, and unnatural as it may seem, the affections of her father were centred in the children of his wife by a former husband. Mary was doomed to experience from him less of the tenderness of a parent, than of the austerity and unfeelingness of a severe master. He delighted to thwart her purposes; and on several occasions, through mere caprice, he rejected the overtures of worthy and respectable persons, who solicited his daughter's hand.

Disheartened by the severity of her father's treatment, and impatient to escape from it, she imprudently resolved on marrying without his consent. This step was a prelude to untried evils. She united herself to a man in all respects unworthy of her, possessing neither the qualifications for making her happy, nor the disposition to soften and conciliate her father.

They had three children, of whom Robert was the youngest. The elder son was apprenticed to a painter, and the daughter to a mantua-maker. Robert was put to school when six years old, and soon drew the attention of his teacher, as exhibiting more than usual promise. In the mean time, his father removed from Swaffham, and settled at Scaring. He soon after died, and left the destitute mother to provide for herself and three children. At Scaring was a grammar-school, where Lord Thurlow, and some other distinguished persons, received the rudiments of their education. Desirous of encouraging her son's predilection for learning, Mrs. Robinson made an effort to maintain him at this school, but her resources proved inadequate to the expense. So favourable an impression had he made, however, on his teacher, the Rev. Joseph Brett, and so much did this gentleman respect the motives and virtues of the mother, that he kindly offered to instruct his pupil without compensation.

On these terms he continued at school till he was fourteen years old, studied the French and Latin, and made rapid proficiency in most of the branches commonly pursued at such institutions. The time had now come when it was necessary to decide on his future destination. So many discouragements were in the way of his being a scholar, and so many difficulties to be encountered, that his mother resigned this hope, which she had suffered to rise and brighten for a time, and was only concerned to place him beyond the reach of want by providing for him an honest calling. His benevolent instructor, Mr. Brett, made interest to procure a situation suited to his capacity and inclination, but without success. He was finally bound as an apprentice to a hair-dresser in London.

To this new employment he at first devoted himself with commendable industry, received the approbation of his master, and was able to boast of a due proficiency in the mysteries of his trade. But his thoughts were not to be chained, nor could nature be forced. His mind was too active to rest in vacuity, and his love of books too strong to be conquered by the routine of a barber's shop. It was his custom to rise at four in the morning, and from that hour till called to his master's service, he was busy in reading such books as he could collect from the cheap stalls or borrow from his friends.

His thoughts early took a religious bias; and after going to London, a constant attendance on public worship was

among his greatest pleasures. Gill, Guise, Romaine, and Whitfield, were his favourite preachers. His diary at this time indicates no small degree of religious enthusiasm, and proves him to have gradually attached himself to the Methodists. Whitfield, in short, was his adviser and friend, to whom he applied in all cases of spiritual difficulty, and with whom he familiarly corresponded. On one occasion, Whitfield read to his congregation at the Tabernacle, two of Robinson's letters, while the writer was present. Encouraged by the favourable opinion of so distinguished a man, and moved by the advice of his friends, it is not a matter of surprise that he should begin to think himself destined to walk in a broader sphere, than the one on which he was entered.

So great, indeed, was the esteem and respect which he gained by his genius and good character, that his master was not reluctant to comply with the general voice, and give up his indentures. At the age of nineteen he commenced preaching among the Methodists. His youth, his amiable manners, his vivacity and native eloquence, drew around him many hearers, and gave a charm to his preaching, which could not fail to please. His voice was clear and melodious, his elocution easy and distinct, his language flowing, and all his external accomplishments engaging. These advantages, heightened by a liberal degree of youthful enthusiasm, crowned his first efforts with success, and animated his future exertions. He spared no pains to cultivate the powers which nature had bestowed on him, and frequently declaimed by the hour in private, that he might acquire the habit of a ready delivery, and a free use of language. In this practice the foundation was laid of his subsequent eminence as a public speaker. He thought no time mis-spent, which prepared him for winning the ear and gaining the hearts of his audience, and thus more effectually discharging the duties of his sacred office.

Among the Methodists, Mr. Robinson preached chiefly in Norwich, and different parts of Norfolk and Cambridgeshire. While thus employed, he resisted a temptation which deserves to be recorded as a proof of his early integrity and strength of principle. He had been educated in the Established Church, and had not joined himself to the Dissenters without examining the causes and nature of their dissent. When his talents and virtues had gained him a name in the world, some of his relations, who seem to have forgotten him before, made an attempt to bring him back to the Episcopal Church. The following incident is mentioned by Dr. Rees, the learned editor of the *Cyclopædia*, in his sermon preached on the occasion of Mr. Robinson's death. "A rich relation, who had promised to provide liberally for him, and who had bequeathed him a considerable sum in his will, threatened to deprive him of every advantage which he had been encouraged to expect, unless he quitted his

connexion with the Dissenters; but the rights of conscience, and the approbation of God, were superior, in his regard, to every worldly consideration; he preserved his integrity, steadily maintained his principles, and persevered in his connexion with the Dissenters, but forfeited the favour of his relation, and every advantage, which, living or dying, he had in his power to bestow." This conduct was consistent with his character through life. A high-minded independence, conscientious regard for truth and liberty, and unyielding adherence to his religious impressions, were among the shining virtues, which never forsook him.

The causes leading to his separation from the Methodists are not distinctly known, but he had not preached with them more than two years, when, at the head of a few persons associated for the purpose, he formed an Independent society in Norwich. At this time he was a Calvinist, and constructed the confession of faith for his new society on Calvinistic principles. He adopted the rules and discipline common to other Independent churches, and administered the ordinances after the same manner.

In the year 1759, not long after this society was organised, Mr. Robinson was invited to take charge of a Baptist congregation at Cambridge. He was already convinced, that adults only were the proper subjects of baptism, and he had himself been baptised by immersion. The Cambridge society was small, and the pecuniary circumstances of its members such, as to afford him no more than a very scanty support. When he commenced preaching in Cambridge he was twenty-three years of age, and two years afterwards he was ordained according to the usual mode of the Dissenters. He had been married a little before to a young lady of Norwich.

Mr. Robinson's own account of his settlement, written at a later period of his life, will show his prospects to have been not the most flattering. In reference to this subject, he observes, "The settlement of Robinson seems rather a romantic, than rational undertaking, for this pastor was to be maintained. He had not received above ten guineas from his own family for some years; he had no future prospect of receiving any; his grandfather had cut him off with a legacy of half-a-guinea. He had received only a hundred pounds with his wife, and this he had diminished among the Methodists. He had never inquired what his congregation would allow him, nor had any body proposed any thing. They had paid him for the first half-year, three pounds twelve shillings and fivepence; they had increased since, but not enough to maintain him frugally; there was no prospect of so poor a people supplying him long, especially should his family increase, which it was likely to do. Besides, the congregation, through the libertinism of many of its former members, had acquired a bad character. These would have

been insurmountable difficulties to an older and wiser man; but he was a boy, and the love of his flock was a million to him. His settlement, therefore, on this article, should be no precedent for future settlements."

The situation here described, could have few charms for a man who had set his heart on the things of this world, or whose fancy was quickened by the kindling visions of power and fame. But Robinson was not such a man. He loved his profession, and every motive of self-aggrandisement was absorbed in the deeper and purer desire of witnessing the growth of piety, good order, and happiness among his people. His congregation grew larger, and the time came when his annual income was increased to more than ninety pounds. At first, he lived at Fulbourn, five miles from the place of his Sabbath duties, where he contracted an acquaintance with Mr. Graves, a gentleman of property and benevolence, from whom he received many substantial tokens of friendship.

He next removed to Hauxton, about the same distance from Cambridge, where he resided for several years, the tenant of an humble cottage, devoted assiduously to his professional labours, and providing for the support of a numerous family, and an aged mother. His disinterested ardour, his kindness to the poor, his love of doing good, and his unwearied activity in making himself useful, attracted to him the notice of all the respectable part of the community, and quickened the generosity of some worthy and opulent persons. On the Sabbath he often preached three times, and during the week several times in the neighbouring villages. He was intimate with all the surrounding clergy among the Dissenters, and had, for his early companions, Rowland Hill and Charles de Coetlogon. His congregation increased so much, that a more commodious place of worship was found necessary, and the pastor was highly gratified with the promptness and unanimity with which it was erected.

In the midst of his professional labours, he was a diligent student in theology and literature. Free access to the libraries of the University of Cambridge, and conversation with the learned men residing there, enabled him to pursue his studies with advantage. He was an admirer of Saurin, and in 1770 translated and published two of his sermons. These were sent out as specimens, which, if approved, he promised should be the forerunners of others. The success of his project was quite equal to his expectation, and he afterwards translated at different times, five volumes of sermons selected from Saurin. These have gone through several editions, and together with a sixth volume by Hunter, and a seventh by Sutcliffe, they constitute the works of Saurin, as they now appear in the English dress.

AND WITH US (To be concluded in our next.)

FANATICISM.

EDWARD IRVING is dead. His popularity departed before him. It once was great. Listening crowds hung delighted on his accents. The high vulgar, as well as the low, were equally attracted by his rhapsodies. Had he confined his efforts to the abstruse and contradictory dogmas of the Confession of Faith, to which he had sworn allegiance, that popularity might possibly have been retained to his dying hour. His love of popular admiration had been fired by the uncourteous treatment he experienced as the colleague of Dr. Chalmers, when minister of St. John's in Glasgow. When Chalmers preached, the people blocked up the aisles, in their anxiety to hear him, and there patiently stood out the sermon of the Calvinistic orator. When Irving ascended the pulpit, aisles and pews, though previously filled in expectation of hearing Chalmers, were almost emptied. This could not but sting a man of feeling. In an evil hour, he determined, we doubt not, to outvie his colleague; and for a season he accomplished the object of his ambition. Nothing could exceed the mania he called forth in London. That mania also infected himself, but in a different form. His Babel edifice he had reared, and it led to a confusion as well as manifestation of tongues. He ventured beyond the narrow track of Calvinistic theology, and his popularity immediately waned. He talked of God's benevolence, and that, in Calvinistic eyes, was heresy; he indulged in visions of a millennium, the triumphs of goodness and happiness, but the only millennium that Calvinism looks for, is that of unutterable torture—of everlasting burnings. Excommunicated by the Church for these flagrant violations of her "Standards," his mania broke out in the wildest shapes. Miracle and prophecy were alike tried. Miracle was exposed by one who had erst spoken the tongues, but who afterwards printed his conviction, that if the tongues were the effect of inspiration, it was the inspiration of the Devil! Prophecy had no chance in Scotland, for "a prophet has no honour in his own country." The brand of the ruling powers was on him, and that was sufficient for the upholders of the Kirk. The last sermons of Irving, instead of being listened to by admiring thousands, scarcely attracted a sufficient number of persons to pay the expenses of the hall in which they were delivered.

The contrasted appearance of himself and wife, at the last public service he performed, was striking. He entirely in black, his long dark hair (thinner than was wont) thrown back from his forehead, showed all the attenuated features which a large black handkerchief, which almost covered his mouth, allowed to be visible. She in the lightest coloured dress, and a veil of white which reached almost to her feet. He was obliged to be seated during his address to the people; but once the religious furor new-strung the feebleness of the

body, and he started to his feet, pouring forth with all the wild energy of insanity, the incoherent images which floated on his fancy. The ruling passion was strong in his last illness, in his death. When asked by the surgeon—who in former days had known him well—why he had not sooner sent for him, as no doubt he could then have more effectually relieved his pain, as even now he had lessened its intensity,—he replied, “I did my duty, I sent for the *elders of the Church*.” “And what did they do for you?” “They advised me to send for a surgeon, and I sent to you.” He died on the 6th Dec. aged 43, after singing the 43d Psalm in Hebrew, “Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation.”

This is a melancholy history. Not more melancholy, however, than the circumstance, that other men of intelligence and power are lending themselves to the same miserable delusion. Mr. Wilkinson, the minister of the Episcopalian Chapel, Greenock, had resigned his charge and joined this party, and for a time was respected and beloved as their chosen pastor. But having embraced the discovery of the heads of the sect, that Christ having appointed four sets of officers in his Church, prophets, apostles, evangelists, and teachers—that these were his witnesses to the people, from whose lips they were to learn all truth, and by the two former of which, spiritual powers and gifts were alone to be imparted to others—Mr. Wilkinson deemed it his duty to apply to these higher powers for an infusion of the spirit. He did so, and the ceremony was gone through. His people were scandalised at this. They thought it an imputation on his own Episcopalian ordination—an admission, that in his previous claim of the possession of spiritual gifts, he had been deceiving them. *They therefore cast him out.* The prophets, apostles, and evangelists of the tribe, immediately transported themselves to Greenock, engaged a hall, and there held nightly meetings, to show the brethren their error and lead them back to their duty.

One of these meetings I attended. Never shall I forget it. Mr. Tait, formerly minister of one of the Established Churches in Edinburgh, was reading a chapter in Ezekiel, on my entrance, to a party of about thirty persons, nearly all females. A large table was placed before him. On one side sat Mr. Wilkinson; on the other, the celebrated Mr. Armstrong, (of British Reformation Society notoriety, once a minister of the Established Church of England,) and, I understood, Dr. Thomson of London. After the chapter was read, Mr. Tait fell on his knees, the people following his example, and prayed nearly three quarters of an hour. The incoherency of the prayer was only equalled by its bellowing vociferation. It began with, “O Lord Jesus Christ, thou mighty God of Jacob!” In the course of it, the following rhapsody was introduced: “Lord, we desire to build a church in this town, but we cannot

build it. Satan will not build it; man refuses to lend a hand in it. Lord, wilt thou build it? Lord, do build it! Yes, Lord, thou wilt build it. Blessed be thy grace, the work shall go on." Mr. Tait, before he came to the hall, had signed, or seen signed, the contract for building it!—the expense to be paid by a London banker, Drummond, it is said. Then a hymn was sung. After this, Mr. Tait preached. His address was filled with mystical allusions, and fancied resemblances between their circumstances and the events of Old Testament history. Throughout I could not divest myself of the feeling, that I was listening to an embodied personification of Habakkuk Mucklewrath.

Then up started Mr. Armstrong. His gestures and contortions were most extraordinary. He took his text in Ephesians iv. and his commentary was worthy the most subtle Jesuit. If true, his befitting station is the bosom of the Catholic church. He explicitly declared, "You have seen me the advocate of Reformation and Bible societies. I was then under delusion. I now tell you, throw away your Bibles, discard the absurdity of private interpretation. These things can only lead you to error and perdition. Listen to Christ's witnesses. Them has he appointed the sole dispensers of spiritual life and truth. From their lips must you receive it, or perish."

And then spoke *he* of the British metropolis. I suppose he had conned his lesson before leaving home, and had forgotten for a moment the place he spoke in. "O ye inhabitants of this City, which boasts itself as the modern Athens, wo, wo is yours. For as I passed by your temples, I found them dedicated to the unknown God." This was quite enough. If any spirit possessed this speaker, who thus addressed Greenock for Edinburgh, it must have been a lying spirit. Poor infatuated beings, who thus mistake raving for Christianity, and falsehood for inspiration!

And these are among the blessed effects of Ecclesiastical Establishments. These men were educated in their pale—were ministers of their communion. Yet are we told, that one great benefit of religious Establishments, is, that they prevent fanaticism; and that if the cry of Christian freedom were to prevail, and those Establishments bowed to the purity of undefiled religion, a flood of fanaticism would ensue, that would sweep away every vestige of reason and Scripture before its desolating career! The supposition is as preposterous as the existence of an Established Church is antichristian.

ARGUS.

REVIEW.

ITALY; with Sketches of SPAIN and PORTUGAL.—By the Author of "Vathek." In 2 Vols. London: Richard Bentley.

IN these pages we have certain passages in the life of a spoiled child of fortune—leaves torn from the note-book of

a flighty and irregular genius—containing the observations of a powerful but ill-regulated mind, upon nature and art, and man, in connexion with both. Had Mr. Beckford been obliged to write for a dinner, it is probable he would have been one of the most distinguished authors of his time; but being, unfortunately for himself and society, born an Unproductive, he has produced—"Vathek," and these rambling Sketches—with the great tower of Fonthill Abbey. Yet is there a deep and a consoling philosophy to be plucked from these pages—now and then struck out, like sudden gleams of light, from the deep-thoughtedness of the powerful mind of the writer—and anon, flashing upon you the conviction, with which every sentence is rife, how little, after all, of true and elevating happiness, the goods of fortune, even when most plentiful, can minister to a lofty intellect, conscious of mighty power, and in search (a vain search, unfortunately) of adequate objects on which to expend its energies.

Mr. Beckford must have been a very young man, when, four-and-fifty years ago, he set out, his brain on fire with a classic enthusiasm, to visit the mouldering shrines of ancient art, and to worship Nature where she is most beautiful, in herself—and where the grand moral associations with which she is invested, communicate to her the last and most touching refinements of intellectual grace and beauty. We say, the writer of these Sketches must have been very young when they were written. This is perhaps the best apology that can be made, for the aristocratic insolence and indifference, visible in almost every line, towards the Masses. Nowhere does there break out, one generous aspiration for the improvement of the priest-and-state-ridden populations of lands so fair, and so capable of being the abodes of enlightened virtue and happiness. No; but the accomplished author, who has so quick an eye for the graceful and the grand in art, and whose pages are richly studded with the most admirable descriptions of towers and palaces and temples—gorgeous as genius, superstition-elevated-and-debased, could render them—never condescends to consider at what a vast expense to the best interests of man, all these have been created—for amateurs like him to weep and to wonder over; nor how slowly the education of the human agent has proceeded, impeded as it has been by the enormous tasks appointed to him by the self-elected keepers of his body and his soul. We have really been struck by the almost total oblivion of the *people*, everywhere displayed in these volumes; unless where some accidental light is thrown upon individuals, or masses, so as to produce an effect gay, or graceful, or picturesque enough to please the eye of this young and intellectual voluptuary. Otherwise, he seems to have the true contempt of the *canaille*, resident in a west-end-of-the-town exquisite, or the plastered and pomatumed person of a Marquis of the *ancien regime*.

We shall perhaps be accused of undue severity in these remarks, considering the youth of the writer; but are not his temples shaded now by the grey hairs of age, and have not these pages just seen the light—after fifty years' interment in the classic repositories of their author—without one word of apology or atonement, for the grievous omissions and commissions, on which we have so freely commented? We suspect indeed, that the fastidious contempt and aristocratic hauteur of an over-indulged youth, have become matured into the heartless philosophy of unreverend age. There is great power of mind, too, discoverable in these pages, and which should have done good service long ago to its own generation. What has it been about, in a world so full of bustle and interest, and where so many grand agencies are daily evolving—but star-gazing, temple-designing, or sneering at the coarse vices of the million, with all the high-bred contempt of Pococurante himself!

Enough of this, however. Let us turn to a more agreeable duty; that of recording our admiration of the inimitable grace and eloquence, the happy satire, and pungent pleasantness of these pages, with their shrewd sarcasm and solid sense; and, above all, of the pure love of nature, which shines and brightens upon every leaf of them, like an Italian sun on the dancing waves of the spouseless Adriatic.

The love of art, in its purest and most august forms, seems also to be equally instinctive in the breast of this young scion of fortune; and he bounds away, with a feverish excitement, from the society of the gay and the lofty, to lay himself at the feet of nature or art, with a heart-thrilling devotion, irresistibly fascinating and touching. But it is time now, after so long a prologue, to introduce our readers to these volumes—decidedly the most original, both as to matter and manner, which have appeared for half a century, and which, like precious gems fished up from the deep sea, astound us with wonder and admiration. In the autumn of 1780, just after the fanatical mobs of London—of which, however, not a word is said—Mr. Beckford, having, like our own lamented Byron, “the passion and the power to roam,”—and being also, like unto that magnificent egotist, smitten with the fever of excitement, and a craving after the strong emotion of variety of scene and company—betakes himself to his travelling carriage; and the imperials being tied on, and the multiplied *agremens* of wealth and art stowed in along with him, sets himself a-rolling through the Netherlands on his way to Italy. This intellectual epicure sweeps over the rich plains of Holland and Flanders, like a bird on the wing—his imagination on fire with a classic dream—and inditing in his note-book, sundry scornful and very amusing sketches of the patient virtues and umbrageous persons of the amphibious inhabitants of these aquatic regions. Even

the wonders of Flemish art do not kindle him up into a momentary enthusiasm; his mind is completely Italianised; and he sneers and grumbles on, until the Rhine flashes on his sight, and partially restores his good humour. But with all this flippancy and intolerance, there is mixed up much admirable description—lofty and ludicrous, satirical and sensible. He has great force of pencil, and one single sentence will sometimes present us with a picture full and perfect of its kind, like a sunbeam penetrating through clouds, and shining far into the forest. Leaving the Netherlands, he traverses Bavaria—bestowing a passing and searching glance around, as he hurries on, like the wild horseman of Burger's ballad—and enters the romantic regions of the Tyrol. Here he gives himself up to a passionate and graceful admiration of nature; and as a specimen of his descriptive powers, we quote the following:—

A cottage or two peep out of the woods that hang over the waterfalls; and on the brow of the hills above, appears a series of eleven little chapels, uniformly built. I followed the narrow path that leads to them, on the edge of the eminences, and met a troop of beautiful peasants, all of the name of Anna (for it was St. Anna's day) going to pay their devotion, severally, at these neat white fanes. There were faces that Guercino would not have disdained copying, with braids of hair the softest and most luxuriant I ever beheld. Some had wreathed it simply with flowers, others with rolls of a thin linen (manufactured in the neighbourhood), and disposed it with a degree of elegance one should not have expected on the cliffs of the Tyrol. Being arrived, they knelt all together at the first chapel, on the steps, a minute or two, whispered a short prayer, and then dispersed each to her fane. Every little building had now its fair worshipper, and you may well conceive how much such figures, scattered about the landscape, increased its charms. * *

When got beyond the last chapel, I began to hear the roar of a cascade in a thick wood of beech and chesnut that clothes the steep of a wide fissure in the rock. My ear soon guided me to its entrance, which was marked by a shed encompassed with mossy fragments and almost concealed by bushes of rhododendron in full red bloom—amongst these I struggled, till reaching a goat-track, it conducted me, on the brink of the foaming waters, to the very depths of the cliff, whence issues a stream which, dashing impetuously down, strikes against a ledge of rocks, and sprinkles the impending thicket with dew. Big drops hung on every spray, and glittered on the leaves partially gilt by the rays of the declining sun, whose mellow hues softened the rugged summits, and diffused a repose, a divine calm, over this deep retirement, which inclined me to imagine it the extremity of the earth—the portal of some other region of existence,—some happy world beyond the dark groves of pine, the caves and awful mountains, where the river takes its source! Impressed with this romantic idea, I hung eagerly over the gulf, and fancied I could distinguish a voice bubbling up with the waters; then looked into the abyss, and strained my eyes to penetrate its gloom—but all was dark and unfathomable as futurity! Awakening from my reverie, I felt the damps of the water chill my forehead; and ran shivering out of the vale to avoid them. A warmer atmosphere, that reigned in the meads I had wandered across before, tempted me to remain a good while longer collecting dianthi freaked

with beautifully varied colours, and a species of white thyme scented like myrrh. Whilst I was thus employed, a confused murmur struck my ear, and, on turning towards a cliff, backed by the woods from whence the sound seemed to proceed, forth issued a herd of goats, hundreds after hundreds, skipping down the steep: then followed two shepherd boys, gamboling together as they drove these creatures along: soon after, the dog made his appearance, hunting a stray heifer which brought up the rear. I followed them with my eyes till lost in the windings of the valley, and heard the tinkling of their bells die gradually away. Now the last blush of crimson left the summit of *Sinai*, inferior mountains being long since cast in deep blue shade. The village was already hushed when I regained it, and in a few moments I followed its example.

From the mountains of the Tyrol, he pounces down upon Italy; nor stints nor stays his speed, till he beholds the lion of St. Mark, and the steeds of brass at Venice. Of all that ever has been said of this city of the sea, not excepting the passionate lamentations of the Childe himself, we think these loose and floating memoranda the most descriptive, and picturesquely faithful, and curiously interesting, whether we regard the writer, or what he has written, which have ever appeared. After lingering some time amid these relics of power long departed, stung into restlessness, he visits hurriedly some of the other celebrated cities of that classic land—everywhere finding ample scope for his gay and graphic pencil, and kindling every now and then into a high tone of enthusiasm. We must direct our readers to the impressive sketch of the country around Rome, and to the description of the author's sensations when he first looked up to the cupola of St. Peter's. To such a mind life has few such moments.

Next our mercurial tourist betakes himself to Naples; and we have many classical reminiscences, with, as usual, much fine scene-painting, and sarcastic hits in abundance directed at the great and little vulgar. The following sketch of a court levee, will answer, with some modifications, for many other places besides Naples:—

A courtly mob had got thither upon the same errand, daubed over with lace and most notably be-periwigged. Nothing but bows and salutations were going forward on the staircase, one of the largest I ever beheld, and which a multitude of prelates and friars were ascending with awkward pomposity. I jostled along to the presence chamber, where his Majesty was dining alone in a circular enclosure of fine clothes and smirking faces. The moment he had finished, twenty long necks were poked forth, and it was a glorious struggle amongst some of the most decorated, who first should kiss his hand, the great business of the day. Every body pressed forward to the best of their abilities. His Majesty seemed to eye nothing but the end of his nose, which is doubtless a capital object.

Though people have imagined him a weak monarch, I beg leave to differ in opinion, since he has the boldness to prolong his childhood and be happy, in spite of years and conviction. Give him a boar to stab, and a pigeon to shoot at, a battledore or an angling rod, and he is better contented than Solomon in all his glory, and will never discover, like that sapient sovereign, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

We cannot follow the footsteps of this flying dilettanti into Spain and Portugal, or afford to notice his admirable description of the Grande Chartreuse—of itself a gem of the first water. One of the charms indeed of these volumes is, the breathless rapidity with which you are whisked from place to place, and the powerful but hasty sketch which never tires; whilst every now and then, the impatience of the traveller seems entirely to subside, and one would suppose him spell-bound for the rest of his life, before some all-subduing specimen of ancient art—or sighing his soul away in the congenial gloom of forests, with the sun of Italy vainly endeavouring to pierce through their masses of living verdure. One more remark, and we have done. Mr. Beckford has defrauded his species of the fruits of that budding and powerful intellect, whose precocious powers are here not darkly imaged forth. He was born to be a leader and instructor of the people—and he has only condescended to disdain them, and perhaps their masters too.

MONTHLY RECORD.

JANUARY 1, 1835.

THE REV. HENRY CLARKE who, for nearly three years, was indefatigable in the prosecution of his duties as the Missionary of the Scottish Unitarian Christian Association, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the Unitarian Christian Congregation of Dundee, to become their Pastor, entered on his important duties in that populous town, on Sunday, November 2. The Congregation have engaged one of the largest and best fitted-up halls in the town, for the celebration of their worship; and the attendance has been highly cheering since their removal to it. Their rising hopes have been chastened, indeed, by the sudden removal of two valuable members. But He who seeth not as man, will over-rule these and all events to the furtherance of the best interests of his creatures. The following extract is from the letter communicating the melancholy intelligence to a friend in Glasgow:—

Truly this is a world of ceaseless change. Events succeed events, swiftly as the moving images of the night-vision, not one of which gives us time to look earnestly on its features, and consider carefully its nature and use, ere it glides forward into the regions of nonentity, only to give place to another as evanescent as itself. But let me not be misunderstood. It is not to those court intrigues—those demon freaks of faction—those heart-burnings and hope-blastings inflicted upon the millions, by the evil-bent mischief-working heads of some dozens of beings “stuck o’er with titles, and hung round with strings,” that the remark just made, is designed specially to refer. Such malignant and withering events, indeed, demand and will have, at least, a portion of our attention, while they perform their dark and death-dealing parts in the great drama of society. But if

the public audience have attained a REFORMED taste, and in *vox populi*, which will then be *vox Dei*, command them off the stage, as unnatural and barbarous performers, they must make a hasty exit, and be followed by one universal execration. Yet, even while national events force themselves upon our notice, because we are integral parts of the nation—local and domestic events insist upon having priority in our thoughts and sympathies, because we are, when added to a few friends, that individual sum total of the sentient section to which alone those events are commissioned to extend their influence. By some of this latter nature, have I, and my friends here, very recently been visited. Within the compass of one week, two of those whose names were attached to my pastoral invitation, passed from time into eternity.

One, a man of 37 years of age, gifted with no small share of mental power—warm with zeal in the cause of liberty, virtue, and truth; regarded by the working classes, as their friend; by fellow-manufacturers respected; and viewed by all who knew him, under the aspect of that which poets and philosophers designate the noblest work of God—“an honest man.” This was JAMES GRANT. He died November 20, of a disease in the head, after a short illness; leaving a wife and four children, the church to which he belonged, and the social band of which he formed a part, to lament, not his loss, but their own.

The other, a young man, aged 22, who had been carefully educated—who had assiduously stored, disciplined, and improved his own mind—who had given unequivocal indications that he would become a highly useful member of society, an ornament to the medical profession, and an honour to his family and connexions—who had, by his amiableness and kind-heartedness, drawn towards himself the warm friendship of all who knew him. This was Doctor WILLIAM B. MILLAR, second son of our much-venerated and worthy friend, Robert Millar, Esq. This talented, promising young man was hurried out of life on the 25th of November, by a fever, which completed its fatal work in a few brief days. How the parents, sisters, and other relatives of such a son, brother, and friend, must feel, and what they must suffer, may, by those whose hearts are rightly attuned, be faintly conceived—but may not with words be at all described. Upon both these now “departed friends,” I had fully calculated as companions of no ordinary worth, in those walks of science and religion where counsel is taken and pleasure is drunk. But He who cannot err, saw fit to close our connexion, at its very commencement. His will be done.

The Rev. JAMES FORREST having engaged the Chapel at Paisley, formerly occupied by the Independents, commenced the arduous task of Christian reformation in that populous town, on Sunday, Dec. 7. The Unitarians of that place, justly appreciating his zeal and talents, unanimously resolved to support this well-timed effort for the removal of error and the inculcation of truth, by giving up their former place of meeting, and joining him. May their united labours be crowned by the blessing of the One Almighty Father, whose knowledge and glory it is their earnest desire to advance. Such devotedness to truth and duty, deserves and will secure the sympathy and aid of every sincere friend to the purity and simplicity of the religion of Christ.

MR. M'KEAN of Glasgow, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Unitarian Congregation, Alnwick, and entered on his duties as their pastor, December 21.—MR. COOPER has removed to the Congregation, Moor-Lane, Bolton.

SATAN.—A DIALOGUE.

ROBERT and WILLIAM, Students.—SCENE, a Mountain's Brow.

Robert. William, I must cry quarter, and implore your mercy: I am quite exhausted, let us rest here; and after a little we shall return as the evening closes.

William. Most willingly do I spare you, my dear fellow; and yet in climbing the hill of science, you will show me no mercy in return.

Robert. Let us enjoy the scene, and for the present, let science lie alone in its glory. How delightful to mingle our spirits with surrounding greatness and beauty—to feel that deep intensity and fulness of soul which drinks in of loveliness, and is never satiated. See what glories are beneath, and around us, and above us—the sun closing the day with benignant glory, the silver clouds floating in fantastic forms—that vista before us stretching through a vale of paradise, stopped by the azure sky and boundless ocean; all speaking to the soul with creation's eloquence. Oh! what a glorious, what a beautiful world!

William. A very tolerable world indeed, upon my word, considering *the Gentleman* to whom it belongs.

Robert. William, I have always enjoyed your humour, because it was free from impurity or profanity; but this is not only indecent levity, but actual impiety. Can you thus speak of the Deity? I cannot listen to you.

William. Let your holy indignation be pacified. Did you not understand, that it was the Devil I alluded to? And are you so miserable a tyro in theology, as not to know, that this planet, with most of its inhabitants and appurtenances, are his by right and title—signed, sealed, and delivered?

Robert. It is a barbarous, an irrational, and a pernicious doctrine. I shall never cease to denounce it.

William. If you have any regard for your ease and popularity, you will deal cautiously with this respectable personage. Before you commence your spiritual Quixotism, consider, I beseech you, what you undertake. Consider the station, the importance, and the influence of your sable and unamiable antagonist. Consider his wiles, his stratagems, his agility, his Proteus transformations, his boundless machinery, his numberless advocates; and if nothing else will caution you, be admonished by the fear of broken bones, and learn wisdom from the shakings he inflicted on Hermit Paul of blessed memory, and the unmerciful drubbings with which he saluted the holy Saint Anthony!

Robert. But remember that his visits have not always been with impunity, and as you do thus threaten, allow me to remind you, how the courageous Saint Dunstan caught his nose in the heated tongs, and made his bellowings re-echo through the surrounding country.

William. So much the worse, my dear friend, for you, as the gentleman must on that account have no nose on which you could lay hold, should he honour you with a visit of rebuke; for the worthy Saint Dunstan has at least eased him of that member. It is reported, however, that he personates various characters, and no doubt, borrows the nose with the rest of the costume. Like a good politician, it would seem he has grown wiser with his age, and prudent from his failures, and for some time back, he has foreborne to assume any bodily appearance whatever. He has, like men, lost the ardour of his courage with his youth, and has acquired the penetration of sagacity with years; he no longer meets his foe in open combat, but by cunning, deep-laid stratagem, contrived in secret, and executed with powerful and deadly security, destroys his imbecile, his unheeding victim.

Robert. You seem exceedingly well acquainted with his modes of feeling and systems of policy. I can scarcely envy the ability of your disquisitions.

William. Greater men than you or I have engaged in such disquisitions; but to pursue the train of my reflection on this gentleman's late policy in keeping entirely to his spiritual operations:—You see, it was always his interest to be "*incog.*" for he knew that his reputation here, had long since been cracked; now there were two appendages, which on such occasions he found extremely inconvenient, and these said appendages he never could get rid of—to wit, his tail and his cloven foot. While long gowns were worn, he might have managed these tolerably well, but short-skirted coats and Wellington boots put the thing out of his power. The one could never be concealed, and the other could never be fitted. So he made a virtue of necessity; and it appears, if we are to credit the accounts of those most conversant with such matters, that although changing his manner, he has neither been inactive nor unsuccessful.

Robert. It seems to me that you have forgotten the prudence you at first recommended, for your language is now any thing but ceremonious.

William. I am by no means out of order. I have only adopted the descriptions which are sanctioned by the first and ablest authorities. Have you never seen the *Golden Legend*? There you might learn what pranks he played in this little world, when his power was rampant; what feats he performed, magical and theological! His person, character, and power, have long been subjects of absorbing interest, and have equally engaged the pens of philosophers, theologians, and kings. But of all writers, the schoolmen, a few puritans excepted, appear to have been the most profound and accurate inquirers on this subject. They have most satisfactorily ascertained the geography and extent of his dominions—the various gradations among his subjects—the allot-

ments of labour to his ministering servants, with all his own modes of superintendence. They have accurately delineated his intellectual and moral character, enumerated his powers, his faculties, and various tendencies—all with astonishing precision; as much so, as if they had sojourned at his court; as if they had been among his bosom confidants; as if they had taken a tour of his entire kingdom—studied its legislation and investigated its chronicles. If the world be now in ignorance on points of so deep importance, it is because these worthy men are undeservedly neglected.

Robert. If the portrait you drew a little while ago of this august individual, was derived from these sources, it would not appear that he has much reason to be grateful to them. It seems to me that Milton is the first who has given him a figure and station in any degree respectable.

William. Yes, but Milton's is a poet's picture; and a poet's representation of any thing in earth or hell, is not to be depended on. Besides, Satan was his hero; and it was only natural he should desire to have him as much as possible ennobled. Give a poet but a scrap of moonshine or sunshine, or a skirt of a cloud, and you'll see what a vast deal he'll make out of it: his "eye in frenzy rolling," "glances from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;" he raves, and exclaims "what glories!" The plain, matter-of-fact observer asks, "where are they?" "Oh (he cries out), that beauteous gilded orb!" The plain eye of prose looks up, and can only see something very like a well-scoured copper trencher. So, my dear fellow, don't mind a poet, unless you would have no one believe you; for even Satan himself has not escaped their wild misrepresentation.

Robert. And in what, pray, do you place Satan's greatest power, and the source of his importance?

William. In his talent for deception, to be sure, and his first-rate abilities in blasting happiness, and defeating wisdom. Are not these represented in every pulpit as his primary qualifications?

Robert. I wish, then, you had heard the Rev. Boanerges Puzzle preach the other day; and more, I wish that sermon were universally disseminated.

William. Why?

Robert. Because, I am persuaded, it was sufficient to counteract Satan's most ingenious wiles; it would be an antidote against poison; it would be a counter-charm against his delusions; he would soon retreat from the world, tired of defeat—and, covered with shame, shrink into his congenial darkness.

William. Don't get into heroics, if you please; but tell us, what is this mighty sermon—this wonderful spiritual panacea?

Robert. Why, he analysed the whole theory of temptation—hunted Satan through all his mazes—left not a single crevice

of the heart unexplored where he could set a trap—and concluded by furnishing us with some accurate and useful rules, by which we could infallibly determine what suggestions were *his* wicked whisperings, and what were the outbreaks of our own vile hearts. Now, if one could only have this sermon in his pocket, the Devil would be always afraid to come near him—it would be a touchstone with which he would never venture to come in contact.

William. I will venture to say, the clergy will never favour the circulation of such a production; for where would then be the subject of so many affecting orations, and so many sublime descriptions; and that never-failing, convenient pulpit interlude, which, at intervals, is so good a substitute for eloquence or thought!

Robert. You are too severe on the clergy; and how an individual should lose affection by opposing diabolical influence, I am unable to conceive; you were, it may be, in jest, for I am not always able to say when you are solemn, and when you are serious.

William. Like all philosophers, I found my induction upon facts; and beyond its evidence, I do not press your conviction. When a play is attended by crowded audiences, do you not say, it is *popular*? When a performer fills the house, do you not say, he is *popular*? Now, apply this to preachers. You observe one man, whose imagination is brilliant—whose affections are deep—who is bound to human nature by its strongest chords; but he never mentions the Devil, and *he* is not popular. Another is unlearned and coarse, narrow in his soul, and obtuse in his sensibilities; but he roars and thunders, gives awful descriptions of hell, and has the Devil ever in the fore-ground of his picture; and his benches are filled even to suffocation! What makes him popular, then, if not his subject? Talk as you will, therefore, the Devil is the most popular being in this lower world. I have found this the case, too, in circles where you would least expect it. Not long ago, at a religious friend's, I happened to get into a group of ladies; and having negligently let fall something against Satan's personality and power, I was astonished at the gloom that overspread their countenances, and the awful feelings with which I was regarded. One especially, on whose features were impressed mildness, piety, and beauty, whose eyes seemed to burn with the lustre of a pure and brilliant mind—one, in fact, whom a person would have chosen as a guardian angel in the pilgrimage of life, ranged herself on the side of his Satanic majesty, and gave me some hard sayings for daring to be sceptical of his existence! When he is thus defended, you may never hope with safety to contend against him.

Robert. I can by no means look on it in the careless light in which you seem to regard it. The popular idea on this

subject, appears to me to involve much that is gross, inconsistent, and profane. What a horrible notion, to imagine a being entirely corrupt and malignant, entrusted with faculties inconceivably expanded, and all devoted to ruin and pollute God's fair creation; to suppose him with power to defeat the end of benevolence, and to accomplish his own wicked purposes—a power approaching almost to omnipotence, to overcome weak, unsuspecting creatures—a power exercised too, with more deadly fatality, in a being naturally invisible and spiritual, possessing a perceptive sagacity analogous to omniscience, and a pervading influence consistent only with omnipresence; to conceive him ruling here with terrific havoc and a blasting dominion, with indomitable malevolence, the uncontrollable minister of ruin—making earth a land of curses, and futurity of unutterable horror—reeking with the murder of souls, and fiercely exulting in the accomplishment of irremediable evil—perverting the energies of immortal beings, and tearing from the human heart every trace of goodness and purity, never to be renewed;—thus swaying the sceptre of a blighting destiny, and subjecting a large portion of the universe to sympathy with his own character!—oh! it is too dark, too solemnly dark a theory, for the sprightliness of banter or the levity of wit—it is more adapted to make one weep than laugh. If such a being were possible, I could only conceive him as the instrument of Supreme Malignity, or an independent evil agent. Let us return. S. M. S. C.

PHRENOLOGY.—No. II.

HISTORY OF ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

“Till Bacon rose—

The morning star of science, by whose beams

Transfix'd, as erst the fabled Python fell,

Lay vanquish'd huge Authority.”—*Downman.*

It is an observation of Dr. John Gregory,—a man distinguished in the annals of medical science, and whose opinion, from his eminence equally as a philosopher and a physician, is peculiarly entitled to respect,—that “the mind and body are so intimately connected, and have such a mutual influence on one another, that the constitution of either, examined apart, can never be thoroughly understood.” From neglecting the relations which exist between the mind and the body, the results arrived at by most of the philosophers who have investigated the moral and intellectual nature of man, have been unsatisfactory in the extreme—of little utility in practice, and easily overturned by an appeal to the phenomena of human character as displayed in actual life. It has hitherto been a too general custom among metaphysical inquirers, to turn their attention inwards—to observe and reflect on the mental qualities which they themselves were

conscious of possessing—to assume their own minds as fair representatives of those of other men—and on such foundations, to base their systems of metaphysics or moral philosophy. As, however, all minds are, like faces, more or less dissimilar, each philosopher who regarded himself as a standard of human nature, gave a different representation of the mental constitution of the race, and of the laws which regulate the activity of the various powers. Hence, the want of harmony which has ever been remarked among the numerous metaphysical systems that have been submitted to the consideration of the public, and the incessant controversies which philosophers have maintained with each other even on the most fundamental points, from the age of Aristotle down to the present day. While some have taught the innateness of the moral and intellectual faculties, and the natural diversity of talent and disposition, others ascribe the origin of the mental powers to education, climate, food, wants, and social institutions,—and believe, with Helvetius and Sir William Jones, “that all men are born with an equal capacity of improvement.” Some have maintained the existence of faculties which others, with equal pertinacity, have refused to admit; while these, in their turn, are earnest in the defence of principles which the former as obstinately deny. Dr. Reid has combated with vigour the philosophy of Locke and Hume; Mr. Stewart differed widely from Dr. Reid; more recently Dr. Thomas Brown has shaken the fabric reared by the labour and ingenuity of Stewart; and finally, the opinions of Brown himself have not escaped opposition. The sentiment of justice, regarded by Reid, Stewart, and Brown, as inherent in the human mind, is resolved by Hobbes, Mandeville, and Paley, into regard for self-interest, perception of expediency, and deference to the laws of God and man. Some philosophers have admitted only a very limited number of primitive faculties; while others, as Lord Kames, have been abused for extending the catalogue to an extravagant length. One says, that man is by nature a social animal; another, that the state of the wandering savage is that for which he is best adapted. According to one, religion springs from principles inherent in the mind; while another affirms that it has been called into existence by the wiles of a selfish priesthood. In short, to use the words of M. De Bonald, quoted with approval by Mr. Stewart,—“diversity of doctrine has increased from age to age, with the number of masters, and with the progress of knowledge; and Europe, which at present possesses libraries filled with philosophical works, and which reckons up almost as many philosophers as writers; poor in the midst of so much riches, and uncertain with the aid of all its guides which road it should follow; Europe, the centre and focus of all the lights of the world, has yet its *philosophy* only in expectation.”

It is the deliberate conviction of the writer of this paper, after years of searching study, that in PHRENOLOGY—by which is meant the doctrine of the mental phenomena, and their relations with organised matter, particularly the brain—is to be found that philosophy the want of which is here so justly deplored. For the discovery of Phrenology the world is beyond all question indebted to Dr. Gall, a German physician lately deceased, to whom it is fit that the reader should be now introduced.

Francis Joseph Gall was born at Tiefenbrun, near Pforzheim in Suabia, on 9th March 1757. His father was a respectable merchant in that place, and for some time filled the situation of mayor. Gall was the sixth child of his parents, who professed the Roman Catholic religion, and destined him for the church; but his natural dispositions not coinciding with this intention, it was ultimately abandoned. His studies were pursued first at Baden, and afterwards at Bruchsal and Strasburgh. Having selected the healing art for his profession, he went in 1781 to Vienna, the medical school of which enjoyed at that time a high reputation, and took his degree in 1785. In this city he continued to practise as a physician for twenty years. It was in a course of lectures delivered there in 1796 that he first communicated to the public the doctrines which have since made so much noise throughout the world. Of the manner in which his discoveries were made, he himself gives the following account.

In the ninth year of his age, he was sent by his parents to live with one of his uncles, who was a clergyman in the Black Forest, and who, in order to inspire him with emulation, gave him a companion in his studies. Gall was, however, frequently reproached for not learning his lesson as well as the other did, particularly as more was expected from him than from his companion. On leaving the uncle's house, both boys were put to school at Baden, near Rastadt, and there, whenever their task was to learn by heart, Gall was always surpassed by boys who, in their other exercises, were much his inferiors. "Two of my new schoolfellows," says he, "surpassed even my first comrade in the facility with which they learned by heart. As both had large and prominent eyes, we gave them the nickname of *ox-eyed*. Three years after this we went to school at Bruchsal, and there again the *ox-eyed* scholars mortified me as before. Two years later I went to Strasburgh, and still found that, however moderate their abilities in other respects, the pupils with prominent eyes all learned by heart with great ease. Although destitute of previous knowledge, I could not help concluding, that prominent eyes were the mark of a good memory."*

* Gall *sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, tome v. p. 12.

It was not, however, till some time afterwards, that, led on from observation to observation, Gall began to conceive that, since memory has its external sign, the other faculties also might very well have theirs. From that moment every person remarkable for any talent or propensity became the subject of his attention, and his business was, to study minutely the form of their heads. "Little by little," he says, "I ventured to flatter myself that I had discovered other external characters constantly occurring in the head of every great painter, of every great musician, of every great mechanic, severally denoting a decided predisposition in the individual to one or other of those arts. In the meantime I had begun the study of medicine, in which I heard much about the functions of the muscles, of the viscera, &c. but not a word about the functions of the brain and its different parts. My former observations then recurred to me, and led me to suspect what I afterwards proved, that the variety to be found in the forms of heads is occasioned by variety in the form of the brain. The idea never occurred to me, however, that the moral and intellectual faculties have their seat in the bones of the skull."* From that instant did Gall conceive the hope of being one day able to determine the moral and intellectual faculties of man, by means of his cerebral organization, and of establishing a physiology of the brain. He therefore resolved to continue his researches, until he should attain his object, or find it impossible. The task would have been less difficult had he abandoned himself entirely to nature. But he had already learned too much of the errors and prejudices then taught upon those subjects, not to be biassed by them, and was still farther entangled by the doctrines of the metaphysicians, whom he found to teach that all our ideas come from our senses, that all men are born alike, and that education and accident alone make them differ. If this be true, said he, no faculty can have an external sign, and to study the brain, its parts, and its functions is absolute madness. Still he remembered his former observations: he knew that the circumstances in which his brothers and sisters, his schoolfellows and playmates, had, from their infancy, been placed, were all alike; and that nevertheless each possessed some peculiarity of talent or disposition which distinguished him from the others. He saw that education was bestowed in vain upon some persons, and that others had talents without it. He observed also a corresponding variety in the dispositions of animals, of which, from his earliest youth, he kept a great number constantly beside him. In birds he found a similar diversity. The whole animal kingdom, then spoke in favour of his strong surmises, and he resolved to prosecute his plan, by devoting himself

* *Op. cit.*, tome i. p. 4.

entirely to the observation of nature. As physician to a lunatic asylum in Vienna, and also to the establishment for the deaf and dumb of that city, he had many opportunities, of which he availed himself, of making observations on the insane and on persons little influenced by education and circumstances; and having no children, he was at liberty to spend his income on his favourite pursuits. Prisons, houses of correction, schools, colleges, seats of justice, and places of amusement, were also visited. He associated with, and studied the characters of individuals in all ranks and professions; and on finding anybody remarkable either for great endowment or for deficiency of a mental quality, he observed with attention the appearance of his head,—compared it with the heads of persons of a similar mental constitution, that he might discover wherein they all agreed,—and made plaster-casts of them, with the view of afterwards resuming his studies at leisure. When, on the other hand, he saw an individual whose head presented a remarkable appearance, he made diligent inquiry into his moral and intellectual character, so as to discover, if possible, the faculty connected with that particular part of the head which he saw prominently or moderately developed. He was even bold enough to address those persons in whose head a peculiar configuration was observed. In like manner, when any distinguished individual died, he endeavoured to procure his skull, and added it to his collection. “There was indeed a time,” says a lively continental writer in 1802, “when everybody at Vienna trembled for his head, and feared lest, after his death, it should be put in requisition to enrich the cabinet of Dr. Gall. He announced that he was bent chiefly on obtaining the heads of those who were distinguished by great qualities or talents—an additional reason for most people redoubling their alarm. Too many were disposed to believe themselves the objects of the doctor’s attention, and to imagine that their heads were coveted by him, as specimens necessary to the success of his doctrines. Some pleasant anecdotes of this kind are mentioned. Old Mr. Denis, the emperor’s librarian, inserted in his will an express clause to protect his skull from the greedy scalpel of Dr. Gall. But in spite of such fears and precautions, the latter has not wanted materials, and has collected a great number of heads, among which are some illustrious men, as the brave Marshal de Wurmser. He possesses the skulls of poets, madmen, robbers, and *gens de tout calibre*. He has added as many heads of animals as he could collect suitable for his purpose, especially of those whose character and manners are well marked. He has scrupulously informed himself of the history, dispositions, habits, passions, vices, and virtues of all these individuals, men as well as beasts; and he has drawn general inferences from them, at once very curious and very striking. The hospitals

of Vienna have also furnished abundant observations; and Dr. Nord, physician of the great hospital for the insane, has often found the rules of his colleague Gall confirmed by facts, in inspecting the skulls of his patients.”*

Nothing can show more clearly than the details now given, the groundlessness of the prevalent impression, that Dr. Gall first mapped out the brain at random, and then arbitrarily ascribed a function to each compartment. It was only after much laborious investigation that he ventured to draw decided conclusions; and to the day of his death he declared himself still ignorant of the functions of several portions of the brain. The difficulties which he had to encounter, the perseverance with which he opposed them, and the philosophical spirit which characterised his proceedings, are strikingly manifest from what he says in the following passage. “So long as a faculty or its organ remained undiscovered, I never had the slightest presentiment either of what I should eventually ascertain, or the place where I should find the organ. Wholly abandoned as I was to nature, a considerable number of striking facts were requisite to give me a slight anticipation, and a still greater number to put me upon the right track. How often have I been obliged to reject, after the lapse of years, what had seemed to me well established! How often have I been tempted to renounce all my researches, and to assent to the doctrine of my predecessors, that it is impossible to discover the traces of the operations of the mind! In proportion, however, as I accumulated facts, light dawned upon me by degrees. I discovered sometimes one faculty or organ and sometimes another; and according as these discoveries were multiplied and confirmed, were my prejudices, fears, and scholastic errors dispelled.”*

It may well be doubted whether any man ever acted more completely in accordance with the spirit of the Baconian philosophy than Dr. Gall. He fearlessly observed men and animals as they exist in the world, *and taught what he saw*—regardless alike of the discordance of his statements with received opinions, and the ridicule with which they might cause him to be assailed. He considered himself and every other naturalist responsible only for accuracy of observation and correctness of description; maintained that facts cannot be overturned by abstract reasoning; that truth will never be found inconsistent with itself or dangerous to society; and that in spite of all opposition it must sooner or later prevail. “Whoever,” he says in a passage forming the motto of the Phrenological Journal, “whoever is not impelled by an innate instinct of observation; whoever finds

* Lettre de Charles Villers à Georges Cuvier, sur une Nouvelle Theorie du Cerveau, par le Docteur Gall. Metz, 1802. pp. 34-36.

† Op cit., tome iii. p. 138-9.

too difficult the abnegation of his own opinions, and of his own learning, acquired in previous study; whoever is more bent upon the improvement of his fortune than on bringing to light the treasures of nature; whoever is not possessed of imperturbable patience against the interpretations of envy, jealousy, hypocrisy, ignorance, apathy, and indifference; whoever has too exalted an idea of the force and justness of his own reasonings to believe himself obliged to submit them to the test of experience a thousand and a thousand times repeated,—will never advance the physiology of the brain. Yet these are the only means by which my discoveries can be verified, corrected, or refuted.”*

In the year 1799, John Gaspar Spurzheim, a native of Longuich, near Treves on the Moselle, went to Vienna in order to study medicine, and there became acquainted with Dr. Gall. He entered zealously into the consideration of the new doctrine, and continued the pupil of Gall till 1804, at which time they associated with each other for the purpose of pursuing in common their investigations into the anatomy and physiology of the brain and nervous system. On 9th January 1802, the Austrian government issued an order prohibiting all private lectures except those specially permitted by the authorities; a mandate directed principally against Dr. Gall, whose doctrines, though they had been listened to without alarm by clergymen and teachers,† were regarded as dangerous to religion. He never asked permission to lecture; but, disgusted with the illiberality of the proceeding and desirous of extending his knowledge by travelling, finally left Vienna in 1805, along with his colleague Dr. Spurzheim. Of their subsequent proceedings we must defer speaking till another occasion. R. C.

THE GROUNDS OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

(Concluded from page 15.)

OUR Lord never expected uniformity of opinion, in the mode of worship or of church government, among his followers. As to these points, there are, and always have been, honest and conscientious differences between persons who have equal pretensions to the credit of intelligence, of impartiality, and of the love of truth. They recognise the same inspired teacher, and have before them the same sacred and undisputed Scriptures of salvation; yet, from regard to this teacher, and the study of these Scriptures, they adopt different articles of faith; do they, because they honestly differ, forfeit their claim to fellowship with Christ's universal Church? Surely this cannot be allowed: for if it is, what follows, but that some one party among Christians must be

* Op. cit., tome vi. p. 475.

† Op. cit., tome i. p. 313.

infallible, to determine which are the only true articles of faith and mode of worship! Infallible no mortal uninspired man can be; infallibility no number, however great, of uninspired men can claim. Is, then, each sincere believer* in Christ to be judge in his own cause, and to suppose not only that he and his sect alone possess the mind of Christ, alone obey his voice, alone enjoy the doctrines of salvation; but also that they have the right to disown, to excommunicate and cast out as evil, all who adopt another creed? They say, "Christ requires uniformity of opinion, an agreement in our thoughts and ceremonies:" as a matter of course, they regard their own views as the standard of this uniformity, and to be consistent, must conclude that they are authorised to proclaim every one who departs from their standard, as an infidel, an alien, and an outlaw! But have not they who depart from the supposed standard equal authority to say, "we are the true church—we are the elect, and you who cast us out are yourselves reprobates"? Yes; both sides have *equal* authority, and happy is it for religion that this equal authority is equally worthless. The Saviour—he who died for all mankind, for the world, and not for a sect—appointed no successor with power to separate the true from the false, "both grow together until the harvest;" neither did he allow his disciples to enforce uniformity, to brand each other with the names of reproach, to sit in judgment on each other's faith, or to reject each other's claims to the privileges of the Gospel. The standard of discipleship which Christ sanctioned, was one of mercy; "by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, because ye have love one towards another." Uniformity of doctrine, agreement in modes and ceremonies, cannot therefore be requisite as the bond of unity among Christians.

What, then, we may reasonably ask, is required? What are the broad grounds of fellowship, in virtue of which all who receive Christ as their teacher, saviour, and judge, may truly regard themselves and one another as members of the one fold—children of God and heirs of the kingdom? We have seen it is not uniformity of faith, not consent as to opinion, not likeness of ceremonies, nor similarity of church government; it is none of these, but the nobler uniformity of obedience to Christ, that oneness of mind which consists in yielding our hearts to his service, that pure and blessed agreement of the soul which leads us to strive to be like Christ, like him in spirit and in character, in the love of truth and in the zeal for virtue. These are the golden bonds of Christian fellowship, the chain let down from the throne of God uniting earth to heaven, the essentials of religion which enable us to re-

* See Christian Examiner, Boston, U. S. March 1834, whence this argument is compiled.

cognise the follower of Christ, and to say, "Behold the Christian indeed in whom there is no guile."

Our confidence in the truth of this conclusion, rests not on mere reasoning, but on the plain words of Christ himself. "The sheep," he says, "hear my voice;" they receive me as their guide, and listen to my instructions. In the same spirit he also says, "if ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed;" and speaking of the excellent moral truths which he taught, he exclaims to his disciples, "if ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Most decisive, however, are his words, when he declares, "not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out demons? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity." In language the most express, he points out who are his true followers: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him." With remarkable clearness, too, does our Lord inform us what will be the rule of his conduct, when he shall come in his glory to judge the world: "Before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand and the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "For I was hungry and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me." "And verily I say unto you, in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Who that reads these impressive words, can fail to perceive that the sheep who form Christ's fold, those unto whom he will give eternal life, possess the spirit of their Master—a spirit which leads them like him to do good, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to comfort those who mourn.

In moral goodness, in genuine piety, in the culture and exercise of unfeigned benevolence, from a regard to Christ's authority,—in these, then, we possess the ground of Christian concord. If we are brethren in the works of mercy, then are we of the fold of Christ. A bond of fellowship of this nature we can all understand. However divided in doctrine, we can all agree in the one essential article of Christianity, that to be a true member of Christ's universal church, a man must keep the sayings, possess the spirit, and follow the example of Christ. Here have we a uniformity which all may

observe—a uniformity which needs no penalties to enforce it, but of which the truest safeguard is brotherly kindness.

Bright and glorious will be the day when Christians of every name shall contend earnestly for these grounds of concord; when, instead of reviling any who profess reverence for Christ's authority, they shall hail them as brethren; and instead of thinking worse of a man because of his conscientious opinions, they shall regard sincerity in religion as the best claim of fellowship, and obedience to Christ as the pledge of sincere faith. Happy time! we may see it in vision, if it have not already dawned. God's providence, which works in silence, will, however, bring about the appointed day of charity and love. Even amidst the storms of winter, he carries forward the earth that it may meet the genial warmth of spring; so, amidst the dissensions of parties, the bitterness of rival sects, and the rough contests of political warfare, the Ruler at the world's helm, advances the reign of just principles, and secures the final triumph of true religion. "God is not slack concerning his promise;" his plans are ripening gloriously for the harvest; the fields are already white,—Pray ye the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers, that the seed which was sown in hope, may be gathered in joy, and prove to be the precious fruit which endureth to everlasting life.

H. G.

DEATH-BED SCENES AMONG THE POOR.—No. I.

THE RUINED FAMILY. (Concluded from p. 11.)

THE lodging occupied by the unfortunate family previous to their present one, was a cellar of more than ordinary wretchedness. In this cave of rats, vulgarity, and filth—stern despotic necessity compelled them to take refuge among some of the lowest off-scouring of a city population. And here the same severe master forced them to pledge almost the last vestige of their clothing, to support a momentary existence. But the worst was yet to come. The person from whom these wretched tenements were hired, was considerably indebted to his landlord. He had seized all the furniture the place contained; and on a fearful winter's evening, with tremendous oaths and cold-hearted cruelty, cast herself and all her lodgers into the street. Pitiably, beyond example, were this wretched, homeless, naked family. The others had some low associates to whom they might apply for shelter; but these had none, no friendly roof was theirs, and it remained as their miserable fate, to meet, unsheltered, the piercing shower and the midnight horrors of the street. "Oh never," said he, and he shuddered in speaking—"Oh never shall I forget that awful, awful night! It was a night of terror, of bitter piercing coldness, of wind, rain, and snow. Its darkness was equalled only by the blackness of our despair.

My wife held that dying infant in her arms, and tried in vain to give it shelter from the storm; I carried this dear creature, now breathless—before that night, a gay, playful, and endearing child. The other poor children followed us. Where could we go? What could we do? It seemed as if the world had no spot for us; as if earth were iron, and the heavens brass. In a state of bewildered sorrow, we wandered a considerable time from street to street; overpowered at length, from hunger, fatigue, and cold, we retired to an entry, and there determined to await our destiny, the terrible anticipation of a united death. We sat down in profound silence; it was unbroken by a single sound of complaint or murmur; a sympathy, tremendous as the crisis, bound our souls, and we felt all the solemnity of a dying family. This poor infant clung endearingly to my bosom—she kissed my neck with her quivering lips; I twined my arms round her with a fonder clasp, and I felt, by the shiver that convulsed her frame, that death had laid his icy hand upon her heart.

“The night was now advancing, and the benumbing influence of the cold crept along our veins, when one of those unhappy children of vice and misfortune, who find in darkness a concealment of their shame, and a season for their crime, noticed and pitied our condition. She wept over our misery, and led us to the shelter of her room. Generous spirit! her night of sin was closed by a deed of benevolence; and deep as was the degradation that rested on her character, yet not so thick as to exclude the rays of compassion which gleamed amidst the ruin. ‘How pure, how benign, is mercy! What can it not ennoble and sanctify! It is the brightest beam which shines from the sanctuary of heaven on the wilderness of earth—it is the holiest breathing with which the Deity inspires the human soul, and the most faithful witness of himself in the sacredness of the human bosom. How seldom does our nature become utterly abandoned, for even in its greatest wreck, there remain some scattered beams of its former glory!’ The next morning we took this lodging, crept into it at night, and having experienced the horror of being roofless, we determined to have it, at the expense of even death by starvation. We have been here as yet but three weeks; the exertions of our poor boys, have been regularly successful in procuring the rent; at the appointed day, we hand it out at the door, and then lock ourselves in with our misery. How we have lived, He alone who feeds the ravens knows; in the morning it is a mystery how we shall survive till the evening, and many of the supplies by which we are relieved, have almost the appearance of miracles. If our meals are few, seldom, and scanty, they are always at least impressed with the hand of the Giver.

“The child, whose breathless remains are now before me,

inhaled, from the night's exposure to the cold, the disease of which she died. Poor, patient, innocent martyr! she endured without complaining, and endeavoured to conceal from her afflicted parents the pain by which her little frame was tortured; nay, smiling, she would look upon her weeping mother, and say she was better. There is something inexpressibly affecting in the almost intuitive perception which an infant seems to possess of a mother's feelings, and in the wiles by which it endeavours to remove her pain. Our dear child was but four years old, but oh! she was many years beyond in sense and tenderness. She knew the very signs upon our countenances, and when she saw the cloud of sorrow thickening, often would she climb our knees and throw her infant arms around our necks, and kiss our lips, and wet our bosoms with her sinless tears, and then would she say—"Why does my father cry? O mother, mother, what ails you? I am not hungry." "May be, Billy (her favourite little brother) will bring in something for our supper." Often, sir, have I seen her after a whole day's fasting, sink at night supperless on my bosom, peaceful and uncomplaining as a gentle lamb: "Well," she would say, before she closed her eyes for a hungry sleep, "we will get our breakfast—we will have a fine big loaf, and my father will give his own little Kitty a piece of bread and a cup of tea." When the means of a meal appeared, she hailed it with joyous smiles, not so much for her own satisfaction, as on account of her sympathy and pleasure with our momentary happiness. Look, sir, upon that cherub face, how beautiful in death—how passing beautiful in life! What a sweet, young flower has the frost of poverty withered! About the midnight hour last past, she breathed in my arms her death moan. Ah, it was a lonely hour—an hour of profound misery—such only as a wretched father's heart like mine can know!

"Yesterday we were at the extreme of hopelessness; pain and hunger contended in our little circle for dominion, and despair seemed to triumph in the completeness of our ruin. My poor little boy, the boy, sir, who has just been with you, was going to different quarters with applications, and was met every where with refusals. As the night closed in cold, darkness, and storm, he returned with a few pence to his home of desolation. With these we procured a fire of coals, a halfpenny candle, and a drink for the dying child. We had eaten nothing all day, and still fasting, we were to enter on a night of watchfulness and death. My poor infant heaved alternately in strong convulsions, or subsided into a languid calm. Then would she look upon me with her glassy eyes, and place her little hand upon her forehead, then hold it up that I might kiss it, and move her pallid lips as if she wished to comfort me. In this moment the heart of a father forgot every thing but a suffering child; the world had now, to my

thoughts, nothing but her; and in her, every energy and feeling of my nature concentrated. Our only candle soon burned out, and the fire unrenewed, sank to a few embers. My poor wife and children, exhausted with watching, sorrow, and fasting, fell, one after another, on their uncovered boards to sleep. All was now a grave-like silence. This was now and then interrupted by the rattles of death and the heavings of the parting spirit. Alone as to human eye at this dread hour, surrounded by circumstances so awfully solemn, I felt only the presence of that Great Being, whose presence pervades immensity, and whose sight penetrates the thickest darkness. At first, I dared scarcely turn my heart to seek his consolation; for my tongue had that day, in a guilty paroxysm, blasphemed his providence. But now my soul became subdued in sorrow, I humbled myself in dust and ashes, I acknowledged the righteousness of his judgments, the wisdom of his counsels, the greatness of his love; and the spirit as it fled, bore the tidings of my repentance. I clasped the infant angel to my heart; there was first a convulsive throb, then a gentle breathing; and then all was peace. I put my ear to her mouth, it caught no sound; I joined my lips to hers, but felt no breathing—the spirit had escaped. Like a little bird of passage she fled from a cold and frozen region to scenes of unclouded sunshine. I went to the window, the raging of the storm was now silent, and all was hushed into a sombre and a murky calm. The moon appeared—it was a weeping moon, sometimes she seemed to sail in an atmosphere of water, and sometimes to ramble amidst mountains of cloud. Her pale wintry beams fell upon the sleeping city; some glistened with a dreary light on the rain-dripping roofs; and some peeped through the window of my lonely chamber, as if in compassion to afford a funeral torch. Its sombre gleam was suitable to such a purpose. A few beams fell on my darling's face, and seemed to linger on its tranquil beauty, as when they play at midnight on some waveless lake. I gazed upon that silvered face; I kissed the lifeless snowy bosom, where crime had never placed its stain; I stroked again those golden locks; I lingered on the angel-smile still hovering on the lips; I thought she was not dead; it was but a moment's delusion—the cold reality quickly came, and I felt that ere two suns returned, these beautiful relics of humanity would dissolve like the beauteous figures of icicles in a glowing hour. Thus alone, did I sit and muse; I wept not, because my grief was 'too deep for tears,' but my soul became deepened in solemnity. There is a point in suffering where sensibility almost ceases; not that the heart becomes hardened, but its capacities of endurance are filled, and it sinks into apathy, because all its springs of action are clogged and overpowered. My wife awoke from a dreary, shivering, and troubled slumber; and fearfully

inquired, 'How is Kitty?' Her brothers also awoke, and successively asked the same question. I could only say, 'She is gone,' and sunk apparently lifeless on the floor. Nature was exhausted; and grief, and hunger, and want of sleep, ultimately triumphed. I recovered in a short time, and afterwards fell asleep on the cold ground. Awakening in the morning, I found the younger of my sons leaning over his little sister's corpse, he was weeping bitterly; at one time, he raised her eyelids, at another, he breathed with all his might into her mouth. I was greatly affected, and said, 'What, my dear boy, are you doing?' 'Ah! father,' he replied, 'I am trying to bring our darling little Kate to life again.' And then he would say, 'Ah! Kate, Kate! you are very cold; do dear Kate look at me—speak to me.' The rest is easily told. I sent my child to a sister in affluent circumstances; she repulsed him from her door, and cast him to the bitterness of unsolaced grief, lacerated too by neglect and insult. As he passed the door of a hotel, a benevolent waiter observed his wretchedness as he past shivering and wet, and calling him, gave him some pence and provisions. This, I may say, has saved our lives."

This poor family were soon relieved. Their case moved general sympathy, and impelled a practical benevolence;—and the landlady, a kind creature, expressed astonishment that such distress should be without her knowledge in her place—was indignant at not being informed, and contributed generously to relieve it.

HIBERNICUS.

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. II.

TIME is change. This is synonymous with the position—motion is time. From this truth in physics, we have already obtained one great principle in theology. But may not investigation give us more? Let us try. "That which may be known of God, is manifest by his works." "The invisible things are understood by the things that are made."

'Tis by comparison alone,

We great from small distinguish;

Nor could we say one star outshone,

Were God the rest t' extinguish.

By comparing or contrasting things that are known, with those that are unknown, is it that we acquire all the ideas of God and futurity, which we possess. This establishes a momentous fact—that he who knows least of creation, must know least of the Creator. This fact receives mournful illustration from every page of the history of man. Ignorance of nature, and errors respecting God, have always walked hand in hand. It is the same now. The savage cannot have exalted ideas of the Deity. Whence could he obtain them? His knowledge of things around is woefully

limited. Of his own conformation of body, and constitution of mind, he knows nothing. Speak to him of the power of God, and the only ideas you excite, are, that the Great Spirit sits on the top of the snow-clad mountain, terrifying men with lightnings, thunders, and storms. And are there not multitudes of those who are called Christians, and even Protestants, and attend upon religious worship, in enlightened Britain too, whose views of the Almighty are almost, or altogether as narrow, low, and grovelling? True, they may not think that he holds his court on the tops of our hills. But do they not think that he rolls the thunder, darts the lightning, hurls the tempest, and lights up the volcano, only to fill the human mind with an all-subduing terror? Do they not imagine that he seeks rather to make himself feared than loved? Do they not fancy that he prefers those who quail, and groan, and shiver before him, infinitely above those who are glad, grateful, exulting?

Mark the fanatic. His ideas of Deity are miserably scanty, wretchedly low; but his self-conceit is immeasurable, ineffable. He deems himself a favourite of heaven; and calls himself a base reptile of earth. He esteems himself of more value in the sight of God, than legions of angels; and affirms that he is, in his own sight, a vile, hateful, accursed demon. This he styles humility! Is not its true name impiety? And he assumes, that the more heartily he despises himself, the more highly will the Eternal rate his excellence and worth. And this humble, haughty, worthless, invaluable man, views his Creator as fully and constantly occupied in managing the affairs and promoting the objects of his religious party! For these purposes alone, creation was called into being. To accomplish these ends, plans were laid from all eternity. Angels were formed only to be kept incessantly travelling between heaven and earth, on the special business of the selected few. The Deity himself existed for no higher object than to become an infant, a man, a criminal, a corpse, in order to perfect his schemes of kindness towards the small number who can deem themselves the most polluted, the greatest of sinners, and therefore the most pure, the greatest of saints! How have these ideas of God been obtained? Chiefly by looking only upon that which is terrible in the operations of nature, and that which is partiality, pride, passion, and revenge in the aspect of man. But observe the true Christian philosopher. He has largely stored his mind with ever-swelling ideas of the varied works of creation. From all parts of the universe, he seeks information respecting "the Great Author of all." In things minute, he has discovered consummate wisdom—in things immense, almighty power. To him it has become most evident, that God regards all his creatures, and at once promotes the enjoyments of angels and worms. These ideas have accumulated in his

mind by observation, and multiplied and improved by reflection, till he views the All-adorable First Cause, as a being whose infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, are perfectly free from all the outward and inward influences that excite changeful feelings and disturbing thoughts. How totally dissimilar is the object called before the mental vision of these two persons, by the word God! To one, that object is clothed in thunder, crowned with vengeance, lives in turmoil, and moves in fury. To the other, the object is clad in light, garlanded with benignity, exists in peace, and rests in love. To one, the Deity is as mutable as the times and the seasons; to the other, as changeless as eternity. If, then, it be good to know as much as possible of God, it must be good to know as much as possible of creation. If it be necessary to acquaint ourselves with our Maker, it must be necessary to study closely his works.

In pursuance of this object, we have examined one feature of the planetary bodies. They move. We have viewed them in motion. We have found that their movements give us the general idea of time. But this idea is merely relative. Did all things move together in the same direction, with the same velocity, the appearance would be tantamount to that produced by a cessation of all motion or change. But this result is prevented in the solar system, by the planets (which with the sun compose that system) being placed at different distances from their common centre, and made to move forward in their orbits with velocities that decrease as the distance from the sun increases. Thus Mercury, the planet nearest to the sun, which is about thirty-seven millions of miles from the great source of light and heat, flies round at the rate of one hundred and five thousand miles an hour; whereas Uranus, the most distant planet, which is eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, moves onward only sixteen thousand miles an hour. Between these extremes of distance and velocity, the distances and velocities of all the other planets range. Our own planet the earth, is about ninety-five millions of miles from the sun, and it moves through space at the speed of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour. Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, with their attendant satellites or moons, and the four newly discovered planets, all obey the same law of motion. The comets, too, in conformity with the same principle, move more rapidly the nearer they approach the sun, and more slowly as they recede to a greater distance. By this arrangement, our globe, and the others which have been named, are made to change their relative positions every moment. But, in estimating all other motions, we make those of our own globe the standard measure. If, however, an inhabitant of Uranus, were to measure the movements of the planets, what standard would he employ? His own. Then he would say, that this earth, because it

rolls round the sun eighty-five times, while Uranus performs one revolution, flies round the central luminary eighty-five times in a year. Mercury he would write down as completing three hundred and fifty revolutions in one year. On the other hand, an inhabitant of Mercury, measuring by the motions of his own globe as a standard, would calculate that this earth is more than four years in accomplishing one journey round the sun; and that Uranus expends three hundred and fifty years in making one revolution. Thus, then, it is proved that all our ideas of motion, time, and distance, are relative. It is the same with bulk. The moon when compared with the earth, is found to be only about one fiftieth of her bulk. But Saturn is nine hundred times as large as the earth, and Jupiter is thirteen hundred. In other words, were Jupiter divided into thirteen hundred equal parts, each part would be as large as this earth; and were this earth divided into fifty equal parts, each part would be about the size of the moon. In the same way, it is determined, that the sun is more than one million times the size of our globe.

When we have gained these ideas respecting the distances, sizes, and motions of those bodies that constitute the solar system, and settled it down in the mind, that there is the sun in the centre, and that twenty-nine planets, and Saturn's two rings, and a number of comets, circle round him—making one great machine in tremendous motion,—we are led irresistibly to the conclusion, that a mighty power was required to produce, and is still needed to continue, these motions. We are aware that great force is necessary to project a cannon ball forward with a velocity that would carry it five hundred miles in an hour. What power, then, must that be, which impels forward a body thirteen hundred times the size of this earth, at the rate of twenty-nine thousand miles an hour, or sixty times the velocity of a cannon-ball? It seems almighty! But the solar system is limited; so is the power that moves it. Space, however, must be boundless. And unless the Great First Cause be circumscribed, he must be boundless too. Wherever he is present, he must make known his existence by his works. Creation, then, must be boundless. There can be no end to solar systems. And the power which is exerted throughout immensity, to keep suns innumerable blazing, globes incalculable rolling, and beings that no figures can represent, existing and enjoying life—must be infinite, almighty, eternally unchanging. This is God. Can such a Being have been disappointed and thwarted in his plans? Can his designs ever have failed? Oh! the very thought savours of blasphemy. But if almighty power has never been counteracted—if unerring wisdom has never been contravened, how can the constitution of our earth and of man be now the reverse of what the Creator meant and desired them to be? It is impossible. Here, then, is another

truth in physics, found to be a principle in theology. God is omnipotent. His schemes were never blasted. This system of things is what he intended it to be. If he desired it to be good, good it is. That man who affirms that God wished it to be good, but that human beings obliged him to convert it to evil, ascribes imbecility and changeableness to his Maker. But as God is immutable and almighty, this man's assertions must be gross falsehood uttered against high Heaven. Let the pious eschew them. D. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

ROBERT ROBINSON. (Concluded from page 27.)

WHILE residing in the cottage at Hauxton, Robinson also published his "Arcana, or the Principles of the late Petitioners to Parliament for Relief in Matter of Subscription, in eight Letters to a Friend." These letters were adapted to the times, and attracted a lively attention. The Dissenters were making all possible exertions to have the law repealed, which required from them subscription to the articles. Presbyterians and Baptists, orthodox and heterodox, united their forces to abolish a law, which operated with equal severity on them all, and which was in itself so flagrant an encroachment on justice, liberty, the rights of conscience, and the claims of humanity. All rallied under the same banner, and cried out with one voice against the oppression which weighed them down, till, after many unsuccessful struggles, their voice was heard, their petitions heeded, and dissenting ministers and schoolmasters were allowed the privilege of prosecuting their peaceful avocations without violating their conscience by subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles, or subjecting themselves to a civil penalty by resisting so unholy a requisition. During the struggle for Christian freedom the above letters were written. Clothed in a language always sprightly, sometimes adorned with glowing imagery, sometimes rising with the majesty of argument, and at others pungent with satire, they were well calculated for popular effect. They enter largely into the chief points of the controversy, and bating some defects of style, and perhaps occasional faults of sentiment, it will be rare to find a more ingenious vindication of the rights and privileges of Christian liberty.

Robinson left Hauxton in 1773, and settled at Chesterton within two miles of Cambridge. This brought him nearer to the centre of his parochial charge, and the facilities for his literary pursuits were multiplied by his proximity to the university. But his income was not yet adequate to support a family of nine children, and he was compelled to look around him for other sources of emolument. He turned his attention to agriculture. By rigid economy, personal inspection

of his affairs, judicious investments, and a spirit of enterprise that never slumbered, he found himself in a few years a thriving farmer, and had the joy to feel, that, by the blessing of Providence, his numerous family was beyond the grasp of want, and the caprice of fortune. Mr. Dyer thus speaks of his character as a farmer and economist. "It would be no less agreeable than instructive, to survey his rural economy and domestic arrangements in his new situation; the versatility of his genius was uncommon; and whether he was making a bargain, repairing a house, stocking a farm, giving directions to workmen, or assisting their labours, he was the same invariable man, displaying no less vigour in the execution of his plans, than ingenuity in their contrivance. The readiness with which he passed from literary pursuits to rural occupations, from rural occupations to domestic engagements, from domestic engagements to the forming of plans for dissenting ministers, to the settling of churches, to the solving of cases of conscience, to the removing of the difficulties of ignorant, or softening the asperities of quarrelsome brethren, was surprising."* This is the language of one who lived near him, for many years, and saw him often.

His professional duties were numerous. Those pertaining to his own parish made but a part. He was invited to attend ordinations in all the counties around him; his judgment was respected and his advice sought in cases of differences between churches; he was the counsellor of his parishioners in their temporal as well as spiritual concerns; the watchful guardian of the unprotected and distressed; the patron and benevolent friend of the poor. These calls of duty did not relax his literary ardour. He went on with his translations of Saurin, printed now and then an occasional sermon of his own, and, at the request of two or three eminent gentlemen, wrote a treatise on affinities in marriage, which was highly commended by jurists, as marked by an acute discrimination and force of argument.

About the year 1776, Robinson published his "Plea for the Divinity of Christ." This topic was now much agitated by reason of the late resignation of Lindsey and Jebb for scruples of conscience concerning the Trinity. Robinson's Plea is drawn up with ingenuity, in a popular style, and winning manner. The arguments are less sound than specious; they take names for things, and rest on deductions which go not beneath the surface of the Scriptures; in the balance with just criticism they lose their weight and their substance. In the eyes of a certain class of Trinitarians they were masterly,

*Dyer's Life of Robinson, p. 98. This work was published in 1796, by a person well acquainted with Robinson; but it is a work singularly defective in arrangement, wanting in interest, and barren of incidents, considering the opportunities and materials with which the author was favoured.

because with more than common skill they defended an old ground, which it was thought difficult to maintain much longer, and which, in truth, has since been nearly abandoned. But even this popular treatise did not please all parties. None withheld from the author the merit of ingenuity; some professed to admire the force and accuracy of his reasoning; while others were troubled with a kind of indefinable suspicion, that he had stopped short of the desired object. These latter seem to have been alarmed, that the author was so sparing of the fire and rage of controversy. Robinson observes in writing to a friend, "The temper of the *Plea* has procured me a deal of blame from the good folks, who inhabit the torrid zone." These zealous partisans were not satisfied that he should win the day, unless he carried war with flames and sword into the conquered enemy's camp.

Others, however, were of a different mind, and the author received a profusion of complimentary letters from dignitaries in the established church. It was whispered, and more than once proclaimed aloud, as a thing to be lamented, that such a man should be a Dissenter, and waste his days in strolling with a bewildered flock beyond the enclosures of the true faith. Gilded offers were made to him, if he would have the conscience to slide out of his errors, go up from the unseemly vale of poverty, and take his rest on the commanding eminence of church preferment. To these overtures he was deaf; from his principles he could not be moved. When Dr. Ogden said to him, in trying to unsettle his purpose, "Do the Dissenters know the worth of the man?" he replied, "The man knows the worth of the Dissenters." This reply he verified by his warm devotedness to their interests through life. He received many letters approving his work, from persons not belonging to the Episcopal Church, especially his Baptist associates in the ministry.

The *Plea* was answered by Lindsey, but Robinson never replied; nor did he write any more in the defence of the divinity of Christ. Whether influenced by Lindsey's arguments, or whether his own examination of the subject had supplied him weaker grounds than he expected, or whether his mind received a bias from any other quarter, it is certain that his sentiments about that time underwent a change. During the latter years of his life he rejected the Trinity, and believed in the subordinate nature of Christ.

The year after the *Plea*, Robinson published a curious tract, entitled the "*History and Mystery of Good Friday*." In this pamphlet he traces back the church holidays to their origin, and proves them for the most part to have arisen out of heathen or Jewish practices, and to derive no authority from the Christian religion. It contains a severe and somewhat rough philippic against the Church of England, which boasts of being reformed, and having cast off the abuses of

the Romish Church, while yet many are cherished, as unwarrantable and pernicious as those severed from the old stock. This tract was exceedingly popular, and ran speedily through several editions.

But the work which produced greater excitement than any of our author's writings, was a "Plan of Lectures on the Principles of Nonconformity," published in 1778. Within a moderate compass, it embraces all the points of controversy between the Established Church and the Dissenters. Its manner is original and striking. The time of its appearance was favourable to its currency and interest, for the Dissenters' Bill was then pending in Parliament. In the House of Lords, this Plan of Lectures was honourably mentioned by Lord Shelburne; and in the House of Commons, Burke read passages from it, which he attempted to turn to the disadvantage of the petitioners. Fox repelled his attack, and foiled his attempt. Many articles were written against it, and, among others, strictures by Mr. Burgess, prebendary of Winchester. Robinson replied to none, except the latter, on which he bestowed a few remarks in his preface to the fifth edition.

The next literary enterprise of Robinson, was his translation of "Claude's Essay on the Composition of a Sermon." To this essay, the translator added a life of the author, remarks on the history of preaching, and a vast body of notes, making together two thick volumes. The notes are written in the author's peculiar manner, full of spirit and vivacity, and discover a prodigious extent of reading. Some of them are valuable, many are highly entertaining, but they seem to have been hastily thrown together, and collected with too little discrimination. They occasionally descend to trifling incidents, anecdotes, and inapposite reflections, equally offensive to good taste, and barren of instruction. But with all these defects, Robinson's original edition is vastly preferable to those coming after, in which the editors took the liberty to abridge the notes, and add others of their own. In the Rev. Charles Simeon's edition, the notes are chiefly omitted, and their place supplied by skeletons of his own sermons.

Mr. Robinson's celebrated volume of "Village Sermons" was published in 1786. We have already observed, that it was his custom to preach in the neighbouring villages, and frequently he tarried at a place over night, and held religious service early in the morning, before the labourers were gone to their work. In summer, these exercises were conducted in the open air, and fully attended. The above volume is composed of discourses delivered on these occasions, and written out afterwards as dictated by the author to an amanuensis. They had evidently been prepared with care in his own mind, and they contain a copiousness of language, a felicity of illustration, and a readiness in quoting and apply-

ing appropriate passages of Scripture, rarely to be witnessed. They were framed for a particular purpose, that of enlightening and improving the less informed classes of society; and whoever reads them will not wonder, that this purpose was attained, and that even those for whom the things of the world had attractions should resign for an hour the labour of gain, and listen with delight to the persuasive accents of the preacher. They may be read with profit by all who love to contemplate the workings of a powerful mind in recommending and enforcing the principles of a holy religion, who are captivated with the inventions of genius, the current of a natural eloquence, sound words uttered in the spirit of Christian philanthropy, and sentiments breathing the influence of a rational, fervent piety.

The last works in which our author was engaged, were the "History of Baptism," and his "Ecclesiastical Researches." These were also his largest works, each making a closely printed quarto volume. It had long been a source of regret among the Baptists, that no full and authentic history of their brethren existed, and that their opinions, character, and progress had never been represented to the world in the light they deserved. It was at length resolved by some of the leading members of this denomination to supply the deficiency, and appoint a suitable person to write a copious and accurate history. The general voice fixed on Robinson, and in 1781 he was invited by an authorised committee to undertake the task. He complied with the request, and immediately set himself about the gigantic labour of wading through the ecclesiastical records of ancient and modern times, appalled neither by the lumber of antiquity, nor the mountains of volumes, which have been raised by the prolific industry of later ages.

That he might have a more ready access to scarce books, it was a part of his plan to reside a few days in every month in London. This design, however, was soon given up as impracticable, for so much was he sought after as a preacher, that he found his attention perpetually diverted from his studies. Appointments were made by his friends for preaching every day in the week; and so slowly did his history advance in the midst of these interruptions, that he was glad to escape from them to his farm, his family, and his people in the country. Here he was kindly favoured with books from the university, and occasionally from London, and here he completed the History of Baptism.

This volume was chiefly printed before the author's death, but not published till after that event. It contains a vast fund of historical knowledge on the subject which he professes to treat, and indicates an uncommonly deep and patient examination. The Ecclesiastical Researches was a posthumous work, and having been left in an unfinished state, is in many

respects imperfect. It contains some curious facts relating to the history of the existence and progress of the principles of religious liberty and a rational faith during the early periods of Christianity, and throughout the dark ages. It proves, that these principles were never extinct in the gloomiest times, but that they were cherished in the hearts of a few sincere, secluded worshippers, who were either too remote from the public eye to be observed, or too insignificant to draw down upon themselves the wrath of bigotry, or the rod of persecution. In this respect, the *Ecclesiastical Researches* supplies a valuable link in the history of the church. But on the whole, neither this nor the *History of Baptism*, is equal to the author's other performances. While preparing them, it is evident his mind had lost much of its former vigour, and was approaching that state of inefficiency, which it was the melancholy lot of his friends to contemplate in the latter days of his life. However much the cause of truth may have gained by these works, they have added little to the author's fame.

During the last year of Robinson's life, his health and his intellect gave symptoms of a rapid decline. Of this, he appeared to be fully aware, for to a friend, who visited him not long before his death, he said, "You are come to see only the shadow of Robert Robinson." In the spring of 1790, he engaged to preach the charity sermons for the benefit of the Dissenting schools at Birmingham. He left home on the second day of June, in a languid frame of body and mind, but so well did he bear the fatigue of the journey, that he preached twice on the following Sabbath. On Monday evening he was taken ill, and his friends were alarmed; but he gained strength the next day. He retired to rest late in the evening, after eating his supper with a good appetite, and by the ease and cheerfulness of his conversation, relieving those around him from all apprehensions of immediate danger. But how frail are the foundations of human confidence! how deceitful the visions of human hope! When the morning came he was found lifeless in his bed. His features were tranquil, and his spirit seemed to have deserted without a struggle its mortal tenement. His body was interred at Birmingham; and on the Sabbath following, a discourse adapted to the occasion, was preached by Dr. Priestley.

In the year 1807, Mr. Flower published the "*Miscellaneous Works of Robert Robinson*," in four volumes, to which he prefixed a brief memoir of the author's life and writings. This edition comprises all his works, except the *History of Baptism*, *Ecclesiastical Researches*, *Village Sermons*, and *Notes to Claude*. Among his best writings are the prefaces to the several volumes of Saurin, especially the one on *Christian Liberty*. The *Life of Claude* is well written; but a dissertation on public preaching, prefixed to the second

volume of Claude's Essay, although it contains some novel thoughts, and valuable facts, is imperfect, and obviously put together from ill-digested materials. This remark, indeed, applies to several of his minor pieces, where a broader plan seems to have been laid, than his leisure and opportunities allowed him to fill up.

Among the numerous excellencies of Robinson's style, there are some glaring faults. His imagination is brilliant and active, but it rambles without license, and luxuriates without moderation. He never wants an apposite figure to illustrate any position, but his choice is frequently ill-judged, and rests on low images unworthy of his subject. This may be accounted for, perhaps, from the circumstances of his education, and from his invariable habit of bringing down his language to the plain country people to whom he preached. Another fault is, want of method and looseness of reasoning. This fault is not perpetual, but it occurs too often. Logic was not his strongest point; he loved not that his fancy should be clogged and hampered by the trammels of the schools; he chose a path of his own, and in his passion for freedom was impatient of the restraints which others have thought so wholesome a branch of discipline, and so useful in checking the exuberance of a prurient imagination, and maturing the decisions of a wayward judgment. It needs hardly be added, that his taste partook of these defects; it is sometimes bad, and often not to be commended.

But these are small imperfections compared with the predominant features of Robinson's mind. The comprehensive views which he took of every subject, the richness and abundance of his thoughts, the power of intellect which weighs in his sentences, the point of his expressions, the varied and playful although erratic excursions of his imagination; and, above all, his sincerity and ardour, the justness of his sentiments, his undisguised manner, his benevolence, charity, and Christian temper, his independence and love of freedom, his unconquerable hostility to all religious domination under whatever name or character, his aversion to bigotry and narrowness, his adherence to the simple truths of the Gospel; these give a charm and a value to his writings, by which none can fail to be instructed and improved. Whoever would look for pleasure or benefit from the productions of a writer with traits like these, will find his labour well rewarded in perusing the works of Robert Robinson.

NAIN—RATHCORMAC.

CHRISTIANITY AND CHURCH OF IRELANDISM.

GOD IS LOVE. God sent his Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. By this shall all men know that ye are my dis-

ciples, if ye love one another. This commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God, love his brother also. Yes, the great, the characteristic distinction of the religion of Jesus Christ, is, that it is a system of benevolence. It proclaims the essential, free, unbounded, eternal mercy of God our Father; it delineates in vivid and beautiful colours, the philanthropy of the Saviour; it breathes throughout its teachings, and enforces on all its disciples, the spirit of Love; its discoveries are glad tidings of great joy to all people. This was its prelusive strain, and this shall be its ever-echoing anthem,—Peace on earth, good will amongst men, glory to God in the highest.

There are few circumstances in the short but eventful life of the Saviour, more interesting than those recorded in the seventh chapter of Luke's gospel. Jesus had just delivered that admirable and all-important discourse, in which is comprehended the sum and substance of man's duty to God, his fellow-beings, and himself. He had pronounced that invaluable directory of conduct, in the hearing of a vast multitude of people out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea-coasts of Tyre and Sidon. He speedily embodied it in beneficent action. The day closed with a deed of mercy. The servant of the centurion was made whole.

The day following was destined to witness a still greater act of benevolence. On the morrow, leaving Capernaum, he went forward to Nain; and as he came nigh to the gate of the city, he beheld a spectacle as mournful as any which it is possible to conceive. It was a funeral, and a funeral accompanied with peculiar circumstances of sorrow and distress. It was the funeral of a young man; it was the funeral of the *only son* of his mother, and that mother—a *widow*. Imagine the scene. Behold the only hope of a fond parent, carrying, with slow and solemn step, to the place destined to receive his lifeless remains. Behold his aged and destitute mother, following in the mournful train—her eye alternately bent on the ground, or fixed in almost unconscious gaze on the bier upon which her child lies stretched in death. She is the picture of grief, of agony, of despair. The eye of a mother, warm, moistened, overflowing with delightful visions of the future excellence, welfare, honour of her child, is no longer visible. It is exchanged for the haggard, the sullen, the beamless look which despair produces. Conscious that it is her duty to controul her gushing sorrow, and to bow to the dispensations of Almighty Power, she makes repeated efforts for resignation, but they only open wider the fountain of her tears, and convince her of the completeness of her misery—the utter desolateness of her condition. What gloomy thoughts—what agonising ideas rush to her recollection, and sweep across her troubled memory! She is silent; but is she therefore insensible? Behold her falling

tears, and let the heart that has wept, interpret them. Intense affliction is not loquacious. The thoughts that flit through her distracted mind, it may be, are such as these:—There, there, cold in death lies the object of all my hopes and prayers! Just as he was beginning to be my consolation, my support, my joy, he is snatched from my side! He is gone, who was my confidence—my stay for the time to come. Whom have I now to hold me up? When, in this sad manner, I followed his beloved father to the grave, the thought of my child assuaged my sorrow. I reflected that at least I should have him with me, the living image of him who was no more. But now he, too, is gone. Where, where shall I look for comfort? My soul is bowed down like a bulrush. I am alone, childless.

It was this afflicting spectacle that met the eye of the Saviour as he was about to enter the gate of Nain. Avoided he the sight? Looked he on it, and then passed by on the other side? Oh, no. It had every thing in it to attract the gaze and excite the compassion of the Man of sorrows. It was impossible for the benevolent Jesus to behold a scene like that without commiseration; “And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her.” He knew what was in the heart of that lone and desolate one. She had been a mother, and now was childless—a wife, but was now a widow. With her grief no one could intermeddle. The Saviour’s compassion was not manifested merely in words. Those words were few. With the majesty and mildness of goodness he only said, “*Weep not.*” True benevolence delights not in epithets. “And Jesus came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still. And he said unto him, Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother.” How simple, how artless the narrative! How beautiful, how perfect the conduct! Language can add nothing to its pathos. Its moral sublimity and sweetness go directly to the heart. Most impressive, most affecting is the portraiture which it gives of Christ and Christianity, human feeling and beneficent deed. Truly this was a righteous man. Truly this was the Son of God.

For a moment reverse the picture. Suppose that Jesus, imbued with the prejudices of his countrymen, had preferred the title of King of Israel to that of Son of God; and, in accordance with popular expectations, had done battle as an earthly conqueror, instead of performing pilgrimages of mercy as the Prince of Peace. Listening to the imaginings which passed through his mind before he came forth as the Messiah, suppose he had yielded to, instead of triumphed over these adversaries, these Satans to the beneficent and godlike purposes of his mission from the Father of lights; and instead of preaching the Gospel to the poor, binding up the broken-

hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them which were bound, he had founded a ruthless dominion over men's souls, and instead of a spiritual rule, had established a kingdom of this present evil world, with all the titles and corruptions usually consequent thereon. Suppose that instead of insisting on the essential and all-important duties of justice, mercy, and faithfulness, he had demanded tithe of mint, of anise, and of cumin, to build up and cement this temporal authority, neglecting and setting at nought, by its enforcement, those weightier matters of the law, which alike opposed his destructive and direful sway. Suppose that instead of condemning the exactions of the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, he had imitated their nefarious deeds, to his own aggrandisement; and in his progress through the land, devouring widows' houses, had gone to Nain to demand the tribute-money. Suppose that irritated by the refusal of an individual—that individual a woman, that woman a widow—to comply with his demand, and thereby contribute to a faith which abrogated the ceremonies herself and her fathers had always loved and venerated, he had called for fire from heaven to consume her garnered store of food; or by his supernal power, had struck down her son a breathless corpse at his widowed mother's feet; or called on his armed band to destroy the people who sympathised in her refusal and mourned her melancholy fate;—suppose all this, and how different would be our feelings! Who, then, would glory in the cross of Christ? Who, then, but would class Jesus of Nazareth with Mahomet, and Christianity with imposture? Instead of dwelling with gratified and absorbing interest on the details of the history of the widow of Nain, we should turn from them heart-sickened and loathing. The execration of such a system, would be the righteous rebellion of nature against atrocity and nefariousness. Insulted humanity would cry out in a voice of power, which could not be resisted, Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground!

I feel that even in momentary supposition, to have attributed such infamous conduct to the blessed and benignant Jesus, is a flagrant injury to him who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. The supposition is as opposite to all he said, to all he did, to his doctrines, spirit, mission, and life, as is light from darkness, truth from falsehood, heaven from hell.

What, then, shall we say of the professed Christian, who, with the history of the widow of Nain, and the Saviour's conduct to that widow, at once the illustration and enforcement of the Sermon on the Mount, placed before him as the model of his duty, prefers inscribing in characters of blood in the chronicles of his Church, language and deeds the very reverse of those of the Master he pretends to follow? "Pure

religion before God even the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." The ecclesiastical dignitary did visit the widow indeed, but it was to leave her more afflicted than he found her. The plague-spot of Mammon was on him when he went; the blood of the widow's son besmeared his sacerdotal garment on his return.

What shall we think of a system, which authorises the professed preacher of peace, to conduct an armed band to invade the cottages of the poor—to plunder thousands in order to pamper the few—to extort the hard-earned pittance from the members of one religious communion, to enable the upholders of a faith they abhor, to wallow in bloated luxury, whilst they are pining on the husks which alone are left them for their sustenance—which denounces sympathy as riot, which supports social order by outrage, and promotes obedience to the laws by murder!

Can there possibly be a more striking contrast presented to the imagination, than is offered by these two histories? The visit of Jesus was a visit of mercy—that of his professed servant was an errand of rigour. Many of his disciples went with Jesus, and much people—a hired soldiery, armed with the death-weapons, followed the ecclesiastic. Death had occurred ere Jesus drew nigh to the city—death was the result of the approach of his professed follower. When the Lord saw her of Nain, he had compassion on her—when the self-styled minister of Jesus saw the widow who was his debtor, he forgot the Christian in the creditor. The compassion of the one clothed itself in the language of tenderness, *WEEP NOT*—the remorselessness of the other vented itself in the haughty demand, *Pay me MY TITHES!* Jesus said to the dead, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise—the dignitary of the Church commanded the death-volley to level with the ground the living image of their common Father. The anointed of Heaven delivered the son whom he had found dead, to his widowed but now joyful mother—the anointed of earth's lords, even across the gory and livid corpse of her murdered child, could utter the fiend-like and heart-withering words in that mother's ears, *Widow Ryan, I told you the law would prove too strong for you; will you pay me my tithes now?* Is it not horrible! But marvel not at the contrast. It is between an Archdeacon of the Established Church of Ireland, and the Saviour of the world.

I have felt myself irresistibly impelled to the consideration of the interesting and pathetic history to which this article is devoted, by certain recent transactions in Ireland; transactions which have carried bereavement and woe into many a family, and filled many a habitation with the voice of mourning. I have ever deemed it one of the most sacred duties of a Christian teacher, to seize on passing events and render

them subservient to instruction, morality, and benevolence. And this is no mere party question. It is a question involving the improvement, virtue, and happiness of millions. It is a matter which, if allowed to pass without exposure, protest, and condemnation, would inflict a blow on public justice, would entail a stain on religion, which no tears of repentance could wash out, no after reparation could heal. For the honour of Christianity, the system which has abused that hallowed name by authorising its emissaries to imbrue their hands in the blood of their brethren, ought to be repudiated at once and for ever. For the vindication of British justice, the authors and abettors of those foul misdeeds must be brought to condign punishment. A majority of the coroner's jury has brought in a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against the perpetrators; and may no cajolery, whether of state-craft or of priestcraft, prevent their arraignment at the bar of their injured country.

Apply to these circumstances the test which the Saviour has furnished us of discipleship to him. Will they bear it? No, surely no. Ask the question of the Ecclesiastic which Jesus thrice put to his chosen follower, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Could he give the proof of love which the Saviour commanded of the Apostle, "Feed my lambs;" "feed my sheep"? Fleece my sheep; starve, destroy my lambs, is the practical interpretation of this churchman. Malevolence not affection, destruction not preservation, are the characteristics of this titled Christian, and therefore Cain not Christ should seem to be his prototype.

Apply the test to the system these atrocities were committed to uphold? Does it not also flinch from it? Love one to another! Hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness to the mass of the inhabitants in the midst of which it is placed, is its spirit—exaction and oppression, bigotry and exclusion its emblems—ignorance, bloodshed, destitution, misery, its congenial fruits. On this corruption it battens, and amidst the demoralization it has caused and would perpetuate, are its unholy orgies celebrated. What has been truly said of bigotry, is equally applicable to this anti-social system:—"When she moves it is in wrath, when she pauses it is amid ruin. Her prayers are curses, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims, and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation."

Can such a system stand longer in Ireland—wronged, insulted, pillaged, dragooned, butchered, as have been her people, by the myrmidons of a Church which has for ages so vainly struggled to coerce her children into the profession of this misnamed Protestantism? Ought it to stand, like the

spot left bare in Israel's halls, to show that slavery is there? Thank God the worm is in its core. It is doomed; and the glad peal of an emancipated, but long-suffering, and bitterly injured nation, shall chant its requiem,—Glory to God, deliverance for mankind!

MONTHLY RECORD.

FEBRUARY 1, 1835.

WE rejoice in being enabled to state, that a Public Meeting has been held at the Town Hall, Calcutta, to consider the most suitable manner of commemorating the public and private virtues of the late Rammohun Roy. One of the judges, Sir J. P. Grant, was called to the chair. Various resolutions were moved and seconded, and addresses made by Messrs. Pattle, Russick Lal Mullick, Parker, and Sutherland. The result of the meeting has been the determination, to erect a statue in Calcutta, to the memory of Rammohun Roy. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India, subscribed 500 rupees; and has also proposed to found a professorship at Fort-William College, in honour of the Reformer of India. The sum of 6,000 rupees was subscribed by the persons present at the meeting. It is with pleasure we give the following extracts from the speech of a Hindoo, Russick Lal Mullick:—

“Rammohun Roy was a man of an extraordinary character—his like we shall not see again. He arose amidst all the horrors of superstition, to proclaim that he was capable of doing much more than his countrymen at that time thought. It will be interesting to this meeting to know the occasion which led Rammohun Roy to reject Hindooism, and to think of all those improvements which procured him so celebrated a name. I have the misfortune not to have been personally acquainted with him; but I have heard that, in his family, while he was young, an Ascetic went to his father's house and claimed his protection; his father complied with the Ascetic's request, and maintained him in his family; Rammohun Roy was then young, and as great and as orthodox a Hindoo as ever existed. His father thinking that the sum devoted to the support of the Ascetic, might be made to yield a fair return, recommended him to his care as a pupil; and it was thus that Rammohun Roy was induced to make himself acquainted with the *Vedas*. It was the perusal of the *Vedas* that first opened his mind, and induced him to reject that abominable system of superstition, and to think of the future regeneration and improvement of his country.

“Rammohun Roy had three principal objects in view, viz. the abolition of the suttee—the freedom of the press—

and the education of the natives. On these I shall offer a few remarks, to show that he was an ardent admirer of virtue, and consequently of happiness. No doubt, most of my countrymen will object to Rammohun Roy, on account of the pre-eminent part he took in the abolition of the suttee. It has been well observed, that he was almost alone in the cause of humanity. It may be said, that he thereby injured the religious feelings of his countrymen, and induced the Government to do that which it had no right to do—to encroach on the religious rites of the country. Whatever may be the opinion of my countrymen on the subject, it will not, I hope, be doubted that even in this, he was not only the great man he was supposed, but also a good man, the friend of humanity and of his country, the saviour of the lives of many of his species. Ill could the benevolent heart of Rammohun Roy bear to see so many thousands of his countrywomen, the better half of our species, burned in fire; and this meeting will therefore rejoice, that he not only attempted its abolition, but actually lived to see his desire accomplished. There can be no doubt that this showed that he was a good man, susceptible of the noblest and highest feelings.

“The second subject that engrossed him, was the liberty of the press,—a subject worthy of the attention of all mankind. His appeal to the King on behalf of the Indian press is well known to you all, thus assisting in the cause of virtue and happiness. It was a subject that his mind could not leave uninvestigated, and he tried all in his power to see it re-established in India. That under the liberal administration of Lord William Bentinck it has been in some measure established is most true; but yet it is to be regretted that it is not wholly so. It would be the greatest boon that could be conferred on this country, and it is to be hoped that the benevolent individual who now holds the reins of Government, will give us that in full which we now enjoy partially, so as to prevent the chance of a successor depriving us of that which he has so liberally granted.

“The third point which Rammohun Roy had particularly at heart was the education of the natives. In this his opinions were very correct. It is not known to all that Rammohun Roy tried all he could to enlighten the minds of the natives. He not only had teachers to instruct them, but he supported a school where he had Hindoo boys taught. And his works on theological subjects, show that he was desirous of imparting that knowledge to others which he had found so beneficial to himself. Not being held in the respect that he should have been by his bigoted countrymen, he was prevented from doing all the good that he would have done.”

“These are the three points, three most important points, which it was Rammohun Roy’s object to accomplish. The first has been accomplished, the second has been so partially,

and the third has not. I hope some measures will be taken, and that Rammohun Roy's voice, even from the grave, will determine the Government to do that, to which in former times they would not condescend to listen.

"This, however, was not all that Rammohun Roy did. Before his time there was scarcely such a thing as Bengalee prose writing. We owe its establishment to him, and he himself acquired in it a great degree of perfection. There is not a writer in the Bengalee language so polished as he was.

"He did more; he went to England, and by this effected great good for his countrymen. To his going there we are in a great measure indebted for the best clauses in the new charter, bad and wretched as that charter is. Though it contains but a few provisions for the comfort and happiness of the millions that are subject to its sway; for the interests of millions were sacrificed to the interests of a few tea-mongers; yet bad and wretched as it is, and it is certainly very bad, the few provisions that it contains for the good of our countrymen, we owe to Rammohun Roy. I therefore say that his going there, was not only going to see the beauties and grandeur of England, but it was also beneficial to his country, for he went at a time when his presence was specially needed. I have, further, heard it said, that a great many there are of opinion, that the natives of this country are constitutionally incapable of that improvement for which the nations of Europe are so famous. If it did nothing else, his going there did away with such a prejudice. He showed them that natives of this country are capable of thinking on lofty and noble subjects,—of comprehending the good of their country.

"Think upon all this, and then say, is there any one who will be bold enough to come forward and say, that Rammohun Roy lived in vain—that he did no good for his country? Such a thought would be sacrilege. He did not live in vain. He did a great deal of good. It is no doubt the opinion of many, that he might have gone much farther. But, let it be remembered, that he was alone in the business of reform, exerting himself without any assistance from others. Bring to mind the prejudice raging at that time. Conceive the bigotry of his countrymen. At that time to have thought, far more to have acted, against the Hindoo religion, would have brought not only discomfort here, but fear of condemnation hereafter. The Hindoos could ill bear to see him oppose sentiments imbibed from their very childhood. Considering the times in which he commenced his work of reformation, I say he deserves every credit for going as far as he did."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

THOMAS COGAN.

Few particulars have as yet been presented to the public concerning the long, and somewhat varied life of Thomas Cogan. He was born in the year 1736, at Rowell, in Northamptonshire, and was a descendant of an old and respectable family in that place, long devoted to the religious interests of the Dissenters. His father was an apothecary, a man of repute in his profession, and respected for his good character and valuable qualities. To literature and books he was much inclined, and had a particular fondness for metaphysical inquiries. A few pamphlets on some of the abstruser topics of mental philosophy, published at different times, prove the extent of his researches, and the industry and zeal with which he pursued them.

With these propensities in the father, it is to be supposed that he would feel a lively interest in the education of his son. After being initiated into some of the simpler rudiments of learning, young Cogan was sent to Kibworth, in Leicestershire, and put under the charge of Dr. Aikin, the father of Mrs. Barbauld, who at that time enjoyed a high reputation as a teacher. Dr. Aikin had been a pupil of Doddridge, and afterwards an assistant in the theological school of this eminent divine; and as a scholar of refined taste, and extensive acquisitions, he sustained an elevated rank. For several years he was professor at Warrington Academy, in conjunction with Dr. Enfield and Dr. Taylor, and his lectures on the ancient classics and on theology have been applauded by his surviving pupils. Gilbert Wakefield, in the memoirs of his own life, has paid an elegant and feeling tribute to the talents and virtues of Dr. Aikin.* Under the instructions of this able teacher and excellent man, Cogan made rapid proficiency in the branches of learning to which he applied himself, and he was ever after accustomed to speak with delight of the days he had passed at Kibworth.

At this school he remained till he was fourteen years of age, when he returned to his father's house, and continued at home during the two or three succeeding years. About this time, he began to think of preparing himself for the Christian ministry; and with the design of prosecuting a course of theological studies, he entered the Academy at Mile End, where Dr. Conder was teacher in divinity. For some reason, however, growing out of the management of the institution, Cogan soon became dissatisfied, and removed to Hoxton Academy.

How long he remained in this seminary, or at what time he entered the ministerial office, is not known. In the year

* Memoirs of the Life of Gilbert Wakefield, B. A. formerly Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Written by Himself. Vol. I. chap. xi.

1759, we find him preaching in Holland; and it is supposed that he acted as an assistant preacher with Mr. Snowden at Rotterdam, who was minister of an English church founded there on the principles of the Dutch establishment.

This station, however, he did not retain long, for in 1762 he had returned to his own country, and was settled over a congregation in Southampton. What length of time he held this situation is uncertain, but it seems that difficulties arose between him and the people concerning some of his opinions, which ultimately induced him to request a dismissal. By his parents he had been taught the principles of Calvinism, but his subsequent inquiries shook his faith in the higher dogmas of the Genevan creed, and he was too ingenuous to conceal his opinions, and had too high a sense of his duty not to preach what he believed to be important truth. Finding the views of his congregation, in regard to some of the abstruser points of doctrine, not in accordance with his own, and perceiving them troubled with suspicions of his heresy, he followed what he thought to be the dictates of wisdom and prudence, as well as of integrity and Christian principle, in desiring to be released from the pastoral connexion.

Being thus freed from engagements at home, he went over again to Holland, where he filled the office of colleague with a clergyman in a congregation composed of English residents. At this period the symptoms of a pulmonary complaint, with which he had been long slightly affected, began to exhibit a more alarming aspect, and to admonish him of the danger to which he was exposing himself by the exertions required in public speaking. In short, so much were his apprehensions awakened by his declining health, that he felt himself compelled to abandon a profession, which he had chosen with a profound respect for its dignity, and sincere love of its duties, and which he had adorned not more by his ministerial labours and instructions, than by his exemplary deportment and purity of life.

In looking around for a new pursuit congenial with his inclination, and suited to his health, and one which should afford him an honourable calling, his thoughts were turned to the medical profession. After his mind had become settled in this choice, he commenced his new studies with a zeal and devotedness, which could hardly fail to ensure him success. He made a short visit to England, where he gratified his friends by preaching a few discourses, and then went back to Holland, and became a regularly matriculated student of medicine at the University of Leyden.

This celebrated institution was then at the height of its renown, standing at the head of the medical schools of Europe, and Cogan knew how to estimate the advantages of his situation, and to profit by the uncommon facilities which it afforded. He completed the usual course at Leyden, and,

when he took his degree, exhibited a Thesis on the *Influence of the Passions in causing and healing Diseases*. This dissertation was the basis of his future works on the Passions, which have given him considerable fame as a practical metaphysician and ethical philosopher.

Being thus qualified for entering on his profession, he commenced practice in Holland, where he seems already to have formed an extensive acquaintance, and contracted intimate friendships. He married the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Amsterdam, by the name of Groen, and established himself for a time as a practising physician in that city. Encouraged by his growing reputation, however, he went over to London, where his practice became so extensive and his labours so burdensome, that he found his health gradually impaired, and he yielded again to what he deemed the call of duty in relinquishing the active employments of his profession. In 1780 he went to Amsterdam, where he devoted himself to literary and philosophical studies, and to such employments as were suited to the state of his health, and the bias of his inclination.

During his residence in London, Dr. Cogan was instrumental in establishing the Royal Humane Society, one of the most efficient schemes of benevolence, which have been devised for the relief of suffering humanity. The institution may indeed be said to have originated with him, although it would not perhaps have been so soon carried into actual operation, had it not been forced onward by the zeal and unwearied exertions of his friend Dr. Hawes. A society was formed in Amsterdam in 1767, the object of which was to restore to life those who were apparently dead from drowning. The frequent accidents in that city, where water conveyance was so common, suggested the importance of such an association, and premiums were offered for rescuing persons, who were in imminent danger of being drowned. The society was successful beyond its expectations, and statements of its proceedings and the cases of recovery were published. These were translated into English by Dr. Cogan, with a view to act on the public mind in his own country, and especially to convince the friends of humanity in London of the utility of such an association in that metropolis.

These accounts first caught the attention of Dr. Hawes, who applied himself to the subject with an enthusiasm and disinterestedness, which nothing could conquer. For a time he received neither sympathy nor aid from the public, but no discouragement could damp the ardour with which he was moved; he was prodigal to profusion of every personal sacrifice of property, time, and labour. His project was ridiculed as absurd by some, and rejected as impracticable by others. For a whole year he took the burden on himself, and offered rewards for bringing drowned persons to certain

places, where means would be immediately used for their recovery. The practicability of resuscitation was thus proved by numerous examples, and his success was such as to silence every voice. After these testimonies, the force of which was not to be turned aside by ridicule, nor speculative objections, Dr. Cogan and Dr. Hawes agreed on a time and place at which they would assemble a certain number of their friends, and consult on the proper measures to be taken for establishing a society. The result was the formation of the Royal Humane Society in 1774; and, to give an adequate conception of the utility of this Society, it is enough to state, that during the first ten years after it was formed, no less than three thousand persons in the city of London alone, were by its means rescued from a premature death.

The Reports of the Society for the first six years, were drawn up by Dr. Cogan, who was in no degree behind his ardent coadjutor in zeal and assiduity. He contrived instruments for taking drowned persons out of the water, and suggested various improvements in the methods of resuscitation. "Whilst he lived, Dr. Cogan took a lively interest in the proceedings of the Society, and, when opportunity permitted, failed not to attend the annual meetings, where he of all others must have been gratified by the procession of the persons restored to life by the Society's methods. By his will he bequeathed to his favourite institution the sum of one hundred pounds. The Society, as has been justly remarked, will be a standing monument of what may be accomplished by individual persevering exertions in the cause of humanity; and will transmit the names of Hawes and Cogan to posterity as benefactors of the human race."* The example set by them has been followed in almost all parts of the civilised world, and Humane Societies formed on a similar plan now exist in many of the large cities in Europe and America.

After retiring from his profession in London, Dr. Cogan lived a studious and quiet life in Holland till the French revolution, when he resolved to quit the Continent and take up his final residence in England. During a part of his absence he had passed his time in travelling over Germany and the Netherlands, and had made notes of the incidents and reflections that occurred to him in his wanderings. When he returned to England he revised his journal, and published it in a work consisting of two volumes, entitled *The Rhine*. This work is praised for the ease and simplicity of its style, and the interesting manner in which the narrative is put together.

He now took up his residence at Bath. Here his attention was turned to agriculture; he made experiments in farming, and was so successful as to gain several premiums from an Agricultural Society to which he belonged. In these pur-

* See a short Memoir of Dr. Cogan in the *Monthly Repository*, (O. S.) Vol. XIV. p. 1-5, 74-76.

suits it seems to have been his chief object to draw off his mind from severer studies, and relax himself by an amusement, which should be at the same time congenial with his taste, and afford him a salutary exercise of his mental and bodily powers. He preserved the same habits to the end of his life; wherever he resided he took care to be supplied with land for agricultural experiments; and when he afterwards retired to lodgings in London, he still kept a farm in the country to which he frequently resorted.

While residing at Bath he published his *Philosophical and Ethical Treatises on the Passions*. These were received with approbation, and have been several times republished. At the same place, also, the celebrated Letters to Mr. Wilberforce on *Hereditary Depravity* made their first appearance. So popular was this pamphlet, that it passed speedily through several editions, and continues still to be often republished in England. It may be doubted, whether the arguments against the dark scheme of Calvinism have ever been stated with more power and spirit, or in a form calculated to produce a more thorough conviction of the false foundation on which this system is built. The letters are written in a plain, perspicuous style, the reasoning is clear and direct, and the temper of the writer and tone of his sentiments afford an admirable illustration of the principles of benevolence, and Christian love, for which he proves himself so powerful an advocate.

Next in succession were his *Theological Disquisitions*, in two volumes, embracing a view of the Jewish Dispensation, and of Christianity. These are made to harmonise with his previous Ethical Treatises, and are intended with them to constitute a general system of morals and religion, as manifested in the character of the Deity, the nature of man, and the truths of Revelation. But his Theological Disquisitions contain little that is original or striking; they are diffuse in style, and abound in repetitions of the same thoughts; and although the author's benevolent spirit shines out in every part, and some judicious reflections are scattered here and there, yet these volumes must be allowed to be the least satisfactory and interesting of all his writings. Dr. Cogan's last work, the *Ethical Questions*, appeared in 1817, and treats chiefly of metaphysical subjects. He published other works during his lifetime, an entire catalogue of which may be seen in the article previously referred to in the Monthly Repository.

The author's latter years were mostly passed in London, although, as before remarked, he occasionally retreated to his little farm in the country. He enjoyed his usual health, till a month before his death, when he took a sudden cold by exposure to a damp atmosphere, and was seized with an indisposition which never left him. For a week or two, how-

ever, he was able to be abroad, and went to his brother's house at Walthamstow, with a presentiment that he should never return. From that time he declined gradually, and expired on the 2d of February, 1818, in the eighty-second year of his age. His mind continued sound and active to the last; he was cheerful and tranquil, recounted with expressions of gratitude the blessings with which his past life had been filled up, talked much of the necessity and benefits of death in the wise scheme of Providence, and declared his entire readiness to meet the will of God in submitting to the great change of death, and to resign his spirit to that mercy and goodness, which had through a life of many years protected and blessed him.

The habitual frame of mind, which he cherished on this subject, may be learned from a short paragraph, which was found in manuscript among his papers, and was intended as the concluding part of the preface to a new edition of his treatise on the Christian Dispensation. "Before this edition will see the light," says he, "it is probable that the eyes of the author will be closed in darkness. Should this be the case, the following declaration may excite some attention to it. Its principles have afforded him much consolation during a large portion of life; they have rendered advanced years placid and serene, and enabled him to contemplate death itself, notwithstanding its gloomy appearance, as one of the most essential blessings in the whole plan of Providence." No man could have better grounds for contemplating death with security and composure than Dr. Cogan; his life had been without reproach; he was pious and charitable, benevolent and humane; in thought and action he was moved by the genuine spirit of Christianity; he loved God, and praised him habitually for his goodness; he loved man, and laboured for nothing so much as the moral improvement and happiness of his fellow-creatures.

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. III.

SUPPOSE our object were to excite melancholy and terror; suppose we deemed it more religious to tremble than rejoice; suppose we believed that God preferred groaning to gratitude; suppose we conceived "The Course of Time" to be a study which conducted to the withering truth in theology, that the sin of the creature has disarranged the plans and distracted the thoughts of the Creator, and provoked him to lay violent hands on his own works, and invest with deformity and bury in curses, that creation which he had clad with beauty and loaded with blessings;—then should we be laid under the sad necessity of commencing, even at this early stage of our investigation, a doleful lamentation over the

lapse of time and the awful condition of man. We might then mourn grievously over the thought, that in the short period of two months which have swept past us since these papers were begun, there must, according to the estimated number of human beings who die annually, have been at least five millions of the inhabitants of this wretched world carried off by death. We might then tax our energies, and lay under heavy contributions all the feelings of our heart—all the emotions of our soul, to produce one bitter, life-lasting wailing, over the relentless ravages of time, and the merciless devastations of the king of terrors.

But we dare not thus mourn over the flight of time, and the appointment of death. Why? We are solemnly forbidden. By whom? By our Creator. Yes, he who formed all things and beings, has, by the numberless evidences furnished of his wisdom, goodness, and love, forbidden the thought, that time revolves, and death ensues, for any other purpose than the accomplishment of his benevolent designs, and the good of his rational creatures. Time is at his command. It therefore cannot go astray. Death is under his control. It cannot, then, possibly do wrong. "The world is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." It must necessarily be a good world. Woe be to him who replies against his God, and finds fault with the works of his hand. Woe be to him who murmurs, when he should give thanks; condemns those arrangements of the Deity, which he ought to praise; and pronounces that bad, which the Creator declared good. We would not incur these woes. We thank God, we can see nothing but order, beauty, sublimity, in his works. Far as the course of time, as it stretches away into the past and the future, is distinguishable to our vision, we nowhere discover it to be a theological truth, that the actions of men have thrown the system of nature into confusion, and the Author of nature into a rage. Grateful are we—oh, how grateful! it were impossible with words to represent—that we are not laid under the sad necessity of making a doleful lament over the rapid flight of time, and denouncing the world as altogether evil. The system of things around us, inspires us not with gloom, but gladness; not with petulance, but praise; not with dread, but devotion. Are time and death designed to conduct to an eternal life?

Then onward, onward let us fly,
 If towards a goal fix'd far above
 The glittering star-bespangled sky,
 This whirl of life securely move.
 Roll, roll, O earth! speed, speed, O time!
 Outstrip the lightning in your flight,
 If that will heavenly scenes sublime
 The sooner place before our sight.

Believing that a rational study of the changes of nature is eminently fitted to exalt the mind, better the heart, and swell

the devotional feelings, and thus produce a religion of love and joy, we would resume our topic, with noticing some of those changes which have taken place in the planetary bodies since the first article was penned. Twice has the moon presented to us all the phases which are exhibited from the new moon to the full, and from the full to the new moon again. That is, the silvery queen of night has travelled along with our earth in a path round the sun, and at the same time rolled round the earth too. What are called the periodic times of the moon round the earth are, one, 27 days; the other about 29 days and 13 hours. In the first she makes a complete revolution round the earth; but then as the latter body has all the while been moving forward in its elliptical orbit about the central luminary, the remainder of the time is spent in bringing the moon into that line between the earth and the sun, at which it is said to be new moon. This twenty-nine days and a-half, which is about the average time from one new moon to another, is termed a lunation. And every time the moon came between the sun and the earth, it would hide the great lamp of day from our sight if it always fell into a straight line reaching from our globe to the sun. And then at full moon, if our earth always at that time lay in a straight line between the moon and the sun, there would invariably be an obstruction of light, and the moon be veiled in darkness. The first, would be monthly eclipses of the sun; the second, monthly eclipses of the moon. The occurrence of most of these twelve solar and twelve lunar eclipses, is interdicted by one of those wonderful arrangements which are everywhere observable in the works of God. The moon is carried round the earth in an orbit, which is turned outward from the orbit of the earth so as that they shall form with each other an angle of five degrees. By this simple arrangement, the moon is prevented from interrupting every month the light of the sun, which is falling upon our earth; while our globe is also prevented from causing a monthly obscuration of the sunlight received by the moon. Those obscurations which do take place, happen when the moon at the new or the full moon, is at or near the place where the orbit or path of the moon crosses that of the earth. And when this will happen, and what the extent of the eclipse will be, can be previously calculated and predicted, not only for a year, or ten, but for centuries to come. This demonstrates the truth of two propositions. First, that the movements of the moon and earth, though they are constantly varying, are yet perfectly uniform when taken as a whole. Second, that the distances of these two bodies from the sun and from each other, and the rates of motions assigned to them by astronomers must be accurately correct. Were the distances erroneously calculated, were the earth and moon, or either of them, not of the size which astronomers have determined, or were the motions

of either of these bodies irregular, without self and mutual correction, eclipses could no more be predicted than the coming of a meteor can be foretold. It is worth while to notice, how perfect order, complete regularity, is educed from apparent confusion. The earth moves round the sun, not in a circle, but an oval. The distance of the earth from the sun, is consequently varying daily. At one period of the year, namely, in the midst of our winter, the earth is about three millions of miles nearer to the sun than it is in the middle of our summer. The moon, too, while it travels with the earth around the sun, makes a circuit monthly around the earth, through an orbit of an elliptical form; and consequently, the distance of the moon from the earth varies almost every hour. The average distance is about two hundred and forty thousand miles. The change, in distance of the earth from the sun, and of the moon from the earth, occasions a change in the velocity with which each advances forward in its path. The nearer the first is to the sun, or the second to the earth, the more rapid is the motion. The increase of distance diminishes the speed. And as both bodies are constantly undergoing these changes of distance and velocity, no two lunations in succession are of the same length. The longest period from one new moon to another during the present year, is that which extends from forty-two minutes past four o'clock in the morning of March 29th, to twenty minutes past nine o'clock in the afternoon of April 27th; that is, 29 days 16 hours and 38 minutes. The shortest period is the moon of September and October, which will be but 29 days 9 hours and 51 minutes. So, one lunation will be 6 hours and 47 minutes longer than the other.

But besides the changes produced by the oval form of the orbits, there are many other variations in the movements of both earth and moon, occasioned by the influences of the other planets belonging to the solar system. All the planets act and re-act upon each other by what is termed attraction and repulsion. They are said to gravitate towards one another. These influences are in the ratio of their respective bulks, and their distances. Now, at one time, our earth and Venus are distant from each other about one hundred and sixty millions of miles; and at another time, only about twenty-seven millions of miles. Jupiter is at one time nearly six hundred millions of miles from us, and at another not quite four hundred millions. All the planets continually change their distances from one another, and consequently their power of attracting each other. This produces what are named perturbations among the planets. But even these irregularities obey fixed laws. None of them arise from chance. They may all be calculated, and their effects estimated and predicted. It is capable of being ascertained any number of years beforehand, exactly when, and how,

Venus, Jupiter, or any other planet, will act more powerfully than usual on the earth and the moon; how far such influence will turn the earth and its attendant out of their ordinary course; and how much it will accelerate or retard their common movements.

Now, what does this perfect regularity, amidst so much seeming confusion, prove? It proves, that "the times and the seasons are in the Father's hands." The order which he at first ordained, can never have been broken. As he at creation arranged the machine of nature, so must it have continued up to the present moment to move. No law which he gave to matter, can have been repealed. No new law can have been enacted. The earth moves round the sun, and the moon round the earth, upon just the same principles as those which regulated the first revolutions they performed. Since we began these papers two months ago, the sun has turned round its own centre about twice and a-half, Mercury has performed two-thirds of one of its journeys around the sun, Venus has completed a quarter of a journey, and our Earth one-sixth part of her revolution, while the other planets have done less and less of their journeys, in proportion to their still greater distances; and thus the times and the seasons have changed to all the inhabitants of all these worlds. But nowhere throughout the mighty whole, can it be discovered, that any power operates upon these masses, save that with which the Creator at first launched them into motion. From the evidence of numerous congruous facts, we learn that these motions, though irregular in detail, have been perfect uniformity as a whole for thousands of years past. The unerring wisdom evinced in the arrangement of the innumerable details, and the production of the vast whole, precludes the thought that the Deity has himself ever altered the laws of the solar system since he enacted them. And the almightiness of God sternly forbids the belief, that any other being could abrogate those laws, or interdict their operations. And as, in obedience to those laws, our earth turns daily on its own axis, and yearly round the sun; and the same laws would compel the same obedience from the first moment of their existence; the world which we inhabit, must have had its various climates, seasons, nights and days, cold and heat, the same ever-shifting scenes as those which are so graciously presented to us. Oh! let no one, then, who calls himself a rational creature of God, in order to uphold some erroneous and pernicious system of theology, contend that our earth has been averted from its original position and course by a great evil agent; and our climates and seasons thereby deteriorated. This is to deny the wisdom and power of the Creator. It is to impugn his goodness. It is to charge him with imbecility, and a disregard of his creatures' good. This is gross ingratitude, awful impiety.

D. D.

THE SPY SYSTEM.

THE cause of good government, and of human improvement, is visibly on the advance. The enemies of both are diminishing in number and power. True, the agents of despotism have lately taken up a position in the very camp of the people's well-wishers; but their defeat is sure, and at hand; and it is as sure, that they will be made to refund to a victorious and indignant people, not merely the temporary advantages they have gained, but by and by, to surrender to them the keys of their very citadel. Among the minor agencies which have wrought, and will long work for good to the good cause, we note particularly the well-timed exposure of that mystery of Tory iniquity, the spy system; as brought out very fully in the late trial in London. Whom God wills to perish he first drives mad, was the principle on which the ancients accounted for the headlong infatuation so often exhibited in the conduct of the evil-doer, acting under the impulses of which, he proceeds step by step onwards to his own ultimate shame and confusion. Even so it is, a wise Providence makes use of our pleasant vices, as whips to chastise our human frailties with; and the same great principle of moral retribution seems to pervade the entire moral world. The poisoned chalice is commended back to our own lips, when we would urge it upon our neighbours; and the aggressor upon private or public rights, one way or another, usually makes reparation to society, by supplying the means of his own detection and punishment. And thus the Almighty has visibly set his canon against all injustice and covetousness, public or private, and proclaimed aloud the truth of truths, "to do unto others what we would that others should do unto us."

These thoughts have been suggested to us by a perusal of the late remarkable trial, of Richmond *versus* the London agents of Tait's Magazine. No agent of iniquity seems ever to have more perseveringly and successfully sought after the means of publishing his own villany; and ample indeed is the atonement for all his offences against the public, which this tainted wretch has now made to society, by his successive disclosures of the guilty secrets of his prison-house. This most opportune trial has done much, and will yet do more, to enlighten the people of this country, as to the character and objects of a Tory government. They may trace through every step of its dark and tortuous paths, the foul but natural agencies to which it has recourse, in order to establish its power upon the ruins of civil liberty and public morals. As is the object, so are the means for its accomplishment—to enslave and to demoralise—power founded upon brute force, or brutal cunning—and the deception and submission of the many, induced by the ruthless victimizing of the few. The

disgusting details now brought to light, compel us, as advocates of freedom and morality, to make a few remarks on the demoralising influences of a government, which, being neither of, from, nor by the people, has no sympathies whatever with them, and pursues its own objects at any possible expense to their best interests. The first idea which occurs to us upon the matter, is, that an honest government, deriving its power and existence from a willing and a grateful people, can never require to employ vicious instruments in its domestic operations. It can have nothing to fear, and therefore nothing to guard against. Its interests are identified with those of the entire community, and therefore plots or conspiracies for its overthrow, are not likely to exist; or if they do exist in some secret corners, they need have no fear as to their explosion. The power of the people will be round about them as a wall of defence; and the eyes of the people, sharpened by a sense of their own danger, as well as that of their governors, will ferret out the iniquity with more certainty and expedition than a thousand spies could do. We deem it to be a good test of the character of a government, the character of the instruments it employs: as the latter are weak and worthless, or virtuous and enlightened, such will be the source from which they proceed.

Let us now briefly glance at the situation, the prospects, and the operations of the Tory government of 1816. The nation had just brought a long, expensive, and hazardous war to a triumphant conclusion, as far as the honour of its arms was concerned. But, this war was undertaken against the rights and liberties of other nations; the first evidence of the true character of a Tory government. Secondly, by means of its triumphs and its sacrifices, was the attention of the people artfully diverted from the needful reform of their domestic institutions; or if, notwithstanding, they sought after this important object, they were told, and bullied if they were not satisfied with the telling, that, engaged in a dangerous conflict with a powerful antagonist, the government could not safely take up the question of domestic reform. This is the second test of the evil intentions of the Castlereagh government. Thirdly, the necessity of any reform whatever was broadly denied by the same government, and the unimproveable perfection of the British constitution declared to be a political axiom. This is the third evidence against the regimen of the spy employers.

In 1815, the peace came—the glories of Waterloo were bruited abroad, and the Oligarchy threw up their caps in the air, fondly deeming that their power was now founded upon a secure basis. But next year, the nation, awaking from its temporary delirium of false glory, found itself loaded with debt—fast in the chains of the joyful boroughmongers, and a wide-spread distress eating into its vitals. When the shoe

pinches, men will complain, and try to find out how to remedy the evil: so the people, with very little inquiry, traced their distresses, present and past, to the vicious state of the parliamentary representation, and somewhat urgently called out for its reform. Now, what would a government have done here, that did not fear inquiry? They would have granted an inquiry into the state of the representation, with a view to ascertain its defects; and if found defective, they would not have opposed its reform. But this was precisely what the Castlereagh government did not do. They feared, and therefore they resisted inquiry; and having no longer the excuse that the nation was at war, to stave off the people's demands, they set themselves astutely to consider by what means to arrest the progress of liberal principles in the community, or, in the memorable words of their self-condemning spy, "how to quash the growing demand for reform." And so, some clever fellow among them, conceived the happy idea of frightening the one-half of society, by persuading them that the other half was engaged in a dangerous conspiracy against existing institutions and vested rights—phrases of mighty import with all weak-headed people. The distress amongst the working classes, along with the political excitement of the period, formed what painters call an excellent *ground* for the picture. And now, it being resolved that this plot against the people, was a good plot, the conspirators looked out for a fitting instrument—a Guy Fawkes, to fire off the train. Instruments of evil are never wanting under a bad government. Just in the nick of time, there was found a person every way adapted to their purpose—that of frightening the isle from its propriety, and of persuading the timid and alarmed, that reform meant nothing less than violent revolution; and under this impression, to submit to such encroachments upon their liberties as might secure, said their deceivers, *their ultimate prolongation*. So, the silly crane put his long bill down the fox's throat, and was certainly much obliged to him that he did not utterly bite off his foolish head.

Let us now, for a moment, trace the various steps of this dark conspiracy, with a view to bring out, in strong relief, the demoralising character and influences of a bad government. The programme of the play being arranged at headquarters, forthwith the Home Secretary communicates, with a suitable gravity, to some addle-headed person or persons, that a dangerous plot against the government existed amongst the working classes in the manufacturing districts; and desires him or them, to procure by any means, early intelligence of its character and extent. Not a word, however, of the plot against the people; no, they were too politic to entrust this to the Justice Shallows whom they nicely selected for their vile purposes. Mr. Kirkman Finlay of Glasgow, was

the party judiciously chosen to conduct the Scottish part of this tragi-comedy. No sooner was this functionary inoculated with "this important state secret," than behold, pat for his purpose, at his right hand stands Richmond—a fellow quoted and signed to do this deed of shame.

Step the first in this demoralising process, we see, is the demi-demoralisation of Mr. Finlay, who eagerly humbles himself to work out this state mystery; and even supposing him entirely innocent of the knowledge of the occult views of government, he could not be ignorant of the dangerous and doubtful part assigned to himself, or of the infamous means which he was employing to follow out its objects. Mr. Finlay, then, a gentleman of fortune and fair reputation in society, lowers his moral status down to that of a spy-employer! And now for the spy, who sells his soul for a piece of bread.

Richmond was evidently a man of original talent and vigorous intellect, and under a good government and in a healthy state of society, his abilities might have done good service to his country. But it is of the essence of bad government, that it turns into poison all that should nourish and strengthen the commonwealth. All the avenues to the gratification of an honest ambition being choked up, the government comes into the market with the people's own money in its hands, and buys up the best of their talents, to make use of against themselves. Richmond was poor and ambitious; his good principles, if he ever had any, were sown upon a rocky soil, and had produced no abiding fruit. Just then comes the demoraliser; and the spy, for a spy's reward, leaps joyfully into the abyss of deceit and guilt which yawned at his feet. Richmond, thus corrupted to the heart's core, sets himself with indefatigable industry, to gain over some associates, in order the more effectually to inoculate society with the virus of his mock-revolutionary designs. See now how the chain of evil stretches out, link after link, from the *Cabinet*, where it originated, downwards through all sections of society—leavening each with the various leavens, according to their various circumstances, of deceit, of perjury, and meditated violence—of unjust suspicions—of jealousies, and fears, and lively alarms,—till a frightened people almost call upon their traitorous governors to take away their liberty, and only to keep their throats from the revolutionary knife.

What a picture does this present to us of wickedness and folly, and of a demoralising process sapping all the foundations of public and private morality! Our limits will not permit us to continue this subject any farther; it is one pregnant with instruction, and of awful import at the present moment. For if the present Ministry make good their quarters against the whole force of public opinion, then Richmond's occupation will be a thriving one, and the prin-

ciples of public and private demoralisation will flow down our streets like a mighty river. In the words of Junius, the present struggle between the people and the government, "is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain." We have to choose between a government, under whose withering influences all the best interests of society will sink and decay—a government of spies, and pimps, and panders—of pensions, the reward of unmentionable services—of sinecure-fed priests, and bloated fanatics; and a government, under which the national virtue, public and private, will not be tampered with—a government moving forward hand in hand with the inquiring spirit of the age, and which will not plot against the people, because it has no fear of the people, and the people no jealousy of it.

DEATH-BED SCENES AMONG THE POOR.—No. II.

THE CONSUMPTIVE GIRL.

AMONG the children of misfortune whom I have been called on to visit, I distinctly recollect a poor blind woman and her niece. Their garret was, like all the dwellings of city-poor, situated in one of those narrow, backward, and gloomy lanes, which, except to those whose duty or benevolence directs the search, are an unknown land. When I first called, it was an evening towards the close of summer. On entering the room, the dimmed but purple light of the sinking sun exhibited as strange a group of beings as he had probably looked on that day, in the whole extent of his earthly compass. The apartment was occupied by various persons, and each was a distinct lodger, with separate rights, and an appropriated corner. One person stood strikingly conspicuous. She was a tall, gaunt, haggard-looking giantess; no luxuriance of robing concealed the muscular might of her arms; her bronzed complexion was one on which water could produce no change; and the expression of her countenance was probably what a painter would conceive of the principal among the witches in Macbeth. Instinctively I shrunk backward. Humanity, for the first time, seemed strange to me. But when she called me to come in! Such a voice!—I want a comparison; let the reader's imagination supply one, and it must be bold indeed, if it be a hyperbole. The first impression was like a dream in the night-mare.

On asking, whether Mary —— lodged here? a female came forward, whom, in my confusion, I had not before noticed. She appeared to be a girl of about seventeen years old. She was truly a sweet being. Her figure was symmetrical and slender; her face was pale, but beautiful; a lambent fire in her eye was shedding its ominous gleams; her

countenance, as might be expected, was not animated with intellectual brilliancy, yet seemed to indicate a tone of deep, expressive, but melancholy feeling; and her whole manner seemed to pour around her a radiance of simplicity, purity, and grace. All this was the mere work of nature; for, as I afterwards found, she was almost if not altogether uneducated. As soon as she heard me ask the question, she came forward and said with gentle and silver tones, "Oh, sir, you are the gentleman that was to call on my aunt? She is not within. But oh! will you not call again, sir? She is very miserable, and I am very ill."

On the next occasion, her aunt was within. She was completely blind. But her niece seemed to be to her "all in all." This young creature clung to her blind aunt, with the most affectionate tenacity; and no offer of service or comfort could induce her to sever this communion of poverty. The two were alone in the world, but they had more than a world in each other's bosom. Poor Mary—enclosed in her impenetrable dungeon, deprived of all the fountains from which the eye drinks in loveliness—when she clasped the hand of her niece, felt linked to a faithful and loving guide; and when she heard her affectionate voice, and hugged her to an aged breast, she appeared as happy as if a miracle had opened her sight on the visions of Paradise. In the lodging, they always sat near each other, ever occupied in mutual assistance or mutual alleviation. The benevolent heart became deeply affected, on seeing Mary run her withered fingers along the features of her niece, and then to notice the quenched eye-balls roll, and the unillumined face get flushed, as if exulting in their beauty; and then to see the energy with which she kissed her, and exclaimed—"O Jeanie! my love! my darling! my only comfort! my only child! I have no one in this wide world but yourself!" But I perceived, with much painful compassion, that disease began to make deadly impressions on this countenance on which the blind woman so delighted. And then, one's emotions became unutterably agonising, to observe the despair darkening on her face, as her touch informed her that death was writing his name in characters too plain to be mistaken, on the sharpening, emaciated features. Sometimes, when I called, Mary would say to me—"Oh, tell me—do tell me, sir, how does my child look? She says herself she is not so bad; but oh, she doesn't like to grieve her poor old, blind, forlorn aunt!" Then would she clasp her, and with the suffocated accents of broken-hearted feeling, burst forth into the most soul-rending exclamations, "Jeanie, Jeanie, are you going to leave me, my angel! my comfort!—going to leave me by myself in the world—going to leave me, after all our trials, and hardships, and journeys together?"

There is no stronger appeal to our feelings, than the patient

suffering of a young and gentle woman, except the isolated wretchedness of blind old age; and these two were here placed before my attention. Jeanie had been with her aunt from a child; had been reared by her, had eaten of her bread and drank of her cup, and was to her as a daughter; told her when the morning dawned, and when the evening declined; hovered about her as the bright and lovely vision of her guardian angel; attended her in sickness and in sorrow; tried to warm her with the glow of a young heart, and loved her with the most generous devotedness. This, besides, was not their native place. They had rambled together through different parts of the kingdom; here they were each other's only kindred; and if they had any other relatives on earth, their distance cut them off from all intercourse. The only situation that struck me as an appropriate analogy to Mary's, was that of an individual on a desert island, with a single companion; and the bitterness of his grief at his associate's approaching death, might be considered as the expression of despair equal to hers. The condition in which her death would place her aunt, seemed also fully to occupy the mind of the youthful sufferer. In the world, she had little to lament on her own account; her dawn of life was a cloudy and dripping morn, and there seemed no prospect of its brightening towards noon. Her circle of observation had been too limited to permit her desires to be much multiplied; her hopes had never been exalted, and her disappointments could never have been terrible; and, if it were right to judge from the placid contentment of her manner, her heart had never been convulsed by those absorbing affections which, as they are gratified or opposed, bind one to life, or make him long for departure. On this point, however, quietness is no criterion, as gentleness of manner sometimes conceals profound emotion, and an unroughened aspect is often only the calmness of despair. As far as I could observe, her whole anxiety was directed to her afflicted relative. And gently indeed did she soothe her; and many were her kindly efforts to banish her apprehensions, and to procrastinate the fatal stroke that was to prostrate her last enjoyment. Influenced by this feeling, I have seen her face become almost convulsed, endeavouring to suppress the rising cough. "O aunt!" she would sometimes say, "I am not so bad as you suppose—I may soon get better and recover;" but the heaving, hollow voice in which she spoke, took meaning from her consolation—it sounded as her death-knell—it seemed as an echo from the grave. What solemnity is cast around the closing hours of a human being, in any condition or rank! In death, at least, there is no aristocracy; and the differences that fortune creates by birth, the king of terrors soon sweeps away; and of the two, his countenance is perhaps more grim as he intrudes it between the damask curtains, than when he

leans it over some gasping destitute, upon damp and matted straw.

One of the last visits to this room, made a deep impression on my mind. Some of the persons, at first alluded to, were sitting in their different corners, in idle, vacant, soulless wretchedness. Blind Mary sat at one side of the darksome window, motionless and silent, her chin hanging on her bosom; Jeanie languidly reposed at the other, her eye glistening, her lips livid, her breath panting; now and then she gazed on her aunt, and then she seemed to shrink and to shudder in every part of her dissolving frame. The patient was able to do little more than recognise me with a respectful and grateful inclination of her head: the old woman immediately caught the tone of my voice, and commenced on the topic nearest to her heart. "My child, my child, sir, is dying: I thought last night I'd lose her before day-light, and that you'd never see her alive again." Suffering like this, I never insult with consolation. True affection is perceived more in slight traits than in important matters. "You were very bad, my darling, last night," said Mary, "and why did you get up to look for a drink?" This was uttered in a tone of kind reproof. "I didn't like, aunt, to disturb you," said Jeanie, with much difficulty; "you were long enough awake and crying, and why should I break your little sleep?" There was, at this time, something very imposing in her appearance, so pure, so ethereal, so unearthly; her countenance was paler, but more transparent; and it seemed as if the flame of immortality were already bursting from the earthly enclosure, and giving her the sublimity of an eternal being. I spoke a few words to her on religion and immortality. With earnest and simple sincerity, but with convulsive hesitation, she thanked me for my visits. She hoped soon to be in heaven; and her only grief was, that her aunt would remain behind on earth in loneliness and sorrow. She had religion, but not what is too commonly called such. A pure and simple nature, seemed to irradiate her whole character; and a want of subtlety to enter into controversial distinctions, preserved undebased the refined, affectionate theology of her heart. She knew nothing about metaphysical enigmas, nor did she understand the way to heaven by knotty technicalities. Hers was the piety of love—hers was the religion of gentle, tender feeling. She loved God, because her heart told her he was good. She loved Jesus Christ, because she had heard about his benevolence and mercy. She loved her fellow-creatures, and she clung to her aunt with an affection stronger than death. I asked her, on one of my last occasions of seeing her, whether she was at all afraid to die? She answered, that she was not. Why should she? I asked her, if she desired to live longer in the world. She replied, that she did. I could well understand the reason.

The next morning was the Sabbath. The grey light of the dawn brought her at once to my recollection. I thought of her night's suffering, and was anxious to know whether it continued or was over. I determined to lose no time, and was soon on my way to her lodging. The hour was early, the morning was calm, and the atmosphere sombre—the silence almost unbroken—the city lay like a many-headed monster asleep, it had not yet shaken off its drowsiness, nor sent forth the yell of its innumerable mouths. There were, however, I knew, eyes that night unclosed, and hearts which had not ceased to throb. Death had given the hue to my thoughts, I almost imagined the city a vast collection of sepulchres—every house a tomb, and I trembled instinctively at the hollow sounds of my own steps along the flags. A solitary being now and then crossed my path, and broke my reverie. There is a moment of powerful intensity, of full strong suspense—a point which connects the mind's conjectures with its actual discovery—a moment which all have experienced, but which no one can define; and this was mine, as I now rapped at the door of blind Mary's lodging. It opened; the bed was opposite, and Jeanie was stretched upon it—a corpse; but lovely even in death. And then, with silent feeling, I realised the full power of the poet's beautiful lines—I felt as one

“ Who hath bent him o’er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before decay’s effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that’s there,
 The fix’d yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction’s apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner’s heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant’s power;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal’d
 The first, last look, by death reveal’d!”

And there, near the bed, stood the gaunt being—the spectre, scaring as the vision of mortality and want; and then I found that humanity, externally rude, might have deep sources of feeling. The tears were running in full streams along the channels of that forbidding face, and falling on the gentle countenance of the dead; and tones of heartfelt compassion

were uttered by that voice, at other times so coarse and discordant.

But, the aunt—no language could give any adequate impression of her agony, nay, her madness; it was the high-wrought delirium of woe, and no form of insanity could be so tremendous, so terrific. When I first entered the room, she was seated in her old corner; she moved her body with a sort of pendular vibration; her rayless balls were agitated in their sockets with a rapid velocity; she seemed half-unconscious of her situation, or pursuing some faint straggling recollection. My voice seemed to recall the whole matter clearly to her mind. Oh! it was a time to feel that one had a heart; but to feel it with piercing bitterness. What a number of virtues did she repeat! How she did dwell on every act of kindness! Powerfully, eloquently, did she enumerate the joys and sorrows they had gone through together, the hopes and fears they had both experienced. In how many different forms did she not clothe the spirit of tenderness! With what burstings did she exclaim, “Oh, the light of my blind eyes! Oh, my dear, dear company! who will now bear with me? Who will now talk to me? Who will now lead me? Your hand is cold and stiff—it will never take mine again—your sweet voice is gone, I will never hear it again—your bright eye is now blind! Oh, you were so good, so kind, so beautiful! You were too good for me, and you left me here, to go to heaven! You died like a lamb last night, and you wanted not to let me know, and I did not know till I kissed your lips, and they were stone-cold, and your breath was gone—*then* I knew it.” Then she wildly started up, came and stood over the corpse, and as was her custom when Jeanie was alive, she traced the now icy features with her fingers, and then, with a withering maniac smile, she said, “Ah! then, is she not a pretty creature? They tell me she is a pretty creature—they say they will put her in the ground; but they shall never put my darling in the ground. Jeanie, will you not speak to me, your poor aunt?—will you not speak to me? They say, they will put you in the ground; no, Jeanie, they shall never put you in the ground—I will never let them; you are cold, but still you must stay here along with me.” And then, as if kindling and heated with her subject, her eyes began to roll with still more terrific rapidity—her face became fierce and flushed—her thoughts incoherent—her accents broken—her ravings rushed as a cataract of incongruities. She violently grasped, to tear the individual next to her. She—but why should I go on? Let me close the scene—it is too awful, too sacred, to be exposed. I left the room, but brought with me recollections and impressions I shall never forget.

HIBERNICUS.



PHRENOLOGY.—No. III.

CONTINUATION OF ITS HISTORY.

“One that, above all strifes,
Contended specially to know himself.”
Measure for Measure.

BEFORE their departure from Vienna, on 6th March 1805, Gall and Spurzheim had made some important discoveries in the anatomy of the brain; of which, however, it is not within our province to speak in detail. The first city to which they repaired was Berlin, where they repeated their dissections in presence of the medical professors and numerous auditors. Outlines of their anatomical and physiological propositions were published shortly afterwards by Professor Bischoff.* This work contains the following remarks on Dr. Gall, from the pen of the philosophical physician and privy-counsellor Hufeland:—“I have heard with great pleasure and interest the worthy man himself expound his doctrine, and am fully convinced that he is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the eighteenth century, and that his doctrine is one of the boldest and most important steps in the progress of natural history. To discover the candour of the man, and his entire freedom from every appearance of quackery, falsehood, and fanaticism, it is necessary only to see him. Endowed in an uncommon degree with the spirit of observation, acuteness of mind, and philosophical judgment—reared in the lap of nature, and by long intercourse rendered familiar with her—he has observed many phenomena in the department of organic beings, which had previously either escaped observation altogether, or been but superficially examined,—classified them with great ingenuity, discovered their analogical relations and their import, drawn conclusions from them, and determined truths which are valuable just because they are taken pure from nature. Nobody can be a more decided opponent of Gall’s doctrines than I was: it is only since I have convinced myself of the solidity and love of truth by which the discoverer is characterised, and of the general truth of his science, that I have begun to believe in it. Upon the whole, I agree entirely with Gall, that the spiritual part of our nature acts by means of organs; that this material condition of the exercise of mind is necessary in respect not only to its grosser manifestations but also to its more refined faculties, feelings, conceptions, and ideas; that the brain is the organ of the mind; and that there is great reason for supposing, that, as the external senses have their peculiar organs in the brain, so must also the internal senses have theirs.”†

* *Darstellung der Gallschen Gehirn und Schädel Lehre.* Berlin, 1805.—The titles of several other early works on Phrenology will be found in the Transactions of the Phrenological Society, Edin. 1824, p. 9, 10.

† Op. cit. p. 117.

At Berlin, Dr. Gall lived for some time with the poet Kotzebue, who availed himself of this opportunity to learn from his guest the technical language of Phrenology, and such of Gall's ideas and principles as had the most ridiculous appearance. He then composed a dramatic piece called *Craniomania*, which was immediately performed in the Theatre at Berlin. So little was Gall annoyed by this circumstance, that he enjoyed the joke exceedingly, went to the first representation, and laughed heartily along with the other spectators.*

In the 97th and 98th numbers of the *Freymüthige* (a German periodical) published in May 1805, there is an extremely interesting account of Dr. Gall's visit to the prisons of Berlin and the fortress of Spandau. He visited the former on 17th April, accompanied by the principal officers of the establishment, the inquisitors of the criminal department, several counsellors and assessors, Professor Wildenow, and several other gentlemen. He was ushered into an assemblage of about two hundred criminals, about whose crimes or characters not a word had been spoken to him, and proceeded to examine their heads. He soon recognised and distinguished from the other criminals those confined on account of strong innate propensity to theft—a class in whom the organ of Acquisitiveness, from the too great energy of which this crime results, was very predominant. All the confirmed thieves presented a remarkable width and prominence at that part of the temple where the organ is situated, with a retreating forehead and flatness of the top of the head. These peculiarities were perceptible at a single glance; but the touch rendered still more striking the difference in shape between the skulls of robbers and those of individuals detained for other crimes. The peculiar shape of the head, generally characteristic of thieves, astonished the party still more when several prisoners were ranged in a line; particularly when all the youths from twelve to fifteen years of age, confined for theft, were collected at Dr. Gall's request: their heads presented so very nearly the same configuration, that they might easily have passed for the offspring of the same stock.

No difficulty was experienced by Dr. Gall in distinguishing confirmed thieves from the less dangerous; and in every instance his opinion was found to agree with the result of the judicial examinations. Two individuals in particular, a man and a child, had the organ of Acquisitiveness so very large as to induce him to recommend that they should be detained for life, as utterly incorrigible. It appeared from the legal investigations, that both had manifested an extraordinary disposition for thieving. In one of the prisons, Gall observed

* *Journal de la Société Phrenologique de Paris*, tome i. p. 99.

among a number of female culprits, a woman busy at the same employment and in precisely the same dress as the other women around her, but finding in her head no remarkable developement of the organ of Acquisitiveness, inquired how it happened that she was confined? The reply was, "She is not a criminal, but the inspectress of work." In one prisoner he found Benevolence and Veneration large, in conjunction with great Acquisitiveness. On entering into conversation with him, it was discovered that he abhorred thieving accompanied with violence, and had much respect for religion. Being asked whether he thought it more culpable to ruin a poor labourer by taking his all, or to steal from a church without harming any one, he replied, that the robbery of a church was a crime too revolting, and which he could never summon resolution to perpetrate. In a tailor named Maschke, arrested for counterfeiting the legal coin, and whose talent for the mechanical arts was apparent in the execution of his crime, Gall, without knowing for what he was confined, pronounced the organ of Constructiveness much developed, and the head so well formed that he repeatedly expressed his sorrow for the man's fate. This criminal was well known to possess great mechanical skill, and at the same time much kindness of disposition. Scarcely had the Doctor advanced a few steps into another prison, when he perceived the organ of Constructiveness equally developed in a man named Troppe, a shoemaker, who, without any teaching, applied himself to the making of watches and other such articles. On examining more closely, Gall found also the organ of Imitation, generally large in comedians, considerably developed; an observation that perfectly accorded with Troppe's crime, which was the extortion of a considerable sum of money under the guise of an officer of police. Gall then remarked to the bystanders, "If that man had fallen in the way of comedians, he would have become an actor;" whereupon Troppe, astonished at the exactness with which his dispositions were unveiled, acknowledged that he had in fact been for six months a member of a strolling company of players—a circumstance which had not till then been discovered.

On 20th April, Dr. Gall went to Spandau, accompanied by Hufeland, and also by another privy-counsellor, a counsellor of the chamber of justice, Professor Reich, and several other persons. Observations were made at the House of Correction upon 270 heads, and at the Fortress upon 200; and including the heads examined at the prisons of Berlin, there was thus submitted to the examination of Gall a total of about 500 thieves, most of them guilty of repeated offences. In these criminals it was easy to verify the form of brain pointed out by Gall as denoting the tendency to steal, and to obtain the conviction from the discourse of most of

them, that they felt no remorse for their crimes, but, on the contrary, spoke of them with a sort of internal satisfaction.— Among other cases reported, is that of an old woman, confined a second time for theft, and in whom Acquisitiveness, Veneration, and Philoprogenitiveness, especially the last, were found very large. On being asked the cause of her detention, she answered, that she had committed theft, but that she fell upon her knees every day to thank her Creator for the blessing she had received in being brought to the House of Correction, as she had nothing so much at heart as the welfare of her children, whom it was impossible for her to educate properly; and that since her imprisonment they had been taken into the Orphan Hospital, where they were receiving that education which she had not the means of giving them. Another woman, imprisoned for infanticide, was shown to Gall. She evinced no remorse for her crime, but entered the room with a tranquil and serene air. Destructiveness was found very large in her head, while the posterior region, where Philoprogenitiveness is situated, was absolutely flattened. She had had several children, but always secretly got rid of them. After dinner the party went to the Fortress, where the commandant was polite enough to cause all the prisoners to be drawn up in a line for the inspection of Dr. Gall. Here the organs of Secretiveness and Acquisitiveness predominated, as in the other prisons. A man named Raps in particular attracted Gall's attention. Acquisitiveness was very conspicuous, while Destructiveness and Benevolence were at the same time found to be large. This man had strangled a woman whom he robbed, but on leaving her, untied the cord through mere compassion, and thus saved the poor woman's life after stealing her property. For the details of other cases in the prisons of Berlin and Spandau, the reader is referred to an article in the third volume of the *Phrenological Journal*.

From Berlin, Gall and Spurzheim went to Potsdam, Leipzig, and Dresden, at each of which they gave lectures and demonstrations; and afterwards to Halle, where Professors Reil and Loder, with many other medical gentlemen, attended both the lectures and the demonstrations. With Loder they repeated several times the anatomical demonstrations; and once they dissected a brain with Reil, quietly in his own room. We mention these particulars because in 1815 Gall and Spurzheim were accused in the *Edinburgh Review*, of having borrowed their anatomical ideas from Reil, and defrauded him of the honour due to him as the original discoverer. Reil himself, as quoted by Professor Bischoff, acknowledges that "he had found in Gall's dissections of the brain more than he thought it was possible for a single individual to discover in a whole lifetime." Loder, also, who is characterised by Bischoff as second to no living

anatomist, expresses, in a letter to Professor Hufeland quoted in Bischoff's work, the following opinions, formed after hearing Gall expound his views, and witnessing the dissection of nine human brains and fourteen brains of animals:—"For the most part I agree with you as to the organology; without, however, thinking that it is in any degree at variance with anatomy, but being persuaded, on the contrary, that in its fundamental principles it is true. There are yet details to be rectified; but it is evident, that the moral and intellectual faculties when strongly marked in the character, are indicated by particular appearances of the skull. Ackerman of Heidelberg has lent me the skulls of Schinderhannes and six of his accomplices, which strikingly accord with the doctrine of Gall. The latter gave, in presence of S. with whom had resided young H. of Jena, a girl who drowned herself in the Saale after having committed several robberies, so exact a description of her character from inspecting her skull (which I had secretly procured, and which nobody suspected to be in my possession), that S. was perfectly amazed when I disclosed the secret to him. In this and other instances Gall's success could not be the effect of chance.—The discoveries which he has made respecting the anatomy of the brain are of the highest importance, and some of them are supported by such an amount of evidence, that I cannot conceive how any body with good eyes can deny them. These discoveries are of themselves sufficient to render the name of Gall immortal: they are the most important which have been made in anatomy since the discovery of the vessels of the absorbent system. I am ashamed and indignant with myself for having, during nearly thirty years, dissected, like other anatomists, hundreds of brains, as if I had been slicing a cheese, and for failing to perceive the forest on account of the exuberance of trees which it contains. But what avails it to regret and to blush? The better course is to lend an ear to truth, and to learn what we are ignorant of. I can say, with Reil, that I have found more than I thought a single man could have accomplished in the whole course of his life." Thus writes and thinks, says Bischoff, the estimable Loder—a man who had devoted himself to anatomy for nearly thirty years.

During the years 1805, 1806, and 1807, Gall and Spurzheim visited many of the principal towns of Germany, Denmark, and Switzerland; every where making observations and collecting facts, and giving lectures and anatomical demonstrations to the scientific. This wandering mode of life, though excellently fitted for spreading a doctrine the diffusion of which had been virtually prohibited at home, and though most appropriate to an ardent student of the diversities of human nature like Gall, was afterwards seized on by his enemies as a ground for disparagement. "The aversion against the physiology of the brain," says he, "is still such,

that certain learned bodies have represented me as guilty of a crime in having taught it in my travels. This mode of procedure, say they, is contrary to the manners of our age; it is unworthy of a true philosopher. I confess that this reasoning has to me altogether the aspect of a mere pretence. Democritus was guilty of an outrage upon good manners when he sought for the cause of insanity in dead bodies; it was an outrage on good manners when I began to make a collection of heads; and it is not long since a minister forbade me to speak of the dissection of a poet's brain, because, said he, that is not according to the French manners. Naturalists ought to have nothing to do with such manners as these; they ought fearlessly to brave the prejudices of ignorance and superstition. Moreover, the objectors alluded to cannot be ignorant of the immense advantages which we necessarily derived from our travels—without which, indeed, my doctrine would never have been accurately known beyond the precincts of Vienna.”*

At length, however, in the year 1807, Dr. Gall finally settled in Paris, and assisted by Dr. Spurzheim, gave his first public course of lectures in the French capital. Having resolved to lay before the Institute the results of their anatomical investigations, they presented a memoir to that learned body, on 14th March 1808. Previously to this, however, they had repeated their demonstrations with great applause before a number of the first scientific men of the day. Cuvier, at that time chief of the anatomical department of the Institute, received Gall and Spurzheim with much politeness; he requested them to dissect a brain privately for him and a few learned friends; and he attended a course of lectures given purposely for him and a party of his selection. He listened with much attention and appeared well-disposed toward the doctrine; and Mr. Chenevix states that he “heard him express his approbation of its general features, in a circle which was not particularly private.”†

Shortly afterwards, Napoleon returned to Paris from his German campaign. Hearing that the greatest of his comparative anatomists had attended a course of lectures by Dr. Gall, he fell into a passion, and at his levee scolded the wise men of his land for allowing themselves to be taught anatomy by a German. “This,” says Gall, “was the thunder of Jupiter overthrowing the pigmies. On the instant, my discoveries were nothing but reveries, charlatanism, and absurdities; and the journals were used as instruments for throwing ridicule—that all-powerful weapon among the French—on the pretended bumps.”‡ Las Casas, in his *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*, reports a conversation in which Napoleon even in his latter days boasted of having “greatly contributed to put

* Gall *sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, ii. 35. † Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. ii. p. 15. ‡ Gall, tome vi. p. 386.

down Gall." Forthwith the Institute appointed a committee, consisting of M. M. Tenon, Sabatier, Portal, Pinel, and Cuvier, to report on the memoir which had been presented. "M. Cuvier," says Chenevix, "drew up the report. In this he used his efforts, not to proclaim the truth, but to diminish the merits of the learned Germans. Whenever he could find the most distant similarity between the slightest point of their mode of operating, and any thing ever done before, he dwelt upon it with peculiar pleasure; and lightly touched upon what was really new. He even affected to excuse the Institute for having taken the subject into consideration at all; saying that the anatomical researches were entirely distinct from the physiology of the brain and the doctrine of mental manifestations. Of this part of the subject, Bonaparte, and not without cause, had declared his reprobation; and M. Cuvier was too great a lover of liberty not to submit his opinion to that of his Consul." Gall and Spurzheim replied to this report in a volume published at Paris in 1809, containing likewise the memoir itself. In this work the committee are accused of not having repeated the experiments. Each section of the memoir is given separately, and is followed by a reply to the objections of the committee. The subject produced much excitement among the medical men of Paris generally; but fear of the chiefs of the Medical School caused favourable opinions to be expressed only with the utmost circumspection. Some, in speaking of Gall's discoveries, affected to censure him, and to ascribe to their own professors the honour of having made them; others borrowed his ideas, without daring to confess from what source they were derived; others published extracts from his lectures, but warily concealed their names; while others, more bold, were expelled from scientific societies for declaring themselves partizans of the extravagances of the German doctor.* At this period, Gall was assailed with ridicule and abuse by the *Journal de l'Empire* and most of the secondary journals of Paris; and a masquerade was actually prepared in that city for the purpose of directing still more forcibly against him the tide of public merriment. Plaster-models are said to be still in existence, representing the comic personages who were to appear in the spectacle, and bearing the inscription "*Marche comique du Docteur Gall.*" He imperturbably meant to amuse himself, as at Berlin, by witnessing this masquerade; but the authorities prevented what they conceived would be a disgrace to the nation.† Nor was the public in general more indifferent than the medical profession. Every one wanted to get a peep at the necromancers; every one was anxious to give them a dinner or a supper; and Mr. Chenevix actually saw a list on which an eager

* Gall, ii. 32. † Dr. Elliotson, in the *Phrenological Journal*, vol. v. p. 76.

candidate was delighted to inscribe himself for a breakfast, distant only three months and a half—at which breakfast he sat a wondering guest. This excitement, however, naturally soon gave place to that resulting from other novelties; and till after Gall's death Phrenology made little figure among the Parisian public at large. But his lectures did not fail silently to produce on reflecting minds an effect which afterwards became apparent; and with unabated ardour and zeal did he and his colleague continue to pursue their researches into the anatomy and physiology of the brain. R. C.

REVIEW.

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE. A Philosophic and Didactic Poem; in Four Books, with Notes. By WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D., M. R. I. A.

FEW things are more remarkable in the constitution of our nature, than the identity and yet diversity which distinguish different grades of the human mind. One intellect is greater than another—and yet is so by virtue of an assimilation with it. There is an individuality, and yet community of thought and feelings. This principle properly considered, determines the source and defines the nature of mental greatness. This principle fully examined, developes also clearer perceptions of the character of genius. The power of genius does not consist so much in being infinitely beyond certain minds, as being bound by communion with them in a comprehensive circle, and numberless diversities. A man of genius is, in a certain degree, an incarnation of a great portion of mankind or of the whole species. He knows what is common and what is distinctive. He can influence all intellects, and move all hearts; and yet he can meet each in his own sphere, as if he had only to do with him. Ordinary minds are not without their powers of interest, but their sphere is limited and conventional. Most individuals are, for instance, important to their own family; and the dullest men converse with one another pleasantly enough on the subjects of their own trades or professions. Here their influence stops. The man of genius speaks to humanity; he seizes the feelings with a firm grasp; he arrests the ideas that only loosely float when tossed on the surface of other minds, clothes them with beauty, and gives them immortality. The shadowy forms and vague appearances that rapidly flit by ordinary imaginations, and “are but born to die”—within the region of his soul become breathing and living things, quickened by the glow of his fancy, and illuminated by its brilliancy.

The greatness of genius seems to consist in *truth* and variety of conception, combined with intense realisation, and felicitous expression. Thus one says, I often heard that idea, but never before felt it so powerfully. Another remarks, that

thought frequently occurred to me, but never could I embody it in so happy an expression. The combinations of genius embody the striking conceptions of thousands of minds. All forms of genius seem to include the same attributes, however differently mingled, or exhibited; and it is the possession of these essential qualities that constitutes its wide and potent energy, and the spell of its enchanting allurements. Contemplating its creations, we feel its power; we resign our hearts to the magician—he runs his hand along the chords—and draws forth such depth of tone, such “music of sweet sounds,” as makes us astonished that so much harmony and power could have lain dormant within us. When the spirit of genius breathes upon the soul, it effects an intellectual regeneration, and moulds all the elements of taste and feeling into the loveliness of a new creation. Its appeal is felt by virtue of these witnesses which it had previously in our hearts; by virtue of our love of conscious and active being—of varied impulses and strong emotions; by virtue of our sympathies with power, grandeur, and infinitude; by virtue of the delight we feel in the recovery of past impressions—in the realisations of *ideal* beauty—in the clearer delineation of vague imaginings, in the joy of full capacities or blissful visions; and by virtue of all those tendencies by which the depths of existence can be explored and moved, its circle widened, its vacuities replenished, and its prospects illuminated.

Genius is therefore necessarily consistent with human nature, and on this is founded both its effectiveness and permanency. Man discerns things only in relation to humanity, or through humanity; and even an angel would fail to influence, if he did not assume our form, meet our constitution, and give expression to our feelings. It is this full but exalted conformity, that stamps on fine productions an indissoluble perpetuity. We have heard such an expression as “*the age of Homer*.” What is the point of chronology which determines the period of the blind man’s birth and life, we will not dispute; but the Iliad has no age but that of mankind’s duration—its age is immortality. Empires pass away, majestic cities with all their wonders of architecture pass away, languages change, and customs become antiquated; but there are still some things within us and around us, which remain indestructible. From these are derived the materials of genius. The universe remains the same: ages have not quenched the sun and stars, nor dried up the rivers of light eternally flowing from them to make glad the creation of God; the arched horizon still continues the same blue and lofty temple, filled with the same visions of air and vapour; the ocean remains the same image of eternity, the thunder the voice of the Almighty, and the mountains his everlasting altars. And the soft loveliness of creation remains as permanent as its greatness; vales of peace and spots of paradise are still, as ever,

gems on the bosom of earth that sparkle in the sunny hours; the primrose peeps from the hedge, the same modest visitant of spring, after thousands of winters; and the clustering of purple grapes are still as beautiful, suspended from the gentle tendrils of the vine, as when first celebrated in the hymns and mythologies of Grecian worship. Our intellectual being remains the same, and so continue our affections and passions, our moral constitution and our general relations. The breathing of genius is the outpouring of humanity, but, at the same time, of an elevated humanity. Its fire is the enthusiasm of a vivid, comprehensive, and energetic soul; it burns through every age with an unquenching brilliancy; dimmed, it may be, by intervening damps and fogs, but it cannot be extinguished; and when again the atmosphere clears, it bursts forth with renovated brightness, and sheds on even a late posterity, a light as pure and a glow as fervent as when its flame was first enkindled, and gleamed from its original sanctuary. Genius is permanent: its language is not that of convention, but of nature; its perceptions are the insight of a superior into the constitution of things—are the transcripts not of changing modes, but real existences. Genius takes in a wide range of sublime or interesting realities—the realities of soul or nature, of truth or beauty—in their assimilations and contrasts, in their developements and combinations, in their delineations of character and felicities of illustration, in their energies of passion and purities of affection, in their lights and shades, their heights and depths of sentiment, in the simple or the grand, in the familiar or the wonderful. “The quality of genius is not strained.” It lives in a full universe; it does not become vapid or exhausted, because in the soul of man, in society and creation, it opens innumerable sources of novelty and replenishment.

There are hypocrites in genius as in religion, who endeavour to sustain a character without the vital principle that alone can inspire and animate it. They speak not out of the abundance of the heart. If their productions did any good to mankind—contributed, in any way, to rear up, preserve, or decorate the temple of virtue, liberty, or happiness, the praise of the widow might perhaps be theirs—they cast in their mite, and that is the *whole* of their living. They are small traders in the commerce of mind. They have few encumbrances, because their stock is trifling; they run little risk, because their capital is slender. A slight matter sets them up; and by a dribbling retail, and tact in management, they contrive in their own subordinate station to cut a very tolerable figure. One of these happening to hunt out a thought after a fatiguing chase, or to pick up a metaphor by some fortunate accident, blesses his stars, puts it to all advantages, shapes it to all forms—“tears it to tatters, to very rags”—and hashes and minces it so often, that at last the

original flavour completely evaporates. But this can never be the case with true genius. No number of centuries can render the heart insensible to the tenderness of pathos and the power of noble character. No time, however long protracted, can abase the sublimity of lofty imaginings, render vapid the appeals of a heart-stirring eloquence, or quench the fire of glorious poetry. Until man shall cease to be a thinking, an impassioned being, a social being—until he cease in days of youth to throb with high-toned feelings, to construct palaces of fairy pleasures, to burn with ardent affections, or to dream of golden hopes—until in maturer years he shall cease to look for soothing companionship, softened joys, and venerated friendship—until in declining life he shall cease to exult in a flourishing and surrounding offspring, to be gratified with the general attendance of his children, and to love the memory of youthful freshness and youthful joys—until at any age, he shall cease to conceive of ideal happiness, goodness, or beauty—until as a clod or a brute, with every inlet of pleasure closed, and every spring of impulse rusted, he shall feel in this world, full as it is with life, and rich as it is with luxuriant beauty, as in an unpeopled wilderness, where there is nothing to captivate his senses or feed his spirit,—until all this shall come to pass, the voice of genius shall ever find an echo in the human soul, with magic powers arouse its listless energies, and awake its dormant passions.

Taking these principles along with us, we can easily conceive how a great actor, in his wonderful personifications of human character, could make a theatre, crowded with multitudes, reverberate with the gaspings of sympathy, or the convulsions of laughter; we can easily conceive, how Demosthenes could make the hearts of an assembled people beat as with but one pulse of indignation against the tyrant and invader, and cause thousands of hands, as with an impulsive instinct, to grasp for swords to prostrate the despot; we can easily conceive how the invectives of Cicero could curdle the blood in even sneaking and corrupted senators, and blench the forehead of a cruel and voluptuous Cataline; we can easily conceive why the eye has flashed in fire, has stood fixed with rapture, when resting on the embodyings of glorious conception in the marble statue or the speaking picture; we can conceive why Milton makes us feel an eternity of spirit; and why Shakspeare makes us hear, and see, and feel almost as much as our beings can hold—surrounds us with a world of minds and forms which astonish us as prodigies of invention, and yet affect us as the creatures of reality.

And here we had intended to follow out our principles in application to poetic genius. We are afraid, however, that having almost filled our allotted space, we can do little more than introduce, and give a slight glimpse of our intentions. We hope, however, in future numbers, to explain our positions more copiously, and to do larger justice to our author.

The power of poetry, as in all modes of beauty, must greatly depend on contrast and combination, where brilliancy and sombreness enhance each other; like sunbeams glittering on the dark green of a thick grove. Imagination, we must admit, is the principal agent in poetical creation; but we do not, and we cannot feel, that mere imagination, however adapted in its sublimer soarings, to attract our wonder, is sufficient in itself to secure our interest, and to fix our sympathies. We are ourselves complex in our formation; and we can scarcely ever be affected by an application to one power distinct from others. Appeals to mere intellect are both dull and drowsy; and creations of mere fancy, are vague, shadowy, and untangible. We are not abstractions, and cannot be operated on by abstractions. Every thing must, as it were, be incarnated for us; not only orderly in its parts, and fair in its proportions, but covered over with a lovely smoothness, and buoyant with the pantings and the throbings of life. Imagination must be combined with passion. The one must create; the other must enliven. Imagination without passion is like a winter sun; it is as cold as brilliant; it sparkles on the snowy mountains, and while the eye is dazzled, the heart is chilled. Or, to use a more homely simile, it resembles a maker of stucco images: he moulds very pretty forms, he paints them with striking colours; but he has no Promethean fire—they are lifeless—there is no lightning in the eye, and no pulsation in the bosom. Thus it is with fancy; she constructs her figures; but passion must inspire them with vehemence, make them heart-stirring, animated, and “living souls.”

That Dr. Drummond, as an author, can bear the test we have endeavoured in the preceding remarks to establish and define, we are fully persuaded. That he is a man of genius, no one who has read some of his productions, and had any taste or feeling in his soul, can deny. And that he is possessed of poetic genius, we think the present publication completely establishes. This is our feeling respecting the author's execution of his work; but we entertain even a still higher sentiment concerning the choice of his subject. “The Pleasures of Benevolence!” What a lofty theme! The hymn that angels love to sing—to waft upon the gales of heaven! The fuel that supplies the eternal fire which burns in every seraph's bosom! Some poems lead us to regions in the dark unknown of mystic wildness; visions of majesty flit before us in the “dim obscure,” but they are creations with which we have no sympathy: other poems boil with the gloomy and terrible convulsions of passion; in reading them, the heart gasps and the pulse throbs—there is an oppressive sense of present power, analogous to one's experience on the heaving ocean in storm and darkness; every power is strung to its utmost intensity, and the result is exhaustion without im-

provement. There are, however, mild and soothing subjects which have been also celebrated in "sweet song," such as "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope;" but in each of these the circle is limited, and the enjoyments principally selfish. Memory turns a man directly on his own personal consciousness—his vanished pains and pleasures, and all other objects as associated with them. Hope is little more than the same principle inverted, turning the same personal feeling on the future, which Memory throws back on the past. It is Benevolence alone, that, including them all, carries out the circle of emotions and interests infinitely beyond them, and elevating the soul to a lofty pinnacle, enables it to contemplate humanity in its length and breadth, to glow with all its joys, to mourn in all its sorrows; and thus, in one's own individuality, to include its boundless hopes, and the whole compass of its being. Such a subject was worthy the consecration of every faculty; and the author has indeed brought a rich offering to its altar. He has come with the zeal and enthusiasm of a devoted pilgrim; unwearied and unwearied, he has traversed every clime of truth, and beauty, and goodness; from every region he has brought gems and treasures, with which devoutly to adorn his favourite shrine.

A few extracts will, we conceive, justify our remarks:—

“How beautiful was all

The vast creation, as it wheel'd around
The throne eternal, glowing in the beams
Of thy effulgence!—What vibrations glad,
Through all their continents, and isles, and floods,
Shook suns and planets, when among them pass'd
Thy life-diffusing soul,—and each vast orb
Re-echo'd to the mighty shout of joy
That rang through Heav'n from all the sons of God!
E'en to the verge of being, where the last
Of stars dim twinkle, did thy spirit rush;
The angel thou of God's bless'd Providence
To creatures numberless.”

Of mind:—

“The joys of MIND

Let sages tell, though such a theme might foil,
The tongue of seraph. Mind, ethereal power!
Bright emanation of primeval light!
Active and energetic, spring of life,
Pure, incorruptible, like God himself
Invisible, immortal! effluence bless'd
Of his bless'd spirit;—though in earthly cell
Mured for a season, destined to escape,—
To range in boundless freedom through the realms
Of infinite existence, to enjoy
Seraphic visions, and disport, for aye,
In all the plenitude of bliss supreme.”

Of love:—

“What are the joys of heaven, but those of love?
What God's own bliss?—The bliss of doing good

Unlimited and perfect. Next to God,
 Who stands in happiness pre-eminent?
 The favour'd spirit that from God enjoys
 The largest share of delegated power
 To guide the currents of his boundless love."

The mind through which ideas like these have passed, may be said to have lingered near the confines of heaven, to have inhaled celestial purity and fervour. Such a mind lives in an element of refinement and feeling, of happiness and hope, which is "not of this world;" it is its own paradise, it can never want balmy gales and sunny scenes; to its view every spot is bright; it flourishes "in immortal youth," and glows with the freshness of a perennial spring.

We shall return again to this subject. We love it; and do not desire to give it a hasty dismissal.

MONTHLY RECORD.

MARCH 1, 1835.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.—A Public Meeting was held at the Old Jewry Chapel, in Jewin-street, London, on Wednesday, January 14th, 1835. After prayer by the Rev. D. Davison, Thomas Gibson, Esq. was called to the chair, when the following Resolutions were passed, after being moved and seconded by the persons named.

By Rev. E. Tagart, and J. T. Rutt, Esq.—I. That, with a view to aid in the improvement of the moral and religious character of the poor of this Metropolis, and in the amelioration of their condition, we form ourselves into an association, to be denominated "The Society for the Establishment and Promotion of Domestic Missions in London and its Vicinity." —By Rev. E. Chapman, and Rev. B. Mardon,—II. That the following be the rules of the Society: 1, That the qualification for membership in such Society, be an annual subscription of not less than five shillings, or a life donation of not less than five guineas in one sum. 2, That all subscriptions be paid in advance, and be considered as falling due on the first day of January, in every year. 3, That a general meeting of the members be held in the month of January or February, in every year, for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee, electing a treasurer, secretary, and committee for the ensuing year, and transacting the general business of the Society. 4, That the business of the Society be under the direction and management of the treasurer, secretary, committee, and missionary or missionaries for the time being. 5, That the committee consist of seven persons, who, with the officers, shall have power to add three other members to their number. 6, That three members of the committee, *viz.* those three who have given the least attendance during the year, be ineligible for one year. 7, That at all

committee meetings duly summoned, four constitute a quorum. 8, That the committee, or any ten members of the Society, shall have power, through the secretary, to convene a general meeting of the Society.—By T. Hornby, Esq. and J. Watson, Esq.—III. That W. Wansey, Esq. be requested to accept the office of treasurer for the ensuing year.—By Rev. J. C. Means, and Rev. J. O. Squier,—IV. That the Rev. Edwin Chapman be requested to accept the office of secretary for the ensuing year.—By Rev. G. Kenrick, and Richard Taylor, Esq.—V. That the following members be elected on the committee for the ensuing year, *viz.* Rev. D. Davison, Mr. D. Lister, Mr. R. Surridge, Rev. E. Tagart, Rev. J. C. Means, Mr. J. T. Rutt, Mr. Isaac Solly Lister.—By Rev. R. K. Philp, and Mr. Surridge,—VI. That this meeting recommends to the committee, to take into its early consideration, the means of forming auxiliary committees in congregations connected with this Society.—By Mr. Vidler, and Rev. B. Mardon,—VII. That the committee be recommended to publish frequent statements of the progress and prospects of the Society.—By T. Hornby, Esq. and Rev. E. Tagart,—VIII. That the committee be instructed to prepare a set of rules for consideration at the next general meeting.—By Rev. E. Chapman, and Rev. B. Mardon,—IX. That T. Hornby, Esq. and J. Fernie, Esq. be requested to audit the accounts of the Society for the ensuing year.

Thanks were then voted to the Chairman, and the meeting separated.

A missionary has been labouring in the district of Spital-fields for nearly three years, and it is from the success which has attended his exertions, together with similar exertions in the neighbourhood of Jewin-Street, and in the Borough of Southwark, through Him who blesses every well-grounded effort to do his children good, that the promoters of these undertakings are encouraged to attempt their permanent establishment and wider extension, that they venture to appeal to the Christian public on their behalf.

Object of the Society.—The improvement of the temporal and spiritual condition of the poor and miserable, the ignorant and depraved, who may be within reach of its exertions.

Means.—Visiting them at their homes, and gaining their regard and confidence, by sympathy in their joys and sorrows, and by such occasional relief of their necessities as may convince them that they are sought in a spirit of brotherly kindness.—Affording them unobtrusive advice, assistance, and encouragement, in the pursuit of their occupations, the management of their families, and the economising of their time, money, and necessities of life.—Opening to their minds the prospect of the good which they may do themselves and their families, in bettering their condition, and raising them to respectability and comparative comfort, by steadiness,

sobriety, cleanliness, and frugality.—Laying affectionately before their view, their common brotherhood with all men, their sure ground of trust in the God and Father of us all, the purpose for which life is given, the sources of its true enjoyment here, and the means of its everlasting blessedness hereafter.—Inculcating the religion of Christ upon its broad basis, free from sectarian animosities and controversies; encouraging attendance upon the ordinances of religion, wherever the judgment can best be satisfied, and the heart be most deeply touched; and engaging with them in private acts of devotion whenever acceptable to their feelings.—With all zeal and tenderness, endeavouring to impress upon their minds, their responsibility towards their children, as it regards both their temporal and spiritual condition; the good or the evil they may cause them by their treatment and example.—Encouraging them to employ their children in useful occupations, or to send them to school; assisting them in their choice of day-schools, and providing for their regular instruction on the Lord's day.—Engaging the affection and attention of the children, and thus leading them to the green pastures by the still waters, where the lambs of Christ's fold ought to be fed.

Instruments.—Salaried missionaries, whose whole time and energies shall be devoted to the employment of the above means.—Voluntary assistants, especially in the Sunday schools connected with the missions, and in such other labour, under the superintendence of the missionaries, as may appear desirable.

Notwithstanding the similar plans which are in operation, there is an abundant field for exertion; so abundant that, if we were to weigh our unassisted efforts against the mass of evil which presents itself, we might well despair; but our hope, as our strength, is in the Universal Father, who graciously makes man the instrument of good to man, whether it be in ameliorating his temporal condition, or bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light.—It is obvious that one of the most effectual methods of aiding the Society will be by voluntary services, particularly as teachers in the Sunday schools. Young persons, or others, desirous of bringing their feeling of brotherhood with the poor and ignorant into active operation, are invited, therefore, to assist in the work.—Communication may be had with the Secretary, or any other officer of the Society.—One hundred pounds were collected at the meeting, and several sums have been paid in since. The committee earnestly solicit the friends of the Society to make an early announcement of their subscriptions and donations, that they may know how to apportion their efforts to their resources.

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PHRENOLOGY.—No. IV.

FARTHER CONTINUATION OF ITS HISTORY.

"The most valuable part of all philosophy, the philosophy of human nature."—*Dr. Blair.*

It was not till after he had employed upwards of thirty years in making observations on man and the lower animals, that Dr. Gall laid the result of his and Spurzheim's labours fully before the public in a systematic work. Such a work, however, at length appeared, under the title "*Anatomie et Physiologie du Système Nerveux en général, et du Cerveau en particulier. Par J. F. Gall et G. Spurzheim,*" in four volumes, 4to. The first volume was published in 1810, but the fourth not till 1819; and the work is illustrated by a splendid folio atlas, containing one hundred plates. Part of the first volume was printed separately in the 8vo. form, with the title, "*Des Dispositions innées de l'Ame et de l'Esprit,*" Paris, 1812. The third and fourth volumes bear the name of Gall alone, Spurzheim having left him in June 1813. This terminated the association which had subsisted between them for nine years; and Spurzheim immediately proceeded to Vienna, where he took his degree of doctor of medicine. In March 1814, he came over to Britain, with the view of stirring up attention to the new doctrine in this part of Europe. During his stay, he published in English, "*The Physiognomical System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim,*" 8vo. London, 1815; "*Outlines of the Physiognomical System,*" 12mo. London, 1815; and "*Observations on the deranged manifestations of Mind, or Insanity,*" 8vo. London, 1817. The first of these works met with no very gentle treatment from the periodical press of Britain. The Quarterly, the Eclectic, the British, the Critical, and the Monthly Reviews, with the London Medical Repository and the British Critic, all exerted their powers of ridicule, argument, and abuse; but the most virulent attack of all was that of the late Dr. John Gordon, in the 49th number of the Edinburgh Review. It is edifying to peruse the language in which the opinions of Gall and Spurzheim are spoken of in the shameless, unfair, and ungentlemanly article to which we allude. "That Drs. Gall and Spurzheim should have brought over any of the better informed in the island, particularly from among those with whom anatomy and physiology are either favourite or professional pursuits, into a belief of any of the amazing absurdities they are bold enough to teach, is, we should hope, a thing really impossible. There is nothing, indeed, in the shape of reasoning, calculated to mislead, in their whole writings; not one clever sophistry to captivate, nor even an occasional successful induction to redeem; nothing but a perpetual substitution of assertion for demonstration, and conjecture for fact. Were they even to succeed in shaking off the sus-

picion of *mala fides*, which we apprehend is inseparably attached to their character, we should not hesitate to say, that we do not know any writers, who, with a conceit so truly ludicrous, and so impudent a contempt for the opinions and labours of others, are so utterly destitute of every qualification necessary for the conduct of a philosophical investigation.”—p. 228. Again: “We have been the more minute in our sketch of their opinions, that their absurdity might be the more apparent. To enter on a particular refutation of them, would be an insult to the understandings of our readers. Indeed we will flatter the authors so far as to say, that their observations are of a nature to set criticism entirely at defiance. They are a collection of mere absurdities, without truth, connexion, or consistency; an incoherent rhapsody, which nothing could have induced any man to have presented to the public, under a pretence of instructing them, but absolute insanity, gross ignorance, or the most matchless assurance.”—p. 239. Again: “Such is the trash, the despicable trumpery, which two men, calling themselves scientific inquirers, have the impudence gravely to present to the physiologists of the nineteenth century, as specimens of reasoning and induction.”—p. 250. And lastly, with respect to the anatomical discoveries of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim: “It appears to us, that in this department they have displayed more quackery than in any other; and their bad faith is here the more unpardonable, that it was so much more likely to escape detection.”—p. 254.

In consequence of this unceremonious usage, Dr. Spurzheim repaired to Edinburgh, resolved to meet his enemy face to face, and convince him by ocular demonstration of the truth of the statements contained in the “Physiognomical System.” A letter written at the time by Dr. S. to a friend, descriptive of what took place, has been published by Mr. Andrew Carmichael of Dublin. “Generally speaking,” says he, “I am very politely received by every one to whom I am introduced. There are parties, but I shall not interfere with any one. I wish to know them all, and shall make it a peculiar business to study their individual characters. I was naturally anxious to face my conscientious reviewer. The first day I presented myself at his door he was out. The servant advised me to come back on the next morning, between ten and eleven o’clock. I was there at ten. He was again out. On the third day, at nine o’clock in the morning, I found him. In reading the letter of introduction, he kept good countenance. Then he feigned not to know me at all, and asked whether I had never been before in this town? He could not bear my facing him, and was evidently embarrassed. I put him at his ease as much as I could; spoke of the institutions, the university, the plan of teaching, &c. The next morning I breakfasted at Dr. Thomson’s, whose partner

he is. He came there, but more embarrassed than when I saw him at his house. He feels his bad conscience."

"From the beginning," continues Dr. Spurzheim, "I requested the medical gentlemen not to lose an opportunity of getting a brain. The partner of the reviewer, surgeon of the Military Hospital, furnished me with arms to combat them in their own lecture-room. Indeed, I could never have expected such a gratification. The whole happened accidentally, but I could not wish it more favourably. I gave notice to a few of my friends, that the opposite party might not be alone. The reviewer was to lecture at two to his class, I intended to cease, and continue after; but he was so kind as to yield his hour to me, so that I had the pleasure of demonstrating the brain *to his own class*, at his lecture-table, in presence of himself, Drs. Thomson, Barclay, Duncan, jun. Irwin, Emery, and many others.

"There could not have been a better brain; every thing was clear and satisfactory. The poor reviewer was in the most disagreeable predicament. However, as I was at his table, I did not wish to appear unpolite. I did not mention him; and it was not necessary, as he was known to the audience. I only stated, *This is denied*, and then made the preparation: *We are accused of such a thing, or blamed for showing such or such a structure*; and then I presented the structure in nature. At the same time I had our plates at hand, and asked the audience whether they represented the preparations as I had made them. The answer was always affirmative.

"The reviewer avoids me entirely. After the lecture he went immediately to his little room. Instead of retracting, he thinks he can make believe that his review is true. In conformity with the review, he opposed my demonstration, and denied what others admitted, and disputed about words and definitions. The battle was quite unique. He lost his temper, while I remained calm. He ascribed to me things which I had never maintained. I was twice obliged to provoke him to show where he had read his proposition. He looked for the meaning in my book; and, instead of finding it, found the opposite."*

Dr. Spurzheim afterwards delivered in Edinburgh a course of lectures on the anatomy and functions of the brain. He used to say to the Scotch, "You are slow, but you are sure; I must remain some time with you, and then I'll leave the fruit of my labours to ripen in your hand. This is the spot from which, as from a centre, the doctrines of Phrenology shall spread over Britain." The event has shown the truth of this prediction.

Dr. Gordon essayed a defence of himself in his "Observa-

* Memoir of the Life and Philosophy of Spurzheim. By Andrew Carmichael, M. R. I. A. Dublin, 1833.

tions on the Structure of the Brain, comprising an estimate of the claims of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim to discovery in the Anatomy of that organ," Edinburgh, 1817; but the suffrage of anatomists is now decidedly against him. We have already seen the unqualified admissions of Reil and Loder in 1805; and the following facts may here be referred to. Dr. Elliotson, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the London University, says of Gall and Spurzheim, that "anatomy must acknowledge them among its greatest benefactors."* Cloquet, a celebrated French anatomist, has copied, in his splendid work entitled "*Anatomie de l'Homme*," almost every one of the plates stigmatised by Dr. Gordon as incorrect; and Dr. Mackintosh, one of the most eminent medical writers of the present day, speaks of Gall and Spurzheim as "distinguished anatomists and physiologists," and acknowledges that "science owes a great deal to the labours of the gentlemen who have been engaged in phrenological inquiry."†

Before taking his final departure from Edinburgh, Dr. Spurzheim paid a visit to Mr. Dugald Stewart; who, however, was so narrow-minded as to refuse to see him, though carrying a letter of introduction. Such conduct was altogether unworthy of a philosopher.

In the same year the fulminations of the British periodicals called forth from Dr. Spurzheim an "*Examination of the Objections made in Britain against the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim*," Edinburgh, 1817; in which a complete exposure was made of the ignorance and reckless presumption of Dr. Gordon and the other reviewers. During his residence in the United Kingdom he delivered lectures in London, Bath, Bristol, Dublin, Cork, and Liverpool. Having returned to London, he delivered there another course of lectures, and became a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. In the month of July same year he went to Paris, where he continued his labours till 1825; delivering each year two courses on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Brain and External Senses. At Paris he published, in 1818, his "*Observations sur la Folie, ou sur les Dérangemens des Fonctions Morales et Intellectuelles de l'Homme*," with two plates; and "*Observations sur la Phrenologie, ou la Connaissance de l'Homme Moral et Intellectuel, fondée sur les Fonctions du Système Nerveux*," with seven plates; and in 1820, his "*Essai Philosophique sur la Nature Morale et Intellectuelle de l'Homme*," all 8vo. His English work, entitled "*View of the Elementary Principles of Education, founded on the Study of the Nature of Man*," 12mo. appeared at Edinburgh in 1821, and was reprinted, with some additions, in 8vo. at London in 1828. A French edition of this ad-

* Elliotson's Translation of Blumenbach's Physiology.

† Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic, vol. ii. p. 4.

mirable treatise was published at Paris in 1822. Of these and his other works we may hereafter give some account. In 1824, the French Government, after the fashion of that of Austria, prohibited the delivery of all lectures except those specially sanctioned; so that Dr. Spurzheim was compelled to limit his instruction to private conversations in his own house. Disgusted with this proceeding, he listened, in 1825, to the solicitations of his friends in London, and again visited that city, where he delivered two courses of eighteen lectures on Phrenology, in March and April, besides several courses of dissections of the brain at St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals, and in some of the medical schools. On this occasion, the manner in which he was noticed by the journals, particularly the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, the *Lancet*, and some of the London newspapers, showed that a great change had taken place respecting him in the public mind.

During his residence in London he published two valuable works—"Phrenology or the Doctrine of the Mind, and of the Relations between its Manifestations and the Body," with fifteen engravings; and "A View of the Philosophical Principles of Phrenology;" both 8vo. 1825. In these productions which, like his "View of the Elementary Principles of Education," are extended editions of some of the principal chapters of the "Physiognomical System," the comprehensiveness and profundity of intellect, the accuracy and assiduity of observation, the purity of moral feeling, and the ardent aspiration after civil and religious liberty and the happiness of the human race, which distinguish all Dr. Spurzheim's writings, are very conspicuous; and the works now enumerated constitute a lasting monument by which posterity will judge of the lofty character and talents of the man.

He subsequently returned to Paris; but the impression made during his residence in England, and which continued to increase after his departure, at length procured him an invitation once more to visit London: with this he complied, and, in the beginning of 1826, delivered a course of lectures to an overflowing audience in the London Institution, besides giving private lectures in the evening. In the same year he brought out two most useful publications—"Phrenology in connexion with the Study of Physiognomy; Part I. Characters," with thirty-four plates, 8vo.; and "The Anatomy of the Brain, with a General View of the Nervous System, with eleven plates," 8vo. In the former of these are described the different varieties of general character found in combination with certain forms of head; and, along with many valuable observations on physiognomy, and practical directions for the ascertainment of cerebral developement, it contains a number of biographical sketches of remarkable persons, illustrated by engravings of heads and skulls. After the publication of the

two works last named, Dr. Spurzheim resumed his abode in Paris, which city, however, was again forsaken in 1826, when he settled permanently in England. There we shall leave him at present, in order to look back upon Dr. Gall.

R. C.

DEATH-BED SCENES AMONG THE POOR.—No. III.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

IN commencing this simple sketch, I am carried back to my days of romance and boyhood. I feel as if I were about to write the elegy of hopes that are dead, and joys that are gone for ever. I cannot but think on times, when all within and around was poetry; when the young eye looked on the star of anticipation, and followed the illumined track, expecting to arrive at scenes and regions which fancy said were in the bright unknown; when the yet unspent and fresh affections poured from their fulness on the objects of their attachments; when the yet unopened treasures of the bosom promised to unfold profusion, which reality has found to be poverty; and when incipient imaginings were made the model of all that we had not actually experienced. Such associations are naturally bound up with all the recollections of our early years—still more, with the memory of our departed youthful companions.

Robert Moreland, as I shall call the subject of the present sketch, was one of my first and most endeared associates. I knew him not merely by acquaintance—I knew him in my heart—I knew him by every pulse which told me the human heart was capable of friendship; and his memory shall be there imprinted, until erased by that searing finger which shall obliterate every other feeling. Together we had pursued many of those objects which, when our heads get grey and our hearts chilled and our souls calculating, we are apt to call the follies of life. Together we talked in waking dreams—executed mighty projects—contemplated vast designs—called up castles in our mountain scenes—filled the lonely glens around us with happy visions—glowed or wept over the same romance—and mutually contributed to fabricate rustic sonnets in limping measure. He was the elder and the stronger; and my affection was on that account still more deepened, by the additional feeling of respect and gratitude associated with weakness and youth.

Robert was the son of a gentleman of small fortune, and the eldest of a large family. His father had never been wealthy, but had always been respectable. The property, which was, however, scanty even at first, became not only lessened, compared with the wants of an increasing family, but was diminished by actual reductions. The greatest misfor-

tune did not lie in the reduction of the income, had there been a correspondent moulding of the circumstances and habits of the family; but the word "*gentleman*" stood in the way, and the honour of ancestors must at all events be maintained. At all events, therefore, the sons must be gentlemen—the daughters must be ladies; and not to have received "*esquire*" on the superscription of a letter, or not to have the privilege of shooting or being shot at in a duel, if occasion required it, would, in Robert's family, have been esteemed a calamity of the first magnitude. The results were correspondently unfortunate on his education and character. To a benevolent observer of human life, few things are more deeply affecting, more truly pitiable, than the downward decline of a respectable family. In whatever imprudence it may originate, no one of common humanity can witness it unmoved. In no countries so much as in those where small aristocracy prevails, are such instances so frequent and numerous; and both of the causes and the manner of their accomplishment, this family might be selected as a very comprehensive example. Mr. and Mrs. Moreland knew none of their relatives, at least within any of the *acknowledgeable* degrees of kindred, who did not claim the privileged rank of gentry. The blood of the Morelands would have been considered as for ever polluted and beyond redemption, had it been desecrated to business or trade; and the only way in which it was lawful, according to the family statutes, to earn bread, was by law, divinity, or physic. Accordingly, after Mr. or Mrs. Moreland had enumerated the titles of the family, and the estated commoners, they might, perhaps, have acknowledged some of the younger branches to be counsellors, parsons, and doctors. Thus, every thing among them was as far as possible removed from what even bordered on plebeian degradation. But still, with the exception of these prejudices, originating in their circumstances, they had among them many noble and excellent qualities. Their faults were not certainly those of heartlessness or selfishness; their follies rather operated in injury to themselves than others; and however the envy of their equals might have been gratified in their vicissitudes, they were looked on with far different feelings by the humble and the poor. From the infancy to the manhood of Robert, they had seen all the gradations between apparent rank and those martyr struggles of dignified poverty, which were not worth what they attained; for prying eyes will discover poverty wherever it exists, and mark it with a keenness proportioned to the efforts made for its concealment. When Robert first opened his conscious being on the world, he saw the sun of life without a cloud. He was surrounded by all that could feed the dawning spirit with joyous emotion. He revelled in the indulgence of parents, who poured on him the first fruits of their affection, as

their eldest and favourite child. Often did he speak to me with rapture of his first experience of existence; and dwelt long and fondly, like all that feel reverses, on periods that live in memory but are dead in hope. Well may individuals be pardoned for enlarging on things to which contrast has given interest, which would otherwise have been the ordinary matters of ordinary life—as he that has no friend must think the more of his dog—or as the distant exile, in his lonely fancy, converts his native moor into a happy valley, and his stunted thorn into a plant of perennial beauty.

Robert had early looked on competence and elegance; but the time came, when he could only recall them as things that had been, and talk of them as things that might never be again. There can be little interest, in a sketch like this, to enter into the minute particulars of things not very extraordinary in their way, to describe the position of a neat mansion, the number of the servants, or the elegance of the furniture. These things, I shall leave to the imagination of my readers, which they are at liberty to adjust according to any respectable standard of comfort they shall desire; and, to tell the truth, such a space has this kind of enumeration lately held in works of fiction, that were I to pursue it, I should fear being suspected of writing a novel, instead of recording facts. Besides, any description I could have given, would have been correct only for a short space, for the affairs of the family now began to be in a state of rapid transition, and boding and melancholy changes were daily more affecting. Physicians assert, that in natural death, the paralysing symptoms first affect the extremities of the system; and the analogy seems fully expressive of the decline of a respectable family. The dress and table are the last to suffer; but the progress of mortality is long evident, before these vital functions are attacked. The jaunting-car is broken, and never repaired. The gate becomes rusty, and is not repainted. The hedges run wild, and are never trimmed. The lawn is no longer closely shorn, the walks newly gravelled, or the garden handsomely arranged. The siege of poverty attacks at last the house itself; the walls become dilapidated, the windows patched and broken. You rap at the door, and the servant is decent misery's ambassador—his person tells you the whole state of the case—you read it in his emaciated countenance—you read it in his thread-bare livery, and his rusty buttons. Nor does the assumed freedom of manner or apparent ease of the unfortunate principals, remove from your mind the melancholy conviction. Calling another day, perhaps you meet the poor butler at the gate, with a small bundle in his hand, and a tear in his eye, as he turns with heavy and care-speaking step from the house of fallen fortunes. These are the beginning of sorrows—the first drops, occasional but cold and heavy, which precede the floods that

are about to fall from a surcharged atmosphere, and to sweep away even the remnants of a wreck.

At the commencement, I have intimated that the earlier part of my life was spent near Mr. Moreland's. Absence for an intervening period, however, for a while interrupted my association with the family or knowledge of their circumstances. On returning again to the neighbourhood, the prospect of renewing our former acquaintance, was among some of the most delightful anticipations to which my mind looked forward along the journey. Mr. Moreland's was situated in a retired part of the country, a few miles from the nearest coach stage; and as it was still nearer than my own residence, on the evening of my arrival I proposed to saunter onwards from the town where I alighted, and for that night make it my home. It was an evening towards the close of autumn;—that joyous, and yet solemn period—so mingled with appearances on every side that intertwine sad with pleasurable associations; when the sun, gleaming through a hazy atmosphere, makes the face of nature seem at once to weep and smile; when the robings of the forest rich with every hue, and softened with every light and shade, give to the embodiments of fancy a colouring as diversified; when the realised promise of food and gladness written in every field, proclaims a spirit of goodness in the earth, and the soul becomes filled with undefinable emotions, and the eyes become bathed in the tears of a melancholy joy. With some such feelings, I sauntered on my solitary way. It was one of those retired rustic avenues, skirted with woodbine and thorn—clean yet sheltered—variegated and perfumed—far from the dust and bustle of commercial high-ways—passing through many a peaceful scene of beauty, many a woodland glade, many a cultured vale—and at every turn was a verdant bank, tempting the listless contemplative idler to recline luxuriously and dream his reveries. Here might Yorick have meditated one of his best sermons; and here parson Adams might be pardoned for having forgotten his horse. What vision filled up this interval of my dreaming existence, I cannot now remember, nor does the reader I suppose regret it; but whatever it was, a well known turn near Mr. Moreland's soon dissolved it. When I reached the gate, it was almost sunset. A rapid and melancholy look told me at once that here there was slight promise of repose. “The spirit of heaviness” had become the presiding genius of the place. Every thing was changed that could be changed. One of the first objects on which I cast my eye became a messenger of evil. At each side of the entrance was a large cut stone pillar, crowned with the figure of a watch-tower—the workmanship of olden times. On these had stood, when I was there before, two statues of warriors in full armour;—for these I now looked in vain. The one had been cast from its pedestal

altogether, and the other stood with its head broken off, a poor mutilated remnant—a suitable emblem of adversity. I paced slowly along the lonely avenue—approached the front door—was astonished at the silence—not a voice broke its stillness—not a dog barked—and the only sound that struck upon the ear, was the rustling of the withering leaves shaken by the breeze. I rapped, but the hollow echo from the lower vaults vibrated like a death-knell, or a groan from the spirit of solitude. It did not require long examination to discover that the house was vacant; and this place, that a large family had made a little world, had now become a bleak, and voiceless, and unjoyous wilderness.

It has been said that nature does not change—that it is ever the same; but the mind, which is nature's interpreter, does, and that comes to the same thing—at least as far as respects our feelings and impressions. I saw here, rising in equal majesty, the mountain near which the house stood; and the retiring gleam of the evening sun lingered on its summit with a parting kiss; I saw the same venerable trees, the children of centuries; I saw the same parks and glens; I saw the same river dancing as joyfully along the border of the lawn, and heard it struggling through the rocks with the same unceasing murmur—but how dead and chilling! they stood now as the tombs of past delights; and no longer enlivened by the breathing spirits that once surrounded every object with living associations; they cast on my feelings an oppressive heaviness, which, like the night-mare, I felt but could not shake off. Wearily and sadly I retraced the avenue; and called at the miserable, dismantled porter's lodge. A woman appeared to my call—she also was the same I had seen at other times; but her wan countenance and wretched apparel presented her in conformity with all the other alterations. Amidst many lamentations, interjections, and digressions, I could learn the family had been some weeks removed, and occupied a cottage at some distance farther on. Had no other circumstance than position been concerned, this intelligence would have been gratifying; as by this means, being nearer to me, I could have more of Robert's society than before. Fatigued and disappointed as I was, I however made an effort, and arrived before a very late hour at my own place.

In a day or two afterwards, I called at Mr. Moreland's new residence. The outside was certainly not very promising. It was a bare, low slated house, one story high, on an unsheltered marsh. It had one row of small windows. The hall-door, if that can be so called, where hall there was none, had no knocker. The internal arrangements proved that its outward appearance was no mock humility. The walls were unpainted or unpapered; the floors uncarpeted; the servants wild, slovenly, and dirty, appeared like female counterparts

to Falstaff's recruits; and the whole told in one view, with more force than a thousand essays, that poverty and disorder are inseparable companions. The family were at breakfast as I entered. They were all greatly delighted to see me; and in the strength of affectionate recognition, and the unbroken identity of kindly feelings, we felt ourselves the same beings, and forgot at the time all change of surrounding circumstances. This group presented, indeed, a strange contrast to every thing about them. A large circle of young children sat round the table, happy in their thoughtlessness, and joyous in the sunshine of their yet unclouded hearts. Mr. Moreland, portly and commanding in his person, maintained his place with a taciturn dignity—with more, it might be, of melancholy than pride, in his countenance. Mrs. Moreland, a light, fragile creature, even in whose matron years one could discover those still lingering beams of beauty which opened on a lovely and susceptible girlhood, appeared a strange vision in this bleak moor. Robert was there, too, apparently thoughtful even in boyhood. Two other figures I shall sketch. These were Mr. Moreland's elder daughters. Their ages were about thirteen and fifteen. They were both beautiful, but each in a different style. The eldest had a full, but graceful figure; negligent of manner, and, in every posture, expressive of a luxurious indolence. Her countenance had more the tenderness than the pride of beauty: it was languishing and pensive—it was not devoid of soul; but it seldom showed any of its stronger movements, or higher expressions; the eye always beamed with the lustre of deep and pure, and gentle feelings, but never kindled into the ecstasy of rapture, or the fire of genius. The other, on the contrary, was a light, an airy, an almost transparent form, as if composed, a poet would say, of the morning vapour and early sunshine; her every motion combined energy with grace—a spirituality of being, not only in purity but power, seemed to animate her every action; the simple playfulness of childhood, with the magic workings of imagination, cast its radiance on her features;—although possessing all those lines and proportions which the statuary calls lovely, there was shining through them that which the painter and poet more ardently look for, and more powerfully express—the beauty of mental developement, of intellect, fancy, feeling, passion; and when unconsciously drawn out—when cautiously the chords of her nature were touched, her admiration of the great, the good, the beautiful, became attuned into such harmony of youthful eloquence, burned with so glowing an enthusiasm, that her beauty was forgotten in her genius, as the surface of the sun is absorbed in his brilliancy. The contrast between these will be sufficiently marked, when I say, that one could pity and love the elder; but the younger at once attracted love, and commanded admiration. Nothing

fixes our attention so tenaciously on objects, as simplicity or contrast. When Werter first saw Charlotte, and received those impressions never to be effaced, she was dividing a brown loaf among her younger brothers and sisters; and to behold figures like the preceding, in the position just described, will leave indelible recollections, when in a splendid drawing-room, or brilliant assembly, they might not have created a second thought.

Mr. Moreland had two brothers in his immediate neighbourhood; the one a grandfather, and the other residing with him, an old bachelor. They were both exorbitantly wealthy. The poor people in the place used to say, *there was "no ind to their riches."* Twelve thousand a-year might however have reached to the bound of the elder's property, with something lying by for new purchases. He had made the most of his wealth by successful speculation; money, money, money, had been his motto, his desire; and he had his reward. If any thing else divided his interest, it was a booby son—a sort of respectable vegetable, who, if required to prove his existence from intelligence, could never have used the celebrated maxim of Des Cartes, "*I think, therefore I am.*" As it however fortunately happened, his duties required no such qualification; they were what he could do tolerably well without brains—to gormandise with Orange clubs and corporations, to prose at petty sessions, and to job with grand juries. He grew fat, because he had a good appetite and something to supply it; but he did not grow stupid, because he was *that* already. Nature had kindly taken the trouble off his hands. Luckily he married before the Reform Bill; he got into a great connexion by a borough-monger's daughter, a *lady of family*, and she brought in her pocket the net proceeds which the sale of the said borough had for years been accumulating. The young couple were however regularly pious—they went to church every Sunday. The old man retired to the more secret devotion of the closet—he sunned, and aired, and turned his dearest, dearest guineas. A fit of apoplexy had nearly left clear ground for his heir, on finding he had given a guinea to a poor woman instead of a farthing; and for days he did not cease to reiterate "Oh I am robbed"—"I am robbed"—"Oh my guinea, my guinea!" The bachelor brother was of the same stamp. He had been in the army—had returned a weather-beaten miser, loaded with gold and plunder—and yet dissatisfied, he existed only for gain; in making money he lived, and moved, and had his being. Numerous were the anecdotes which were circulated of his wonderful feats in the practice of economy. Among the most remarkable that I remember, were the transformations through several stages of turning and clipping, of a large military watch-coat, into a surtout, body-coat, jacket, waist-coat, &c.; until, at last, like all at-

tenuated substances, it evaporated into its original elements. His great jack-boots were as regularly transmigrated into wellingtons, shoes, slippers, &c.; so that with regard to the very parings, he gathered up the fragments that none might be lost. This brother, in Mr. Moreland's difficulties, became the manager of his property; not that he might generously regulate his affairs, but that he might reap some advantage from a distressed relative's necessity, draw more riches from his poverty, and gloat even on the corpse of his fortune.

Such were the influences which came in contact with Robert's mind, at a period most critical in the formation of character; such were the specimens of human nature in respectable life, that most frequently met his attention; and such were the individuals through whom alone he could be ushered into life, and to whom alone he could look for that patronage and support which a young man in any profession, in his outset, absolutely requires.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. IV.

IN "olden times," comets were dreaded as awful harbingers of nearly approaching wrath; thunder was deemed the threatening voice of Jove; lightnings were viewed as lurid gleams of red-hot indignation; even the hail was rattled down from almighty fury; and the very wind and rain were indications that some disturbing influences had obtained surreptitious access to the council-chamber of heaven, annoyed the deliberations, broke the quiet, and cumbered and weakened the legislations of Deity. But these were dark ages; these were times of ignorance; these were periods in the chronicles of the race when science slept, and inquiry slumbered, and the heavy hand of superstition was on their eyelids, and a profound gloom ministered to their sleep; and religion's self in vain walked through the earth, proclaiming her truths, and scattering around her celestial light. For science and inquiry heard not—the dull world heeded not; the beams which she diffused were absorbed by the universal blackness; her real features she could not impress upon the distorted and bewildered vision of men; and they talked of her as a being all harshness, deformity, and terror.

Times have changed. Science has awakened. Inquiry has aroused. The morning has dawned—the hand of superstition has been withdrawn—the deep gloom has been broken up—the darkness is receding; and no more can science and inquiry compose themselves to slumber. Religion's effulgence is now not wholly obscured, her accents not entirely unheeded, her beauty and grace not displayed altogether in

vain. Still the perfect day has not yet arrived. Darkness lingers on the horizon; clouds veil the mountains; mists mantle the valleys; a murky curtain spreads along the sky. The chilliness of night has not passed entirely away. The dreams of the darksome hour are not yet forgotten. Men speak to each other of those dreams; and not a few of them have been deemed of so much importance as to merit a place, and a prominent one, too, in the most serious theological discussions. Multitudes of these dreams have even received the proud distinction of science and divinity. Thousands of volumes are made up chiefly of these dreams; and vast numbers of human beings deem them of infinitely higher importance than the most obvious facts. But as the day advances, and the streams of heavenly light and heat melt away the clouds and dissolve the mists, and consume the murky curtain of the sky, and energy and heat are infused into the mental world,—the interest, loveliness, sublimities of creation will so thrill the soul, as to make it spring away from the remaining influences of slumber; forget its own dreams, and abjure those of others; and with a cleared and extended vision, discriminate between fact and fiction, truth and trash.

We may lament that there is so much of false theory blended with the verities of creation and God. But we may not despond. 'Tis ours to walk abroad with inquiry and science as our companions, and religion and truth as our guides. In such society, and under such direction, progress in knowledge must be made, advancement in pleasure must be secured. Others have made the experiment, and found their advantage. None who ever essayed have been known to repent their undertaking. We live to no exalted purpose, unless we are learning and improving. Why was the human mind made susceptible of indefinite expansion, but to be expanded? Why was nature enriched with exhaustless mines of priceless treasures, but to be explored? Why was creation marshalled in order and decked with countless beauties, but that human intelligence should be awakened to the admiration of the one and love of the other? Why were these chords of music fixed in the heart—the diapason of myriads of chords stretched from point to point in the stupendous instrument of the universe, but that the hand of gratitude should sweep the strings and call forth their enrapturing melody? Examine, learn, enjoy, are the words engraven deeply and legibly on every thing that exists. Along the whole range, from the stone to the star, from the smallest sand to the solar system, we cannot look with any care, without seeing on things inanimate and things that live, on things irrational and things intellectual, on insects and men, on earth and sky, on the page of man's eventful history and on the page of the everlasting Gospel, the words "examine, learn, enjoy." Men do not give that attention to these words

which they demand and merit. Sometimes they allow themselves to be frightened, and at other times allured from reading and obeying them. Prejudice, pride, and passion not unfrequently weaken and bedim the eye of the mind, and render it incapable of seeing this glorious, universal inscription. And often, because it is everywhere to be seen, men read it nowhere. They become as regardless of this injunction, as they do of the air they breathe; which, because they inhale it a dozen times every minute, come to consider it of no value—nothing for which to be grateful, although they could not exist one minute without it.

If, then, beings possessed of the powers of examining, learning, and enjoying, and commanded to use these powers for such important purposes, neglect the injunction and disregard objects close at hand and under the eye, it is no marvel that they give so little attention to the evidences of Almighty power, wisdom, and goodness, furnished by the phenomena of the far distant heavenly bodies. Yet Newton did not live in vain. Astronomy and mathematics have benefited mankind. Those who have laboured in these sciences, and through them unfolded to view many of the laws of nature which erst were unknown to man, have conferred blessings of no inconsiderable value upon their fellow-beings. They brought them into the more immediate presence of their Creator. They showed men how to follow the courses of the planets; how to pursue the rapid comet; how to weigh sun, moon, and stars; and how to unravel the seeming intricacies of their mazy movements, till one all-efficient and yet perfectly simple arrangement stood in all its consummate majesty, beauty, and sublimity, before their enraptured gaze. By such assistance we are now enabled to speak of the peculiarities of the sun and the planets, as we speak of the objects in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Thus we have learned that the sun is more than a million times the size of our earth. Then it is pretty clearly ascertained that the sun is not a body of fire, but a great opaque body with a luminous substance encompassing it at a considerable distance from its surface.

It is also found that the light of the moon is reflected from the sun as from a mirror. It is known that the light which proceeds from each of the planets is reflected light. And as our earth is the third planet in order from the sun, it will shine to Mars, as Venus shines to us; or be seen from Venus under some of the same appearances as Jupiter presents to us. And then, as the earth is nearly fifty times the size of the moon, the earth appears to the moon as a round luminous body about thirteen times as large as the moon seems to us. Jupiter has four moons, and he is himself a magnificent moon to each of these four. Saturn has seven moons and two rings, and while he receives their reflected light, he gives them his reflected rays in return. And it is just the same with

Uranus and his six moons. Mars, Venus, and Mercury are not known to have moons. But these planets, both primary and secondary, are so fitted up, for light and heat, and day and night, and the changing seasons of their years, as to leave no doubt of their being, like our own planet, peopled with inhabitants. And the Sun himself, being a vast opaque body, is most probably also a habitable globe. And when it is considered, that the solar system is thus shown to be thirty globes, and two annular bodies formed for the abodes of creatures adapted to these worlds,—the necessary conclusion is, that these inhabitants are various orders of intelligences, capable of investigating the works and enjoying the bounties of the Great Parent of all. And as we find the Creator providing for all living beings on this earth, even for the worm that creeps on the ground, and the animalcule that sports on the surface of the stagnant pool,—analogy conducts us to the conviction, that the inhabitants of Venus, Jupiter, and the Sun, will not be less the objects of heavenly solicitude than we find ourselves to be.

Not merely and only to sparkle occasionally on a winter night, to gratify the gaze of one out of ten thousand of our race, did the all-wise Architect call into existence the mighty masses of Jupiter and Saturn, or even Venus. The latter is but a small fraction less than our earth, while Saturn is nine hundred, and Jupiter thirteen hundred times the size of this globe. How unworthy the thought, that the Being who created, sustains, and directs all these worlds and their inhabitants, cares only for man! It is narrow, grovelling selfishness. It is the index of an ignoble mind. It is a remnant of the monkish mysteries of moralities—those despicable farces which were invented to rival the minstrels' ballads and jugglers' tricks, and in which the deluded and deluding priests exhibited the Deity amidst opposition, perplexity, and chagrin, making a world which, when finished, was totally different from what he at first meant and at last desired. Then, as the Creator had taken so much labour in vain to make a race of happy human beings, and formed sun and moon and stars for them alone, and for no other use, and yet he had failed in his primary object, he then determined first to vent his wrath at the disappointment he had experienced. And then, to escape from a universal failure, he took an infinitude of pains to retain a small portion of authority over his own works; and to secure for himself about one human being out of a million; while the successful enemy took all the rest. Yet this monkish mummery is even now by some called theological truth. But thanks be to the Author of Nature and the Giver of Revelation, they did not get that theology from him. Far different are the truths he sets before us. In the stars, he tells of power and wisdom; in the Bible, he tells of goodness and love; in man's hourly experience,

he tells of his kind providence and paternal regards. But in neither stars, Bible, nor human experience, is there a hint of the present system of things being a mere patchwork make-shift. The very reverse is set forth as a great natural and theological truth.

D. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

WILLIAM PENN.

WILLIAM PENN was born in Tower Hill, London, on the 14th of October, 1644. He was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family, and was the only son of Admiral Sir William Penn, who held at different times many important stations, and rendered valuable public services to the government. The son was early put to school at Chigwell, in Essex, where he was instructed in the elements of learning. According to his biographers, he received while at this school, the impressions which marked the strong peculiarities of his future life.

Anthony Wood relates, that when he was eleven years old, being in his room at Chigwell, "he was so suddenly surprised with an inward comfort, and, as he thought, an external glory in the room, that he has many times said, that from that time he had the seal of divinity and immortality, that there was also a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying his divine communications."* And William Penn himself afterwards stated, in the account of his travels on the continent, "that the Lord first appeared to him about his twelfth year," and that, during the three years following, "the Lord visited him, and gave him divine impressions of himself."† Whatever part the imagination may have had in creating and fixing these impressions, it cannot be doubted that they exercised a strong influence in deciding the bent of his mind and character.

From Chigwell, he went at the age of twelve years to a private school in Tower Hill, where, with the aid of a tutor in his father's house, he was prepared for the University. At the age of fifteen he was entered at Christ's Church, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner. Among his companions and intimate friends at the University, was the celebrated John Locke, for whom he ever afterwards cherished a warm attachment. In the first part of his collegiate course, Penn was distinguished for his attainments and devotedness to study, as well as for the spirit and vivacity with which he entered into the amusements and exercises suited to his age. But an incident soon happened, which revived the impres-

* *Athenae Oxonienses*, v. ii. col. 1050. † *Biographia Brit.* vol. v. p. 3317.

sions of Chigwell school, involved him in immediate difficulty, and laid the foundation of his future conspicuous career in the character of a powerful, zealous, and unwearied champion of a peculiar religious faith. A man by the name of Thomas Loe came to Oxford, and preached the doctrines of the Quakers. The mind of William Penn kindled at the discourses of this preacher; they communicated sentiments in harmony with his own, which at the same time enlisted his feelings, and gained the assent of his understanding. With a few of his fellow-students, who were wrought upon in a similar manner, he established meetings, in which they had devotional exercises according to their own views, and gradually deserted the regular forms of religious service in the University. This gave offence to the heads of the colleges, and Penn and all his associates were fined for nonconformity.

Such a step, although it might comport with the majesty of law, was scarcely dictated by the counsels of prudence. It was little calculated to tame the ardent spirits of young men, who believed themselves guided by the imperious calls of duty and truth in worshipping their Creator, and whose conscience, at least to their own minds, bore witness to their sincerity. Gentleness and persuasion, properly applied, may soothe the heat of youthful enthusiasm, but force will commonly add fuel to the flames. So it proved on the present occasion. It was at this time, that King Charles the Second resolved to restore the ancient costume to the University, and he sent orders accordingly that the students should be habited in the surplice. This relic of external forms and observances was extremely odious in the eyes of William Penn and his associates, who held simplicity of dress, and plainness of deportment, to be among the brightest testimonies of the meekness, self-denial, and spirituality, essential to a true Christian. They could not endure such a monument of human vanity perpetually before their eyes, and Penn, together with several other students, among whom was Robert Spencer, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, made war on the surplice, and tore it from the shoulders of those who ventured abroad in this garb. So flagrant an outrage could not, of course, pass unnoticed, and the authors of it, with Penn among the number, were expelled from the University.

His father was much offended, that his rashness, or his imprudence, should bring upon him such a censure, and he was equally disappointed at the bias which he found his son's mind had received. He had looked forward with high expectations to the success, which he flattered himself would attend his son in the world, favoured by the many advantages which he was enabled to confer on him by his own high station, and his extensive connexions with the leading men in power. But when he found all these bright hopes likely to be blasted by what he deemed the perverseness or un-

justifiable singularity of his son, it was a source of mortification and displeasure. He tried argument and expostulation in vain, and he ended by turning him out of doors. This effervescence of passion, however, did not continue long. The son was recalled, and the father thought to dissipate his wayward fancies by sending him abroad, where new scenes would attract his attention, and new objects press on his thoughts. But this expedient failed, for instead of finding anything to detain him in the gay and varied amusements of Paris, he sought for employments more congenial with his state of mind, and his father heard of him attending the lectures and receiving the private instructions of the famous Moses Amyrault, a Calvinistic professor of divinity at Saumur in France. Penn was now nineteen years old, and he read the Fathers, and applied himself to systematic theology for several months, under the direction of Amyrault.

From Saumur he pursued his travels to Italy, but had advanced no farther than Turin, when he received a letter from his father requesting his return to England, that he might take charge of the family during the absence of the Admiral, who was appointed to the command of a fleet then fitting out against the Dutch. Soon after his return, he engaged in the study of the law, and was entered at Lincoln's Inn, where he remained somewhat more than a year, till the plague of 1666 compelled him to leave London.

Meantime, the religious tendency of his mind was neither diverted nor weakened; the vivacity of manners, which he had acquired during his travels, wore off by degrees; he became sedate in his deportment, shunned the company of the gay, and took delight chiefly in the society of sober, religious people. His father at length came back from his naval expedition, and was again chagrined to find his son leaning to his early habits, and possessing, apparently, no disposition to seek the honours, or attain the worldly distinctions, of which his connexions in life could not but give him a fair promise. One expedient only remained, and to this Admiral Penn determined to resort. He owned estates in Ireland, and was intimately acquainted with the Duke of Ormond, at that time Lord Lieutenant. Thither William was sent, first to the court of the Duke, and then to the immediate superintendence of the estates in the county of Cork. With his promptness and fidelity in the management of business, the father was entirely satisfied, but he was still grieved to learn that no change took place in the religious opinions and propensities of his son, and that neither the society of the great, nor the amusements of fashionable life, had any charms to win him from the pleasures of sober meditation, and the adherence to his peculiar views of religious faith and worship.

An incident occurred which made the case still more

aggravating. William Penn happened to be in Cork on a certain occasion, when it was announced, that Thomas Loe, the Oxford preacher, was about to hold a meeting in that city, where a small body of Quakers resided. This was a temptation not to be resisted; from the time of the disastrous events at the University, Penn had considered himself greatly indebted to this man, as the person who had awakened in him a proper sense of the spiritual nature of religion, and taught him to despise the vanities of the world, and the solemn mockery of outward forms in devotion, which makes piety a shadow, blinds the eyes of conscience, and cheats the heart of its purest joys. He listened again, with renewed satisfaction, to his favourite preacher, and the result was, that he became a regular attendant on the meetings of the Quakers, and began to be known by that appellation. At one of these meetings, he and eighteen others were seized and imprisoned, under pretence that they were violating the law respecting tumultuous assemblies; nor was he released till he had written to Lord Orrery, president of the council of Munster. This letter was manly and dignified, decorous in manner and noble in sentiment, discovering at once a conscious rectitude of purpose, and a fearless freedom in claiming the rights of conscience and pleading the cause of toleration. It produced the desired effect, so far as his personal liberty was concerned, and he was immediately discharged from prison.

Intelligence of this event coming to his father, he sent for his son to return home, and again expostulated with him in an impressive and affectionate manner on the course he was pursuing. But it was too late; if a doubt had previously existed in the mind of William Penn, persecution had removed it; he had suffered in what he believed the sacred cause of conscience and truth; if his purpose had ever been wavering, it was now settled and unalterable. The Admiral made one effort more, however, which was to persuade him to remain with his hat off, while in the presence of the King, the Duke of York, and himself. But this mark of outward deference his son declined, as incompatible with the simplicity of pure religion. The opinion of the early Quakers concerning the ceremony of uncovering the head as a token of respect, or of deference to a person present, is thus described by Mr. Clarkson:—"They took it for granted, that the use of the hat in the way described, was either to show honour, respect, submission, or some similar feeling of the mind; but they contended, that, used as it then was, it was no more a criterion of these, than mourning was a criterion of sorrow. The custom, therefore, in their opinion, led to repeated acts of insincerity. A show was held out of the mind's intention, where no such intention existed. Now Christianity was never satisfied but with the truth. It forbade all false appearances.

It allowed no action to be resorted to, that was not correspondent with the feelings of the heart. Secondly, in the case where the custom was intended to have any meaning, it was generally the sign of flattery; but no man could give way to flattery without degrading himself, and at the same time unduly exalting the person whom he distinguished by it. Hence they gave to the custom the name of *hat worship*, a name which it bears among them at the present day." Such were the reasons, which convinced William Penn that it was his duty not to accede to his father's request in the ceremony of the hat, even out of respect to the king himself. The Admiral was vexed at this persevering obstinacy in what appeared to him a thing of trifling importance as a matter of conscience, but which had become by the rules of society an innocent custom, constituting at once a test of good manners and of a regard for social order. His patience was again exhausted, his passions rose above his paternal feelings, and he compelled his son a second time to go from home under the weight of his severe displeasure.

He was now enlisted with his whole soul in the cause of the Quakers, and in the year 1668 he resolved to enter on the office of a preacher in that sect, and to devote his life to the promulgation of the tenets by which it was distinguished. No one, who has followed his progress thus far, and witnessed the inherent firmness of his mind and energy of his character, will doubt that he was true to his purpose. It was now that he entered the broad sphere of public life, and launched on the ocean of popular religious controversy, where, for upwards of forty years, he sustained himself as one of the most distinguished persons of the age in which he lived.

He had scarcely commenced his ministerial career, when he was furnished with convincing proofs, that tranquillity and personal comfort were the last things of which he could cherish any good hope in the discharge of his new duties. To be the preacher of an unpopular faith, to encounter prejudices and endeavour to eradicate errors, to expose the mischiefs of false religion, and call on men to relinquish their ancient belief and habits, was not a task calculated to secure rewards of gratitude, or to make the path of life peaceful and smooth. Hosts of adversaries came forward, but no power of opposition could daunt the spirit of William Penn. His zeal and exertions were adequate to every occasion, and by example and exhortation, by preaching and writing, he boldly confronted his enemies, and stood forth as the determined and unwearied champion of the cause he had espoused.

(To be concluded in our next.)



REVIEW.

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE. A Philosophic and Didactic Poem; in Four Books, with Notes. By WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D., M. R. I. A.

(Continued from page 106.)

WITH renewed pleasure do we again return to our pleasing occupation. From the toils of active labour, or the heartless apathy, callous selfishness, or vulgar insolence, which, in a world such as this, must after all be frequently met with in society,—it is refreshing to the spirit, to breathe for a little amidst these pure and cheering contemplations—to bathe in dews from heaven, and linger in beams that warm the heart.

Some one has said that “the child is the poet of the man.” The reflection is striking and profound; and gives one a penetrating glance into the nature of the poetic genius. Almost every child is a creature of imagination; around it, novelty and life are everywhere bursting; it is ever catching rapid glimpses of things, and filling up the outline from the ideal elements of its nature; it lives in scenes that young desire loves, and that fancy, uncurbed by experience, creates; until at length, advanced existence, either exhausting its anticipations, confines its manhood to fact or commonplace; or else, drawing out the deeper energies of mind, still urges it to onward flight and new combinations. The early ages of the world have also been ages of poetry.

A great quantity of critical talent has been expended in describing the poetical character. In this as in other things, it would however appear, that what is most striking in actual effect, is least within the power of description. The emotions and sensations we most exquisitely feel in experience, are incapable of being analysed or dissected; and so most commonly is the power by which they are produced. Nay more, the ability to analyse does not always infer a susceptibility to be moved. An anatomist might be the most impervious to human loveliness; and a man of science, who knew the whole theory of curved lines and the laws of refraction and reflection in light, might view the rainbow without a single impulse of delight or admiration. Thus it may be too with critics, who, from the habit of literary dissection—who, from tearing works asunder in their critical anatomy-rooms, sometimes stigmatise what gives multitudes pure and vivid pleasure. There is scarcely the possibility of giving any such general view of the poetic character, combining, as it does, so many elements, and resolvable as it is, into so many varieties, and often apparently dissimilar, as will not exclude some who may nevertheless be well entitled to its distinction.

One may feel very powerfully when in communion with a poetic spirit, though his expression of the effect may be vague and undefined. We would say, for instance, as to our own

impressions, that true poetry strikes us as that combination of thought and expression, in which *soul* is felt as present and predominant. Poetry is the soul multiplying and embodying itself through innumerable manifestations, and in each holding intimate spiritual converse with other minds. This is the source of its sympathy, and this is the agency of its power. There is nothing so immediately mental as poetry. We do not say *ideal*, because we think the ideal is involved in the nature of poetry—it does not include all its subjects, nor comprehend its whole range. Our general position will appear with greater force, the more extensively it is examined—the more variously it is illustrated. We must ourselves be very short on it. Compare it with the merely practical and useful arts, and the distinction will be evident. The chairs and tables that, while writing, we see around us in the room, are very useful, and the construction of them required a certain exertion of mind. But there it stops—it does not re-act on other minds—it does not reproduce itself—we apply them to our common purposes, and have no new consciousness, or additional impulses. Such examples might be largely multiplied.

The principle of poetry is *one*, but its modes of development are diversified like the universe, which is unbounded and inexhaustible, though still manifesting but one pervading spirit. The world of poetry is a region of life and action, of intellect and feeling, where every object is breathing with thought or moving with passion. Poetry in ancient times animated every visible object, and found a presiding spirit for every element. Every thing had its internal soul—its latent deity—from the sun, round which a host of planets danced, to the leaf that quivered in the lightest breeze. Harmony was the concord of the gods; and the conflicting elements were the struggles of their contentions. At night, *soul* gleamed in every star, or gazed on earth through the benignant lustre of the moon; the opening and roseate dawn was the first pure blush of a goddess; the rising sun was the coming forth of a god from his ocean-bed. The zephyr that fanned the evening, or the thunder that shook the heavens, were the voices of different invisible beings. The ocean as it boiled into mountains, or the fountain as it glittered with its bubbles, had each its separate power; one hand shed flowers on earth's bosom, another nourished its fertility, bestowed the waving harvest, and hung the vine with purpling grapes; every grove, every glade and valley, every cavern, every mountain, every streamlet, every river, had its hovering genius; every thing gentle and every thing terrible; every thing soft in loveliness, or bold in sublimity; every thing that seemed to be malignant, or that was looked on as benevolent—all were in some manner or other associated with the powers and operations of mind. These, connected with the

striking and commanding actions of human beings, the daring of heroism, the power of self-determination, the magnanimity of self-devotion, the energy of action or counsel, the suffering of flagrant criminals, and the misfortunes of fate-driven wanderers, constitute the general materials of ancient poetry, and especially that of Homer. And this is the natural order. Men are active before they become reflective; and are impressed with the wonders of external phenomena before they understand the subtle workings of the human heart. The more violent passions are also sooner developed and easier portrayed, than the milder affections, or the more profound and intense sentiments of our being. The former have operated equally at all times, and to be experienced and described, need only a powerful native enthusiasm; but the latter are the result in a great measure of general circumstances, and spring out of the moral and social education of mankind.

In modern poetry we perceive, strongly marked, the influence of a spiritual religion; of a clear belief in futurity; and of more diversified social affections and relations. The external materials of poetry remain the same, but they are to be differently combined, and in other forms associated with our internal emotions. The object of poetry is still to awaken, multiply, or elevate our feelings; but it has additional springs to move and chords to touch. It is still to give increased intensity to energy, to display the latent loveliness which the poet's eye discerns; and to array beauty in that clothing of light or sublimity, in those robes of might, which the poet's imagination alone unfolds; but it has deeper capacities to fill, and more ardent longings to satisfy. The poetry of the ancients was more that of description and action; the poetry of the moderns has a greater depth of sentiment and spirituality. The one is more picturesque, the other more ideal. In the one, every thing is palpable and bounded; in the higher orders of the other, there is a continual struggling and pressing towards infinitude. The one fills the mind from without with grand sensations; the other seeks in these impressions the soul of beauty—amalgamates them with the mind's own unmingled intensity. The one applies the external universe to give energy to mind; the other penetrates the mind to give interest to the universe. In the objects of the one, soul is embodied; with those of the other, it is only associated—but whether embodied or associated, it is still the source of interest. It is the poet's power to transmit, in whatever form, his own sympathies or enthusiasm. His mind is a magic mirror, in which we behold wonders in the most familiar objects, before unrevealed; and new appearances never before imagined—yet reflected by language with all the original vividness of conception. Even similar images in other minds—as shadowy glimmerings in a mirror with its surface

soiled—die into faintness from incapacity of transmission. Is the poet one whose bosom is a chamber of dark imagery, visions of despair, and forms unamiable? How does he not make the soul appalled when he leads us to profundities of misery—caverns, which, as a giant of terror he has hewn, and points to the writhing victims with which he has peopled the gloom! How bold, rough, and sterile the scenery, but how fearful yet powerful the interest! How intensely does another draw us upward to the regions of greatness and beauty in which his own spirit lives! With another, we enter into his own personal feelings—burn as he burns, and rejoice as he rejoices. And with another, we kindle in rapture amid nature's luxuriance; or delighted, give ourselves to the future visions of mankind's happiness.

Our author in the first book had well and powerfully described the agreeable emotions produced by sensation; but in the second book he enters more within the vail of the human bosom; and beautifully indeed does he show, how, by benevolent affections, that bosom may be made a temple of happiness. If our existence becomes widened with our sympathies, if our life is multiplied in our emotions—then does that author do us the greatest favour, who binds our interest and tenderness to the largest number of animated beings. Action is life. He that enlarges the one, in the same degree extends the other. But he who not only creates emotions, but renders these emotions agreeable, not only varies and extends our existence, but sheds blessings around it. This praise certainly belongs to Dr. Drummond. He makes us feel with every animated creature, and gives us an interest in its being. He not only cultivates the soil of our hearts, but causes pure and beautiful flowers to spring up there, with soft or brilliant colours, gemmed with heaven's dew, and glowing in its sunshine. And he not only surrounds them with interest but beauty; and having secured our imagination by his brilliancy, glides into our hearts by his affection and his pathos. Thus, having pleaded for the feathered tribe, he gives an interesting picture of those that love the sea; in which occurs the following passage:—

“Around your cliffs,
In many a playful curve, ye sea-birds, wheel;
Preen your gray wings; along the level brine
Quick-diving plunge; or on the sunny swell
Float like small islets of embodied foam;
Stars of the sea, ye stud and beautify
Its azure waste, as th' empyrean fires
Gem and illumine the ebon vault of night.”

Dr. Drummond, in accordance with the sacred office in which he is engaged, takes especial care to regulate taste by principle, and loses no opportunity of cultivating the religious affections. In this spirit, he celebrates the benevolent institution of the Sabbath; and denounces those avaricious

or luxurious mortals, who sacrifice the rest and retirement of their dependants to their indulgence or their gain. Nor does he even here forget that part of the brute creation, which are our dumb and uncomplaining servants. Man's cruelty and injustice to that generous creature, the horse, are described in strains worthy the poet of love.

“Another sun
May yet roll o'er, ere bursts his wearied heart :
And so from day to day he toils and toils,
'Till life's last nerve is worn and rubb'd away.
Hard is his fate, and hard the gen'rous steed's,
Whose strength or fleetness brings him to contend
With space and time, to swell the cruel pride,
Or glut the avarice of his ruthless lord.
Gored by the spur, and furrow'd by the lash,
Lo! how he strains till every sinew starts,
And every pore exudes a bloody dew:
Besprent with foam, and panting to achieve
One triumph more, with spirit unsubdued,
He reels and falls, and at the goal expires.”

The apostrophe to life we admire, as not only evincing an insight into the soul of things, but as combining with peculiar felicity the poetical with the philosophical:—

“Life, mystic wonder! what invisible tie,
Binds thee to matter?—What anatomist
Can show the fine conjunction? Broken once,
What power, save Heaven's, restore it? Breath of God,
Subtle and volitant,—now fixed;—anon
Dispersed,—but whither,—since no power on earth
Can trace thy flight, nor lure thee to th' abode
Whence death has forced thee?—Source of joy and love,
And boundless beauty! Thou delight'st to play
In thousand, and ten thousand thousand forms,
Brute, human, and angelic. Dark, and dull,
And motionless were Nature, didst not thou
People her regions, and with vital spirit
Warm and impregnate. Then no fount would flow,
Nor leaf would quiver, nor an eye would glance
With intellectual fire. Thou marvellous power,
With reverence let me hail thee, though enshrined
In a poor worm, for in the humblest thing,
Quicken'd by thee, I mark the seal divine,
The characters of heaven, that bid me praise
And venerate thy sire, th' eternal One,
The only wise, the true, the living God.”

In every pulse of our heart, do we go along with our author, when he shows the loveliness of benevolence in woman. In grief and disappointment, in persecution and distress, woman is our last retreat. In the broad extent of God's universe, there is no movement so awakening, so encouraging, so animating, as the thrill of kindly, of affectionate interest, that throbs in her bosom. The pulse of benevolence beats in her heart, sometimes even when the sun of her glory has set; but when that voice is silent, then is her soul not only a beamless night but a turbulent chaos; then is she “fit for

treasons, stratagems, and strifes." The poet is always in freshness of feeling a youth. He is ever a being of love. And what poet has not revered woman? His soul seeks for a counterpart in hers. He seeks for a heart whose vibrations shall answer to his own. He pants for some being, to whom, in his enthusiasm, he can breathe forth his feelings and aspirations—to whom, in his agony, he can utter his bitterness and pain. He longs for some soul, into whose depths he can pour the outflowings and full-fraught tide of affection and passion that heaves tumultuously within him, but which, confined or turned back to its source, shatters the bosom, and leaves scarcely even the wreck of happiness. The philosopher may become absorbed in reasonings, the ambitious man in his glory, the niggard in his treasure; but the poet, from his very constitution, cannot be happy without sympathy, and therefore he never forgets woman. In his mind, almost every thing soft, lovely, good, stands in some way or other related to her, and derive, in a great measure, their loveliness from this association. To him, the kindling of morning on the brightest scene, is poor indeed, compared to the first blushes of her love; to him, the purest lustre that sparkles on the silver streamlet is dullness, contrasted with the melting tenderness or brilliant delight that beams or flashes from her eye; to him, the tremulous breeze that warbles through the *Æolian* harp, is harsh in comparison with the dulcet tones of her affection and compassion. And thus is it with the author. Like Rousseau, he sheds exquisite tenderness about woman, but goes beyond him in radiating her character with the lustre of religion as well as of sentiment. "Euphronia" is a delightful picture. If disposed to find fault, we would say, some of the traits are however too minute. Many acts of a gentle being may be truly fascinating, if we saw them done; but they approach very near the trifling, if described in palpable expression. They will as little bear to be put into words, as a metaphor into painting. This applies especially to poetry, in which the imagination must always be sustained at a certain elevation. Happy are we to have known such a spirit as Euphronia; and many similar characters would there be in every district, to illuminate and bless the circles of private life, were the female mind not quenched by the withering influences of perverted education, or the cold, and artificial, and heartless maxims of fashion. Whenever we meet with sullen reserve esteemed as propriety of manner—haughtiness mistaken for dignity of character—silly affectation confounded with accomplished elegance—we will point to the character of "Euphronia." Mrs. Fry has also well merited the tribute paid her. Who could sing benevolence, and forget the follower of Howard? We can well sympathise also in the author's young association round his native vale—we can mourn with him

over its bleak and blasted ruin—we burn with his indignation against the oppressor; but the author's is a country where sympathy is almost paralysed by the frequency of misery—where every district has its “ruined village,” and every “ruined village” its grinding tyrant.

We do not desire to give indiscriminate praise; and we shall therefore mention one more slight objection. The enumeration of animals is very extensive, exhibiting a vast knowledge of that department of creation; in general, it is also beautiful; but we fear it is too expanded for poetical effect. Only it has occurred in but one or two instances, and that we desire not to be thought minute verbal critics, we would also object to the use of such words as “*perduring*,” and “*antepast*,” as unpoetical.

We shall in our next number return to our notice of this poem.

MONTHLY RECORD.

APRIL 1, 1835.

THE following description of DR. CHANNING, which lately appeared in “*The Athenæum*,” is so excellent in itself, and bears upon it such marks of truth and vitality, that we are persuaded its transference into our pages will gratify our readers:—

“Dr. Channing is the great apostle of Unitarianism. He was originally a Trinitarian clergyman, and, in those days, not considered remarkable either as a writer or speaker. The change in his sentiments took place while he was still young; and at that time the believers in his creed were few. Possessed (by marriage, if we are not mistaken) of a considerable fortune, he was independent of worldly considerations; and in the same town where he had always lived, began to preach his then unpopular doctrines, with a power and an eloquence which seemed to gather strength from opposition, and soon collected about him an attentive, and before long, a believing congregation. He has lived to see the Unitarians one of the most numerous sects in New England. By far the greater proportion of the educated and wealthy are among his followers; the oldest and best endowed university is completely in their hands; and a class of men have sprung up, and are settled over the numerous congregations about Boston, unparalleled in any other sect for talent and eloquence. Greenwood, Palfrey, Pierpoint (one of the best American poets), Dewey, Ware, Everett (formerly a clergyman, now a senator in Congress), Emerson, and others, are not only efficient and influential pastors of churches, but authors of no mean ability, and contributors to the various Miscellanies and Reviews of the Unitarian press. They all

bear about them, however, the impress of their great master. The self-possessed, high-bred, polished manner—the elaborate, brilliant, poetical sermon—the classic and musically-balanced enunciation—the refined allusion—the total absence of those technicalities which the profane call *cant*—and the perfect adaptation of tone, style, and delivery, to the sensitiveness of “ears polite,”—mark them distinctly from all other clergy. A more gentleman-like, scholar-like, ‘thorough-bred’ class of men is not to be found in the world.

“Dr. Channing is not yet an old man; but, for many years, he has been considered, and has considered himself at death’s door: it was to his hearers as if every sermon must be his last. His mind, however, is in full vigour, and his writings, and even his eloquence, in his feeble and dying state, breathe an undiminished power and enthusiasm. In person, he is singularly small, and of the slightest possible frame; seen in the street, wrapped in a cloak, and covered with a clerical hat, he looks a child in the habiliments of a man. In private conversation, he seems dependent, suffering, affectionate; his voice is querulous and low; his step and manner marked with debility: and, if you did not study closely his head and eyes, you would never imagine yourself in the presence of a man in whom there lived a spark of energy. He creeps up the pulpit stairs with a feebleness almost painful—while the congregation is hushed in anxious and breathless sympathy—sinks exhausted into the corner, and rises at last to give out the psalm, pale, and apparently quite unequal to the service.

“A dead silence follows the first sound of his voice; and they may well listen, for never were poet’s words read with such cadences of music; a prayer follows—low, brief, reverential, and wholly free from the irrelevance and familiarity common in extempore addresses to the Deity. Another psalm follows—read perhaps more distinctly, and with less tremulous debility than the first—and, as the echo of the organ dies in the arches of the roof, he rises for his sermon. His cloak has been thrown aside, and he stands before his audience the slightest drapery of a human frame that would serve to keep his soul upon the earth. Across his forehead streams a single lock of soft brown hair, contrasted strongly with its transparent whiteness: his thin and hollow features are calmly and merely intellectual in their pain-worn lines; and his eye, glowing with the unnatural brightness of sickness, large, lambent, and clear, beams with inexpressible benignity. His voice, the most musical to which it has ever been our lot to listen, is first heard calm and deliberate, and is not much varied till he has laid down the premises of his discourse. Ten minutes have elapsed, and you have forgotten the man in the interest he has awakened by his truth-like and lucid statement of his holy theme. He is less a preacher to the hundreds about you, than an intelligent friend making

a communication of personal interest to yourself. Your mind is wholly his own. At this point, the strange and peculiar cadences of his voice begin to strengthen and change: his sentences are more varied—from the brief and impressive antithesis to the eloquent appeal, rolling onward with progressive pathos and energy; and his tones, which you had thought so silvery sweet, fill and gather power, and seem illimitable in compass and expression. Passive, and almost motionless till now, his slight frame seems to dilate—his countenance kindles, his lips seem burning with earnestness and fire; and when his thin arm is stretched forth, with its wasted hand, at the thrilling crisis of his appeal, he seems transformed to a prophet—instinct with supernatural revelation. He goes on, and his discourse is full of surprises to the mind and to the ear. Conclusions spring suddenly and yet with irresistible logic, from the commonest premises; and his enunciation, to which we again recur, and which is as varied in its stops, and as curious in its capabilities as an organ, changes from pathos to command—from calmness to impassioned fervour—from the most measured and lingering music to the most rapid and accumulating enthusiasm, with a wondrous facility, which seems the immediate and burning overflow of inspiration. He ceases, and disappears, and there is no stir in the congregation. He is the first to break his own spell; he has given out the concluding hymn of the service before a sound is heard from the entranced and breathless multitude before him.”

THE Anniversary of the Opening of the Unitarian Meeting-House, Salford, was celebrated January 18 and 19. The Rev. J. Scott Porter of Belfast, preached in the morning and evening of Sunday. The collections towards liquidating the debt on the building, £22. Upwards of 350 individuals connected with the Salford and two Manchester Unitarian congregations, met on Monday evening at tea, in the Exchange dining-room; Rev. J. G. Robberds in the chair. Many admirable addresses were delivered, the speakers being the Revds. J. Brookes of Hyde, H. Green of Knutsford, F. Howorth of Bury, T. May of Stand, W. Smith of Stockport, W. Gaskell of Cross-Street Chapel, Manchester, C. W. Robberds; and Messrs. O. Wood, Shawcross, Nicholson, Eckersley, &c. We are sorry we have space only for the following remarks of Mr. Porter, which we extract from the *second* Number of a new periodical published at Manchester, entitled “*The Christian Teacher*, intended to uphold the Religion of the New Testament, in contradistinction to the Religion of Creeds and Parties.” Mr. Porter, among other remarks, said—

“ I may take the present opportunity of informing you, that our cause appears to be prospering in Ireland, as I am happy to find it

is making its way in this country. The truth is making progress,—a silent, and perhaps a gradual, but certainly a steady, and eventually I trust it will prove a triumphant progress. The barriers of bigotry and prejudice have been surmounted—those accusations to which, in common with our friends on this side of the Channel, we were exposed a few years ago, and the attempts made to put down the dissemination of our opinions by ecclesiastical, and in some instances, by the civil authority, have been repelled, and have left our friends more confirmed, our congregations more united, our enemies more impressed with sentiments of respect for our religious zeal and character; and the atmosphere, I consider, is brightening around us. But I shall not attempt to conceal from you, that there are some things in our position with which we are not, and cannot be satisfied, so long as these circumstances remain. We are not, and cannot be, satisfied to be treated by the law as in some measure aliens in the country of our birth—we are not, and cannot be, satisfied to see a dominant hierarchy erected over our heads, to which we are compelled, not indeed to bow down and worship, but to pay what we must regard as an unrighteous tribute. In common with the vast majority of our countrymen, we consider it as a crying injustice, that a portion of the population of Ireland, not more than a sixteenth part of the whole, should have all the revenues of an Establishment conferred upon it, with all the privileges and prerogatives which belong to that established constitution. We, therefore, are dissatisfied with our present position; and we look forward, in common with our countrymen, to our relief from it, and chiefly, I must say, through the aid and co-operation of the liberal members both of the Church of England and of the Protestant Societies that are established in this country. A society has been formed in Dublin for maintaining the Church Establishment in Ireland, in all its rights, possessions, and prerogatives; and emissaries from that society have been sent abroad throughout England, in order to agitate the public mind in its favour. Ladies and gentlemen, I come before you in no such character; but I think I may fairly take the occasion afforded me by the present assemblage, to appeal to you as friends of fair-dealing and justice, to know whether the continuance of the Established Church in Ireland, with all its emoluments and its prerogatives, is a thing which you are inclined to sanction and to perpetuate? (No, no.) I may surely put it to you to know whether it is your opinion that the law shall continue in that state, that, rather than submit to its exactions, our peasantry are prepared to shed their blood, to make their parents childless, their wives widows, and their children orphans,—rather than allow not their own property, but that of their friends, to be invaded by the myrmidons of this unrighteous law? I ask, too, is this a state of things to which the English people would consent in their own case? There are nearly as many Catholics in England as there are Protestants of the Established Church in Ireland. Suppose the circumstances were altered, and the Catholic Church were here what the Church of England is in Ireland, I ask how long would it be established here? And shall there be one spirit of legislation for England, and another for Ireland? Shall our unhappy country never meet with justice? Shall the deeds of our unrighteous governors be sanctioned by the English people, who have now, thank Heaven, the means of making their sentiments known to the legislature? I trust that in the approaching contest,—for the contest is approaching, and must come,—we shall meet with sympathy and support from those whose intelligence, whose public services and public character, give them a right to guide the decisions of the public mind. And I trust I shall be enabled to go back to Ireland and say, that whatever may be the

determination of our governors,—although the constitutional head may happen to be shaken against us in disapprobation, and with a frown upon its brow,—and although the feet of their hired and low retainers may happen to be lifted against us with indignation and scorn, still, that in the middle region of the English body politic there beats a heart that is alive to truth and justice, and which will ultimately aid the decision of the hand in tearing down this fabric of corruption.

NEW UNITARIAN SOCIETY, BIRMINGHAM.—A highly interesting social meeting was held on Monday, December 15, 1834, at the “New Unitarian Chapel,” Cambridge-Street, Crescent; which Chapel, with a large Adult School, has been instituted by young men who were formerly teachers of the “New Meeting Sunday School” of this town. About 130 friends of the society, of both sexes, met to take tea together in the large room over the chapel, with the Rev. John Palmer of Dudley, who had preached at their request on the preceding day, in aid of the funds for fitting up the chapel and school-rooms.

After tea, the company adjourned into the chapel.—E. Corn, Esq. having been called to the chair, addressed the meeting in a very suitable and gratifying manner, showing the beneficial tendency of such meetings, in the cause of education, and in the cultivation of religious feeling according to the Gospel.

The following Report of the Committee, appointed to superintend the fitting up of the rooms and the conducting of the religious services, was then read, detailing the origin and progress of this infant institution; which Report was unanimously adopted by the meeting, after a few remarks from several speakers, expressive of the desirableness of instituting, as early as possible, a girl's school in connection with the institution.

Report of the Committee.

“On the 29th of June last, at a meeting of young men who have engaged to conduct this Sunday school, the three following resolutions were adopted:—

“1st, That this meeting, believing that another Unitarian Sunday school and Congregation is desired by a considerable portion of the Unitarians of Birmingham, does agree to form itself into a society for the promotion of these objects.

“2d, That a canvass be made immediately for subscriptions to the above objects.

“3d, That the venerable Mr. James Luckcock, the father of Sunday schools in Birmingham, be requested to take the office of treasurer to the institution.

“The young men raised among themselves and a few immediate friends, a list of subscribers to the amount of Fifty Pounds per annum. The number of teachers who engaged to give gratuitously their assistance to the school, was forty.

This assurance of capital and earnest of labour, from such a number of well tried and zealous agents, whose hearts were warm in the cause, and who had long desired to work in a vineyard where all would vie with each other in liberality and mutual good will only, and who had been long linked to each other in strong bonds of friendship and Christian brotherhood, was a sufficient security for the prosperity of the undertaking.

“It was evident, that a society founded upon liberal principles, in which teachers and congregation should have equal rights in the control and management, would be suitable to such active spirits, and conducive to the extension of general knowledge, and to the cultivation of Christianity according to the spirit of its great Founder.

“With these views and considerations, it was with great pleasure, mixed with a commendable anxiety and determination, that the society was formed, and that this building was taken for the purpose of Sunday-school instruction; and to mutually encourage each other in every good work, by teaching and preaching the religion of the Bible according to Christ Jesus.

“On the 17th of August—yes, that 17th of August will never recur without yielding to the minds of many, pleasure or pain, in proportion as they act up to, or depart from their present holy desires and exertions,—on Sunday the 17th of August last, with scarcely any thing in the building except a few rough planks and temporary conveniences, and a few reading books, the work was begun. Since that time, the labour and attention necessary, have been enough to weary you. But you have seemed to gain new strength in the principles which actuate you. Every Sunday has crowned your labours with fresh pleasures, and has borne testimony that you are prepared, and can do your work through Christ who strengtheneth you. Every day has manifested that your zeal is according to knowledge, and that it is such as will produce a highly beneficial effect in this populous town.

“The school consists of two hundred pupils, and has been well attended by teachers and pupils.

“Divine service has been conducted on every Sunday by laymen—except last Sunday week, when the Rev. G. Skey preached, and on yesterday, when the Rev. J. Palmer of Dudley preached in aid of the funds of the institution. We have great pleasure in being able to report with confidence, that the services have been conducted in a highly satisfactory and an edifying manner, by persons elected by your committee by ballot.

“At a special meeting of the subscribers (held Nov. 19), it was resolved to let sittings at two shillings each per quarter. Many sittings have since been taken. The chapel will accommodate 300 persons. The school and the teachers ne-

cessarily take up a great portion of this accommodation; but to allow more room for the congregation, it is in contemplation to take alternately one-half of the school into the chapel. By steady perseverance, you will soon be in a proper state to take more extensive premises and to extend your means of usefulness.

"A few weeks past, the teachers made an effort to establish a library for the joint use of the school and congregation. They began by each one bringing any book or books which he was willing to spare from his own stock, and such as he could induce his friends to give. A library is now raised consisting of upwards of 200 volumes of valuable and interesting works, all of which have been presented by teachers and friends—except 41 volumes, which have been purchased with the liberal donation of a venerable friend, and the fund already arising from the receipts of the library. The numerous applications for books cannot be so well supplied as is desirable, with the present number of books. Therefore, if any friends who have not yet contributed, feel inclined so to do, the librarians would be gratified by their speedy forwarding of any books yet to come.

"Pupils and teachers of this institution are now eligible to become members of the Benefit Society, instituted June 24th, 1798, for the relief of the sick of the Old Meeting and New Meeting Sunday schools. Teachers of this institution are eligible also to become members of the united body, called "The Birmingham Brotherly Society," which society is composed exclusively of persons who are and have been teachers in the Old Meeting and New Meeting Sunday schools. Thus in the Birmingham Brotherly Society, may be kept together in the union of spirit and in the bond of peace, all the persons who have been active, and those who are still active as teachers of the schools belonging to the three congregations.

Statement of the Finances.

<i>Dr.</i>			<i>Cr.</i>		
To Timber, Workman-			By Donations,	£14	10 0
ship, Locks, Hinges,			By Subscriptions,	33	2 2
Nails, &c.	£42	15 6	Collections, after Ser-		
Rent upto Michaelmas,	5	1 4	mons by the Rev. J.		
Sundry incidental Ex-			Palmer,	15	17 1
penses,	16	5 11	Balance due to Sub-		
			Treasurer,	0	13 6
	£64	2 9			
				£64	2 9
Accounts Owing,	£10	15 1			
			Subscriptions due on		
			the year,	£28	0 0

"As a call has been made upon the subscribers for one-half of the present year's subscriptions, some have paid but one-half; consequently, the £28 above is now due on the year. Hence, you may infer that your new society is in a very

favourable condition; and considering the very large outlay which has been made for carpentry, &c. which will not have to be repeated, you have to congratulate each other on the present state of your finances, and on the future prospects of the institution. Proceed with the marked caution and firmness in your purpose which has hitherto characterised you, and you and your children will have abundant cause to rejoice for the establishment of this society. What said the venerable James Luckcock to you, in his kind and encouraging letter to you of July last? Says he, ‘ You are about to make a most important attempt to prove how much more good may be accomplished by the union of numbers, though individually feeble, than by the influence of wealth unaccompanied with ardour and sincerity; and cold must that heart be in the cause of humanity, which could be indifferent as to your success. I can contemplate with delight, the formation of a society which shall take the lead in the spirit of the times, instead of lagging behind, as if afraid of doing too much good.’ You should rejoice that you are keeping the heart of an old man warm, who has never been indifferent in the cause which you espouse, nor ever will be, while life and reason are with him. What says he to you, in another part of his letter? Hear it again and again, for the advice is too good to permit the present opportunity to pass, without repeating it. Says he, ‘ Allow me to suggest, that you use the utmost caution as to your income and expenditure, always keep within bounds, and never depend upon assistance from distant sources. Clear your way as you go on, and never lose sight of the golden adage, applicable alike to society and to individuals, ‘ cut your coat according to your cloth.’ In that proceed cautiously, but with ardent devotion in your good cause—you will have the applause of every lover of virtue, the rich delight of a pure and benevolent heart—and you may confidently expect the approving countenance of the common Father of the human race.”

The above Report having been received with feelings of great satisfaction and joy, the following resolution was adopted, with warm expressions of gratitude to the reverend gentleman to whom it alludes.

Resolved unanimously, That the Rev. John Palmer be requested to accept the thanks of this meeting for his kind acquiescence to the invitation of this society, and for the excellent sermons which he delivered yesterday in aid of the institution.

The Rev. Mr. Palmer then expressed the peculiar pleasure he felt at the manner in which he had been alluded to; and gave the meeting, and especially the conductors of the public worship of the chapel, some useful counsel and exhortations, in a truly social feeling of Christian sympathy and a righteous dignity; which counsel operates on the minds of those who

heard him, in no small degree, in directing their conduct and in encouraging them in their laudable labours.

Resolved, That this meeting exults in the conviction, that it is the duty of all Christians, to aid every wise and temperate endeavour to relieve man from every species of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny.

After some useful remarks by several speakers, in accordance with the spirit of the above resolution, the Rev. G. Skey read a letter, addressed to him from Miss Prime of Bath, in which she requested him to hand an inclosed donation of Five Pounds to the treasurer of the institution. On the receipt of this information, the following resolution, which faintly expresses the feelings of the meeting, was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That Miss Prime be respectfully requested to accept the cordial and most grateful acknowledgments of this meeting, for the very liberal and well-timed donation of Five Pounds, which has been handed through the Rev. G. Skey to the sub-treasurer of this infant institution.

Resolved, That the best thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. N. Buckler, for the gratuitous white-washing and colouring of the school-rooms and chapel.

Resolved, That the warmest thanks of the meeting be given to the chairman, E. Corn, Esq. for the kindness evinced by him on all occasions, to promote the cause of the objects of this society, and for the very able, instructive, and interesting manner in which he has conducted the business of the meeting this evening.

After the chairman had replied, in which reply he stated his gratification at the manner in which he had been noticed, and gave some useful counsel and exhortations relative to the future conduct of the society; the meeting concluded the pleasures of the evening in singing a hymn and offering up a prayer to Almighty God.

The good feeling excited by the occasion, the excellent advice given by the Rev. J. Palmer at the meeting, and valuable instruction received by the society in his sermons, have made a lasting and happy impression on the minds of all present, and will cause his visit to Birmingham on this occasion, to be long remembered with peculiar satisfaction.

EDWARD CORN, Chairman.

PROGRESS OF DIVINE TRUTH AMONG THE PRESBYTERIANS OF AMERICA.—Intelligence has lately arrived in this country, of the fact, that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States, has burst asunder; a diversity of sentiment, in regard to the extent of Christ's atonement, has led to this division. The great majority of the members of the Assembly, asserting that the sacrifice of Jesus has opened a way for the salvation of the human race, while the minority continued to affirm that this benefit has been procured for only a determinate number.

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REMARKS ON "CONFESSIONS OF FAITH, BY A PHILOSOPHER."*

THE author maintains, that "the wonderful system" of organised life, "must be the work of some superior Being" (p. 6 and 16). I join with him in this conclusion, and from the instances to which he refers at pages 5 and 6, and the innumerable proofs which have been so finely set forth by Paley, Derham, Ray, and others, on the wisdom of God displayed in creation, I think there is every reason to acquiesce in the sentiment, that he is the Author of the whole visible universe, and hath "done all things well." Many most important inferences either flow necessarily, or may be very probably inferred from this great principle. Such a Being must surely be perfect in every respect. He cannot be "careless" of that creation which he has so finely organised and arranged, as this writer represents that he is, page 12. He cannot be cruel and vindictive; although, for reasons which his creature, man, may be unable to fathom, he may permit *him*, for a time, to indulge in such unreasonable passions.

The writer appears to think, that man does not differ essentially from other living creatures, as it respects his intellectual and moral capacities and attainments. To me it appears that there does exist an essential difference between man and all other orders of animals, in this respect; not that I believe him to be in the exclusive possession of a soul which is by nature immortal; on the contrary, I believe with Solomon that "all have one breath, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." But it is principally in the progressive nature of the human powers, intellectual and moral, in the high attainments which have actually been made by some individuals and communities, that the most remarkable difference appears between mankind and other animated beings. The species very much resemble each individual, in gradually advancing from the most simple and infantine, to the most manlike attainments. Do we remark any such striking principle of progression in any of the other orders of creatures, as that which appears on comparing the wild wanderer of the desert with the man of high intellectual and moral attainments? Degradingly as the writer sometimes speaks of religion, he admits, that "in its purity it is good" (page 10), though, inconsistently enough, he says in the same page, that "all religion incarcerates the human intellect." Both these contradictory positions cannot be true. The fact is, that, while false religion or superstition shockingly degrades the mind, in proportion as it rests on positions which are themselves degrading to God and man, and paralyses the intellec-

* Sold by Brooks, 141 Oxford-street, London.

tual and moral powers, true religion—just and liberal ideas of God and man, his duty and his *prospects*—has a most beneficial and ennobling influence, elevating his mind and character far above mere animal nature. The more enlightened heathens saw and acknowledged, that the capacity of knowing and obeying God, formed the most distinguishing difference between man and the other orders of living creatures. The writer, if he at all admits this position, will probably concede it only to a few, maintaining with Paine, that, “as to the great mass of mankind, they are not worth the trouble of damning or saving.” Jesus Christ, however, who, he allows, was “an honest moral reformer,” was far from regarding “the great mass of mankind” in so contemptible a point of view. He “proclaimed glad tidings to the poor:” he himself and his Apostles were selected from this too generally despised class; and they made many men and women “charitable and benevolent, doing as they would be done by, honest and just, kind to their fellow-creatures, avoiding drunkenness and idleness, kind-hearted toward all,” from among these humbler ranks of life; and these are the virtues the writer approves and particularises.

What were the glad tidings which Christ published, the blessed influences of which, on the minds of his followers, constituted him a reformer in the midst of a most degenerate age? They are stated by him in such terms as the following:—“I am the resurrection and the life; he that confideth in me, *though he were dead, yet shall he live.*” Praying to God, he says,—“Thou hast given me authority *over all flesh*, that *all which thou hast given to me, I should give to them even eternal life.*” This implies that God had given, *i. e.* was about to impart eternal life to Jesus himself; and according to the four narratives which alone have been transmitted down to us, as the authentic records concerning him, he, shortly after this, actually rose from death, to a state in which he will no more be subjected to dissolution, nor to any of the evils attendant upon this mortal existence.

Now, I would ask, upon the principle of the writer, that “the system of nature is the work of a superior Being,” who accordingly must possess absolute power over his workmanship, Which appears most accordant with the *wisdom* of this superior Being—to suffer one of the very best of our species to perish for ever, by a most agonising and degrading death, inflicted upon him by some of the very worst of men—or, to resuscitate him, to renew and translate to a superior state of existence, a mind which was evidently fitted to exist in a society infinitely superior to that wicked race who would not suffer him to live among them? If there are spiritual beings (and what mortal can assert that there are not?) which, like the Creator himself, are removed from the cognisance of our comparatively gross senses—beings who

are devoted to the will of the universal God, and actuated by just and benevolent affections toward all his creatures,—was it not fit that the benevolence of Jesus should be rewarded by an introduction into such society, rather than that he should be suffered for ever to perish, the victim of his most unjust and cruel enemies? And will it be asserted that this was impossible?—that so excellent a mind *could* not “appear in a new and yet more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author”? Is not “God stronger than men”? Cannot he convert the effects of their blind malignity into the means and occasions of carrying forward his wise and beneficent purposes? Beneficent, I say; for if God be not beneficent, how comes beneficence to be the *great distinguishing excellence* of a human being? If God be *all-powerful*, and *all-beneficent*—which is much more probable than that, like men, he should possess such qualities only in very limited and imperfect degrees, and liable to be perverted into their opposites—he will not suffer anything that is wrong and inconsistent with his wise and beneficent objects *ultimately* to prevail. On the contrary, he will, in the end, carry them all to their full and perfect completion. The evil which we see in the world, arises, I conceive, chiefly from the ignorance, errors, and sins of men; but, as these appear to result from the necessary imperfections attendant upon the successive stages of their progressive nature, and, if I mistake not, are continually operating, not only as their own correctives, but as the means of producing greater excellences of mind and character than could otherwise exist, the best and strongest minds being generally the result of the most difficult and trying circumstances; so, it is agreeable to the Divine perfections to conclude, that such excellences will become general, when the world shall have become wise enough to know that the plain path of justice and goodness is the only path to true happiness. This will take place in this world, if the prediction is to be accomplished, that “all the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of God and his anointed;” and with regard to all who are dead, they may, if their lives are all restored, agreeably to the promise of Jesus, by a suitable course of discipline, be at length brought to obedience, and consequently to happiness.

There is, alas! much justice in the remark, that “Christians”—meaning the great majority of those who, at the present day, go under that denomination—“make God to be a most unjust and vindictive Being.” But do they give a just account of the doctrine of Jesus Christ, from whom they profess to derive their religion? The writer will probably answer in the negative, since he believes him to have been an honest moral reformer. When, however, we are endeavouring to form an estimate concerning his religion, or the

principles which he inculcated, the question is, What are those principles as they proceeded from his lips?—not, what are the tenets which are now held forth as such, in the creeds, catechisms, liturgies, and pulpit orations of a body of men, whose institution our “philosopher” regards as “of all the evils which escaped from Pandora’s, or any other box, the worst.” They all, be it remembered, make their appeal to what are called the four Gospel histories, as the authentic accounts of the history and doctrine of Christ. In the first place, do we there read of the institution of a priesthood? I can find nothing like it. Neither the carpenter himself, nor the fishermen whom he chose as his companions and the leading instruments in making known his principles and pretensions, were at all qualified to form a conclave of priests, or to organise such a body of men to maintain and promulge his religion in subsequent ages. As it is represented in those simple records, a body of plain men constituted his disciples, or, if you please, his church, acknowledging no master or *lawgiver* but Christ; no Father or Author of the laws he delivered, but God; and regarding each other as “brethren,” or equals, rising one above another only by their fidelity and zeal in the cause which they had embraced. Now, is it at all likely, that a system of such simplicity, professing to derive its origin from such humble individuals, and forming so unambitious and equal a fraternity, could have originated from such men as the writer but too justly considers a large proportion of the present priesthood to be? Or would the priesthood make their appeal to such sources for the origin of their religion, from any other consideration than the well-known and undeniable fact, that these are the authentic records of its origin? The writer is perhaps sufficiently aware of the contrast between the conduct and doctrine of Jesus Christ, as related in those books, with respect to *the means by which he maintained his dignity and influence, and those by which the present “heads of the church” endeavour to maintain theirs.* To use the words of an early convert to his cause, “the sceptre of the majesty of God, our Lord Jesus Christ, came not in the show of pride and arrogance, though he might have done so, but in humility.” He courted not the rich and great of this world; but on the contrary, refused their overtures, advising them to abandon riches for the sake of his Gospel. Nicodemus, the Canaanitish nobleman, and the young man who had great possessions, were treated with little ceremony by him who “had not where to lay his head.” In order to become his followers, they were required to forsake their pride and their wealth; and though he drew upon him the attention of multitudes, who, at his last approach to Jerusalem, welcomed him with loud hosannas, as the royal descendant of David, yet he terminated his career in the same humble situation in life in which he had commenced it.

Our bishops, on the contrary, wring out many thousands annually, from the hard-earned industry of the agriculturist and the peasant; and being rendered "lords" by these sordid acquisitions, to use the words of honest Latimer, "the plough" of spiritual instruction "standeth, and the people starve." In short, nothing can be more contrary to the spirit, doctrine, and conduct of Jesus Christ, than the manner in which the "dignitaries" of our present church establishment are maintained; and yet to him, as he is represented by the four Evangelists, they refer for the origin of all their pretensions as "lords over God's heritage!" But could they, dared they refer to a source and chief of their religion more congenial with their assumptions—calculated to afford a sanction to their proceedings, their oppressions, their pride and indolence, their hostility to all reformation both in church and state, instead of one whose conduct reflects the severest censure upon their own,—would they not joyfully avail themselves of the plea? How came such worldly men to acknowledge so humble and unworldly a "son of man" for their "lord and master," but because his authority is established on a basis which cannot be shaken nor misrepresented by the power either of truth or of artifice? Is it not, then, *the corruptions* which the religion of Jesus has undergone, by the pretended successors of his Apostles, who are in reality men of the world, and not Christians, at which the writer has justly taken umbrage, and *not the religion of Jesus itself?*

Homo.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

WILLIAM PENN.

(Concluded from page 129.)

WILLIAM PENN's first publication was entitled "Truth Exalted," and was designed to explain the principles of his faith, to show that they were built on divine authority, that they were the true principles of pure and vital religion, far removed from human traditions and profane ceremonies, and eminently calculated to bring forth the genuine fruits of Christianity, meekness, love, charity, and a good life. The point of the treatise consisted in showing, that truth was exalted in the faith and practice of the Quakers, whom bigoted sectaries, or ignorant and designing men, had been free to calumniate as void of religion, as heretics, or infidels. The field of controversy was now fairly open, and William Penn's labours daily increased on his hands.

Shortly after this time, a publication appeared under the title of a "Guide to True Religion," in which the author undertook to point out the way by which a person must arrive

at a true Christian faith; and that was to believe a certain set of articles kindly strung together by the writer, and honoured with the name of a Christian's creed. All who deviated from this way, or, in other words, all who did not hang their faith implicitly on this creed, were declared to be without the pale of salvation, and bewildered in the hopeless region of infidelity. Among these outcasts, the author particularly recounted Papists, Socinians, and Quakers. This treatise found its way into the hands of William Penn, and, as expressed by his biographer, "it set him as it were on fire." He could not brook the arrogance, which should consign to perdition a fellow-mortal who could not violate conscience by pretending to believe what his understanding pronounced to be false and at variance with the plain light of Scripture; he had no patience with the insufferable pride and antichristian spirit, which should look down as from a higher and holier eminence, and heap anathemas on the head of a brother, under the hypocritical garb of a pretended concern for his eternal welfare; he could not endure the overbearing self-sufficiency, which should rail against the Papists for claiming infallibility, and at the same time set itself up as a universal judge, scattering the poison of calumny and the arrows of death without mercy and without shame; he might pity the ravings of deluded bigotry, and look with compassion on the extravagances of a sickly fancy, but he was indignant at the audacity which passed a judgment that belonged only to the Searcher of hearts, and at the hypocrisy of him, who would exalt his own goodness by fixing a stigma on the faith of his brethren, where the eye of malice could not detect a spot on the character. He felt himself bound to reply to so unjust a representation of the means of obtaining proper views of Christianity, and to expose and censure so flagrant an abuse of its spirit and purposes. This was done in a small work, called the "Guide Mistaken," in which he confuted the doctrines of his opponent, and placed in a clear light not only the errors of his creed, but the faults of his heart and practice.

This treatise had but recently gone out to the world, when an occurrence took place, which proved to be of no inconsiderable importance in its consequences. As it has a particular bearing on that portion of Penn's writings selected for the present work, it will doubtless not be amiss to dwell upon it in this place at considerable length. It is thus described by Mr. Clarkson:—

"Two persons belonging to a Presbyterian congregation in Spitalfields went one day to the meeting-house of the Quakers, merely to learn what their religious doctrines were. It happened that they were converted there. This news being carried to Thomas Vincent their pastor, it so stirred him up, that he not only used his influence to prevent the

converts in question from attending there again, but he derided the doctrines of the Quakers as damnable, and said many unhandsome things against them. This slander having gone abroad, William Penn, accompanied by George Whitehead, an eminent minister among the Quakers, who had already written twenty-nine pamphlets in their defence, went to Vincent, and demanded an opportunity of defending their principles publicly. This, after a good deal of demur, was agreed to. The Presbyterian meeting-house was fixed upon for this purpose, and the day and hour appointed also.

“When the time came the Quakers presented themselves at the door; but Vincent, to ensure a majority on his side, had filled a great part of the meeting-house with his own hearers, so that there was but little room for them. Penn, however, and Whitehead, with a few others of the Society, pushed their way in. They had scarcely done this, when they heard it proclaimed aloud, that the “Quakers held damnable doctrines.” Immediately upon this, Whitehead showed himself. He began, in answer to the charge, to explain aloud what the principles of the Society really were; but here Vincent interrupted him, contending that it would be a better way of proceeding, for himself to examine the Quakers as to their own creed. He then put a proposal to this effect to the auditors. They agreed to it, and their voice was law.

“Vincent, having carried his point, began by asking the Quakers, ‘Whether they owned one Godhead subsisting in three distinct and separate persons?’ Penn and his friend Whitehead both asserted that this, delivered as it was by Vincent, was no Scripture doctrine. Vincent, in reply, formed a syllogism upon the words ‘There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one,’ and deduced from these the doctrine of three separate subsistences and yet of but one Deity. Whitehead immediately rejected the term ‘subsistence,’ as nowhere to be found in the Scriptures, and demanded that their opponents should explain it, as God did not wrap up his truths in heathenish metaphysics, but delivered them in plain language. Upon this, several attempted an explanation; but the sum of all their answers was, that subsistence meant either person or the mode of a substance. To these substitutes, William Penn and Whitehead both objected. They urged many texts from Scripture in behalf of their objection, and having done this, they begged leave to ask Vincent one question in their turn, namely, ‘Whether God was to be understood in an abstractive sense from his substance?’ But the audience pronounced this to be a point more fit for admiration than dispute.”*

Thus was the debate kept up till very late at night, and often with symptoms of tumult and improper conduct on the

* Clarkson’s Life of William Penn, chap. iv.

part of the audience. This consisted almost wholly of the friends of Vincent; and Penn and Whitehead had no alternative but to submit to such method of controversy as they might impose, and to such indignities as their zeal, heated by the example of their pastor, prompted them to inflict. Several persons discovered great intemperance in this respect, as they "laughed, hissed, and stigmatised the Quakers by various opprobrious names, of which that of Jesuit was exclusively bestowed on William Penn." The meeting finally broke up in a disorderly manner, after Vincent had abruptly left the house, and his party had extinguished the candles. Vincent agreed to meet them on another day, but he could not afterwards be made to fulfil his promise.

It cannot be supposed, that under the circumstances above enumerated, the weight of argument could have had much effect on either side. Against the Quakers in particular, to such a degree were the passions of the people excited, that they were in no condition to hear their grounds of defence, and much less to consider calmly the arguments advanced by them in support of their faith. In this state of things, William Penn resolved to come before the public with a written testimony, touching the topics which had been agitated in the late conference with the Presbyterians. To this end he wrote the "Sandy Foundation Shaken," in which are discussed in a very masterly manner the three great doctrines of the Trinity, Atonement, and Imputed Righteousness. From Scripture and reason he proved the common notions in regard to these doctrines to be erroneous, traced them to their origin, and showed the mischievous consequences to which they must necessarily lead. Few works are marked with a more rigid logic, a greater clearness of conception, or force of argument.

The Sandy Foundation Shaken produced much excitement when it appeared, and many dignitaries of the established church, especially the Bishop of London, professed to be offended at the freedom of the author. "It was then a high crime," says Clarkson, "to defend publicly and openly as in print, the unity of God detached from his trinitarian nature." The usual arguments of intolerance and bigotry were resorted to, and William Penn was sent a prisoner to the Tower for presuming to defend his character against calumny, by showing the public that he had a reason for his faith.

While in prison he was for a time kept in close confinement, and treated with severity, not even being allowed to see his friends. In this situation he was informed, that the Bishop of London had declared he should either recant, or end his days in prison. When Penn heard this, he replied to the person who gave him the intelligence, "All is well; I wish they had told me so before, since the expecting of a release put a stop to some business. Thou mayest tell my

father, who, I know, will ask thee, these words—that my prison shall be my grave before I will budge a jot; for I owe my conscience to no mortal man; I have no need to fear; God will make amends for all. They are mistaken in me; I value not their threats nor resolutions, for they shall know I can weary out their malice and peevishness; and in me shall they all behold a resolution above fear, conscience above cruelty, and a baffle put to all their designs by the spirit of patience, the compassion of all the tribulated flock of the blessed Jesus, who is the author and finisher of the faith that overcomes the world, yea, death and hell too. Neither great nor good things were ever attained without loss and hardships. He that would reap and not labour, must faint with the wind, and perish in disappointments; but an hair of my head shall not fall without the providence of my Father, who is over all.”* The spirit, which could utter itself in a strain like this, within the gloomy walls of a prison, was not to be overcome with force, nor intimidated with boasts of power, and threats of suffering.

To render himself unconscious of the weary hours as they passed, Penn applied himself, during his imprisonment, to study and writing. It was here that he wrote one of his most celebrated works, entitled “No Cross, no Crown.” This would be regarded as a very remarkable performance from any hand, but when we consider that the author was only twenty-five years old when he wrote it, that he was closely confined in a prison, and that it was completed under these circumstances within a period of less than six months, we cannot but look on the mind which produced it, as of the highest order, disciplined and matured in a degree very uncommon at that age. The title sufficiently indicates the subject of the work, which was in accordance with his condition and feelings when he wrote. This treatise, at the same time it is an ingenious defence of the religious opinions and conduct of its author, and of the Quakers generally, abounds in practical wisdom and deep thoughts, and discovers a wide range of reading in ancient and modern authors.

He also composed, while in prison, a small tract called “Innocency with her open Face,” which was occasioned by a belief, that his views of the Trinity, contained in the Sandy Foundation Shaken, had been misunderstood. In this tract, he supports anew his objections to the doctrines of satisfaction and imputed righteousness, and of the tri-personal nature of the Deity, but declares, that he means not to deny the divinity of Christ. Neither in this tract, nor in his writings generally, where he often recurs to the subject, is it easy to come at his precise notions respecting the nature of Christ. He speaks with more directness and perspicuity in the Sandy

* See the Preface to an edition of the Sandy Foundation Shaken, published in London, 1818, p. v.

Foundation Shaken, than any where else; but when all he has said in different places is brought together and compared, there is considerable obscurity as to the exact impressions existing in his own mind. He denies a Trinity of persons, and yet holds Christ to be in some sense God. As far as it can be understood, his scheme approaches nearly to that of Dr. Watts, which takes the divinity of Christ to be a sort of indwelling of the Father, constituting a union so close, that the name of the Deity may properly be applied to the Son.

After remaining in prison seven months, he was suddenly released by order of the King. His enemies have accused him of recanting his sentiments, and thus procuring his freedom at the expense of his consistency, or what is worse, of his sincerity; and the tract just mentioned is referred to as a proof of the charge. But this accusation has more in it of ill-nature than of truth. It does not appear, that the tract had anything to do with Penn's release; this was procured by the interposition of the Duke of York, who was his father's particular friend.

After being again restored to liberty, Penn returned to his pastoral duties, and, with a zeal in no degree diminished by suffering, preached the doctrines which he had done so much to defend and impress on the world. The most cheering circumstance which happened to him at this time, was the reconciliation of his father. At his request, he went over again to Ireland for the purpose of executing some commission in the way of business. He preached in Dublin, Cork, and different parts of the island, and wrote and distributed tracts explaining his religious views. By his intercession with the Lord Lieutenant he also succeeded in releasing several of his brethren from confinement, who had been imprisoned on account of their religious tenets. He returned to England, and took up his residence in his father's house.

The leading particulars in the life of William Penn have thus been enumerated, as far as they are necessary to illustrate those parts of his writings which have been chosen for insertion in the present collection. Were this fruitful and interesting topic to be pursued to the end of his eventful life, it would occupy a vastly greater space, than would be consistent with the plan of this publication.

He continued a preacher as long as he lived, and for many years made frequent excursions in England and Wales, in the exercise of his ministerial functions. In 1670 he was seized while preaching in London, and imprisoned in Newgate, under pretence of his violating the Conventicle Act. He was tried at the Old Bailey and acquitted. The details of this trial, as recorded by Clarkson, are very curious, both as illustrating the spirit of the times, and the character and

powers of William Penn. He twice visited the continent, and made the tour of Holland and Germany, in the character of a preacher. In 1682 he obtained a charter for the tract of country now known as the State of Pennsylvania, and came over to take possession of it the year following. He remained two years, and then went back to England. In 1699 he again visited Pennsylvania, and continued there a second time nearly two years, when he embarked for England, and never came more to this country. In 1712 he was severely attacked with apoplexy; his faculties became gradually impaired, and for five or six years he was very little abroad. He died on the 30th of July 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

His works were very numerous, chiefly on religion, morals, and politics. Some of them passed through several editions during his lifetime, particularly "No Cross, no Crown," and the "Sandy Foundation Shaken." A full collection was first made in 1726, and published in two volumes folio, to which was prefixed a life of the author. In 1771 was published an edition of his "Select Works" in one volume folio; and again in 1782 this selection was printed in five volumes octavo. To this also is attached a life of the author, but it is neither full, judicious, nor satisfactory. Clarkson's *Life of Penn* is the best, as being faithful and copious, plain and unpretending; but the literary execution is quite below the subject, and there is still wanting an elegant biographical memoir of the founder of Pennsylvania.

The present notice cannot be more appropriately closed than by the following eloquent eulogy contained in Mr. Du Ponceau's *Discourse on the Early History of Pennsylvania*:

"William Penn stands the first among the lawgivers, whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organised their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow-men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see William Penn with weaponless hand, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow-men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannock extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and

moon shall endure. See him then with his companions establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting as the fundamental maxim of his government, the rule handed down to us from heaven, *Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will to all men.* Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear, or if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice, which called out to them from the wilderness,

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere Divos.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-fading lustre on our history."

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. V.

Now advances to meet the enraptured gaze of man, that object of purity, peace, and perfection, which is distinguished from all others, by the characteristics, and appellation of *the spring-time of the year.* Countless beauties beam and blush around her. Numberless tokens of good attend her. Boundless benignity is seen in her train. She smiles, and earth is made glad. She speaks, and the hills and valleys exultingly echo back the accents of promise that drop from her lips. She breathes, and the air is converted to balm. She touches the earth, and it is covered with flowers. She pours forth a song of joy, and the groves resound the lays, and the zephyrs are awakened; and taking the light burden of the chorus on their wings, convey the melody to every ear, and the joy to every heart.

Oh how enchanting is she, and how welcome, as she thus comes upon the view, from amidst the darkness and storms, the sterility and cheerlessness of winter! We will hail her approach. We will join in her mirth. We will celebrate her triumph, and keep her holiday. But let not our greetings and rejoicings render us forgetful, that but for the aid of time, these pleasures would have been unknown. Had the tide of time refused to flow, the bark which brought our lovely visitant Spring, had never touched our shores. Then had the darkness remained; then had the storms been prolonged; then had the sterility continued; then had the cheerlessness still brooded in all its terrors over these northern abodes. Not to behold the light, and enjoy serenity, and look upon the tinted lawn, and be cheered by the low of the herds and the notes of the feathered tribes, should we have been called forth; nor should we then unite with each other in singing

"Hail! revived, reviving Spring,
 Fair type of heaven's eternal year;
 While Nature's works thy praises sing,
 Lo! gratitude salutes thee here.
 Now pour the bounding notes along,
 Swell, gently swell the solemn lay,
 From choirs below to choirs above,
 And join in bounty's holiday."

The pleasing scene—the palmy change, we owe to a wise and yet simple arrangement. The earth, be it remembered, turns once on its own axis in about 24 hours, making a day and a night; and goes once around the sun in 365 days 5 hours and 49 minutes, making a year. But if the globe moved with its equator perfectly erect, like a bowl moving on a green, with a circular line that divided it into two equal parts, touching the ground as it rolled; or like a hoop that always travelled forward quite perpendicularly, then the state of things would continue all the year round, just as we find it about the 20th of March and the 20th of September. There would then be no lengthening and shortening of the days. Many portions of the earth in high latitudes, which are now covered by human beings, would be uninhabitable. And even the now tropical regions would cease to be tropical, and suffer deterioration. But the earth is carried round the sun, with one pole elevated and the other depressed, just as if a common school globe, with the north pole raised $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees above the wooden horizon, and the south pole thereby sent as far below it, were, in that state, to be carried by the hand around a lamp. Its two hemispheres would be seen to receive a greater or less portion of light, as the circuit was being described. By this arrangement, which is termed the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic or the orbit, the delightful seasons of the year are produced. To all parts of the earth, excepting the tropical, this inclination gives spring and summer, autumn and winter. And if there may appear to be some disadvantages attendant upon the bleak tempests, and dreary long nights of winter, these are surely more than counterbalanced by the grateful changes, which in sublime harmony succeed one another, from the swell of the first bud to the ingathering of the latest matured autumnal fruits. And even winter's self, has its beauties and joys. Man derives most of his pleasures from variety. To look long upon one object, is to tire the eye. To listen for hours to one continuous sound, is to weary the ear. To think for days only upon one single subject, is to jade the mind. Monotony is offensive. The Creator has provided, in overflowing abundance, remedies for its evils. All is change. The spring itself, with all its enchantments, would otherwise exhaust the powers of observation and enjoyment, and by the excess of gratification, inflict pain. It would then treat us, as an over-kind and unwisely extrava-

gant host treats his guests, when he makes them miserable by endeavouring to make them unnaturally happy; or its treatment would be similar to that of some religious creeds, which, by aiming to raise their votaries above human nature and human enjoyments, plunge them beneath the surface of humanity, and sink them below the temperature where alone comfort is to be found.

But ere the sight, and sounds, and rejoicings of the spring-time can cloy, they pass away to make place for summer. And when this begins to fatigue, it is withdrawn, and autumn appears. Then, that the senses and the mind may not be burdened too much, by one long perspective of yellow fruit and golden grain, autumn is, by the hand of time, led away to make room for surly winter. And this fierce object is, after awhile, again displaced by the ever lovely, ever smiling spring. Well may a pious poet exclaim—

“ These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee.”

And shall it be, that, under the withering influences of a thorny theology, a deceptive divinity, men shall convert these demonstrative evidences of heavenly benignity and love, to irresistible proofs of almighty malediction and hatred! The Creator has commissioned time to produce, for the endless gratification of man, a ceaseless variety of scenery. Some, are to raise pleasurable emotions by their softness, their graces, and their smiles. Others, are to enkindle delight, by their thrilling majesty and awe-inspiring sublimity. All are fitted and meant to augment pleasure. Yet some would have it believed, that if God were not excessively angry with man, these changes would not take place—if the Creator had not been vexed, creation would never have varied! But for that anger, there would, it is imagined, be no diversified seasons in one climate, no dissimilar climates on the earth! Had the constitution of the globe been what some think it intended to be, we should of course always have had one temperature, and ever the same objects of sight. No exchanges between the people of different spots of earth could then have taken place. There could then have been no commerce. And had the earth produced spontaneously all that man desired, and the climate allowed him to live without raiment and habitation, there would have been no manufactures, trades, and arts—no roads, canals, and ships—no buildings, cities, and artificial curiosities; and man would have had nothing higher or better to do, than to bask his naked body in the sun, and eat fruits and drink at the spring. If, in this indolent and monotonous condition, he could have done no mischief, committed no sin—he could have done no good, performed no virtue. Had there been no temptation, there could have been no triumph. Had not this state been one of trial, it could not

have been one of improvement. Sublunary changes expose to dangers and sufferings; but they bring sweeter pleasures than can be imagined by any but the grossly indolent, to be connected with a condition of dull, unbroken uniformity, requiring no kind of exertion.

Perhaps a more malignant wish could not be entertained, towards those who sigh for a world in which there were no changes, chances, and choice of actions, than that they should have what they ask. But God is too kind to alter the poles of the world to please, or rather to plague, the whimsical votaries of a theological system, which maintains that creation is all out of joint, and the universe is wrapped in a winding-sheet. The Creator is wise and good, and therefore creation must be a system of wisdom and goodness.

Have men nothing to do with the arrangements of our globe—its size, its land and water, its place in the solar system, the inclination of its axis, its seasons, days, and nights—but to find fault with them, and complain against their effects? Thoughtlessness! ingratitude! Reflection would show that man's good depends upon those arrangements. Gratitude would raise the mind in praise and adoration to Him who made those arrangements, and thereby consulted that good.

But these subjects of thought are esteemed by many to be too trite for serious reflection. What need can there be for fixing all the powers of mind upon that which is constantly under the eye? There is the utmost need. Of that with which men are most familiar, they often know least. Popularly speaking, every one knows what rain, snow, and air are. Yet vast multitudes are totally unacquainted with the properties or nature of these substances. Correctly speaking, they do not know what they are. Rather than study the works of the Great Creator, many would spend all their time and energies upon some puzzling, mind-contracting speculation. That which is within their reach, is below their notice. That which is above their reasoning powers, is alone worthy their aim. The unattainable only is to be pursued. The useless is that which is most to be desired. Time is thus wasted. Truth is missed. Theology is travestied. Better will the world be, and happier too, when our race shall study and know themselves—study and know the phenomena and laws of nature—study and know the revelations of God, from those that are made through flowers, grass, and stones, to those that are made through the stars of heaven, the systems of the universe, and the Saviour of men. Time will then be well employed. Truth will then be secured. Theology will then be dignified, loved, obeyed.

D. D.

DEATH-BED SCENES AMONG THE POOR.—No. III.

THE UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

(Concluded from page 121.)

ROBERT grew up with a noble and elegant appearance; his form as it strengthened into manhood, seemed cast in the finest mould of gracefulness and beauty. His hopes did not, however, brighten with his years, nor did his education keep pace with his physical progress. There was no able, yet generous hand to foster the one, and no means to execute well-directed plans in the other. Of different subjects, he indeed caught snatches; but he understood few with precision or completeness enough for practical purposes. The time of action drew near, and he was equally unprepared for college or counting-house. Yet this arose not from natural inability; for in various ways he evinced the possession of fine intellectual powers. His understanding was vigorous but unmoulded; his feelings, deep and strong but unchastened; and most of his tendencies, to the wild and uncultured in society as well as in nature. Something of a bold, but melancholy enthusiasm grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He imbibed a prejudice, an unfair one it may be, against artificial life and rank in general, from the specimens that came under his own observation. More glorious to him was the star-lit temple than a painted room; and the mists that curtained the crags, to his eye, were drapery more magnificent than all the silken foldings of decorated apartments. With all wild scenes and natural objects within any approachable distance, he became familiarly acquainted—not in mere silent contemplation, but also in the strong sympathy of action. With the surrounding inhabitants too he intermingled, and became a frequent participant in their amusements, among which, his favourite one was the summer's evening dance. I cannot go into minute detail; but thus it went on, until he came to the close of his twentieth summer, and with what results, will be rapidly traced in the sequel.

Different engagements and constant application had prevented me, for some time, from seeing as much of him as I could have desired. The winter advanced; and one day, within about a month of Christmas, Robert called on me. After some friendly conversation, he said, "My father and mother would feel great pleasure if you could come and spend the Christmas holidays along with us. I need not say what gratification it would give to our younger circle, and particularly to myself. We can promise you only simple enjoyment, but you shall meet at least warm hearts and a cordial welcome. You must not refuse." We parted on the agreement that I should go. The time came, and I kept my appointment. There is little in a Christmas feast, however

excellent in reality, which can be novel in description. Every thing ministered to happiness—dance, and song, and wit—youth, and beauty, and affection. Mr. and Mrs. Moreland looked with proud exultation on the merry circle, the greater number of which consisted of their own young family. And they seemed to feel, that devoid as they were of this world's affluence, they still had treasures for which empires were not a recompense. For my own part, I drank in deeply of the delight which I saw it was every one's desire to increase; and I could scarcely allow a dark boding to arise in my heart, where each look was brightened with beams from the heaven of joy. Yet, amidst all, there was something about Robert which proved him not entirely at ease. It was something, however, that a careless observer could not discover. His pleasure at any time seldom assumed the air of excited gaiety; but there was on this occasion, a slight appearance of restraint in giving himself, even in his own manner, to the general sympathy. At some moments a shade rapidly passed along his countenance, which evinced that his soul was not perfectly transparent. After a few hours of buoyant emotion, I slipped away from the still rejoicing circle. I retired to a small apartment in a remote part of the house, appropriated as a sort of school-room for the children. I found here a clear fire, yet burning brightly; and sat down to enjoy the luxury of an indolent fancy. I had scarcely entered on my reverie, when it was broken by the entrance of Robert. Having said that he had watched my going from the room, and followed me for the purpose of having some friendly conversation, he took a chair, and placed himself on the other side of the fire. The reflection flashed full on his sombre, but youthful and beautiful countenance. His forehead was deadly pale; the excitement of the preceding pleasure had faded from his eye, and left that fixed and steadfast look which ever accompanies deep-laid care. "I hope," said he, "you have enjoyed your evening?" "Never had a more delightful one in my life; and surrounded as I was, had my bosom been made of ice, it must have been warmed into happiness." "And not the less so, I trust, because we have had less ceremony and less splendour than we should have thought it *necessary* to assume had our opulence been greater." There was a mixture of passion and irony in his manner of making this observation. "Sincerity," I observed, "has no need of ostentation; and the genuine feelings of our nature are independent of all forms; but——" "Oh that *but!*" said he, "it is a word of magic; it pulls down on the one side all that has been built up on the other. You would then mean to say that riches, and art, and ceremony, are necessary to happiness; and, severer than even the priests of Japan, who doom the poor to wretchedness hereafter, you would even in this life begin their perdition."

"You misunderstand me," I replied, "I merely intended to say that *refined* habits gave greater purity to the affections, and that a correspondence of feeling was necessary to permanent esteem." "*Refinement!*" he repeated, and smiled sarcastically, "has it not often accompanied the last degree of evil—has it not often combined ingenuity with iniquity? Your superlative for all that's bad is *refined*—refined treachery, refined cruelty, refined vengeance, and worst of all—*refined* relationship. Thus adorned, the cold-hearted sensualist conceals his grossness, and the villain escapes with impunity in the gentleman. Is it not true that some are at once callous and unkind, yet also elegant and polite? Mrs. S—— seldom sees her husband, and never seems to care whether her infants live or die with her hireling substitute, and yet she is a very accomplished woman. Her conversation, music, singing, card-playing, are all admitted to be excellent; but it appears all these may be done without a heart. Mrs. Moreland, likewise, the wife of my placid cousin, is also a cultivated woman. She is eternally afraid lest her good nature shall get for a moment beyond her dignity, and that if she is caught without haughtiness and airs, people shall forget that she is Mrs. Moreland of Moreland Hall. She is therefore always well provided; her manner in our humble parlour, tells that she has a carriage waiting at the door; and the simper with which she gives a formal invitation to my mother and sisters, bespeaks the wonderful condescension of the *lady-patroness!*"

I was proceeding to point out the unfairness of his remarks; but his sarcasm became more poignant, and his indignation more vehement; until, at last, he said with much impassioned energy—"Give me the heart unsteemed by interest and fashion, throbbing with nature's own workings, and I care not if these throbblings are as wild as the mountain gales. Give me a being that heaven's own hand has baptised with beauty, and heaven's own spirit inspired with love,—let that being be mine, and then perish in comparison all that misers call treasure, and all that pride calls nobility. And such a being *is mine*"—"Is yours!" I exclaimed in astonishment, "how?" "To be plain," said he, "about what cannot be long concealed, I am married."

The romance of his language I could well have looked on as the effervescence of youth, but this, like a flash of lightning, revealed the dark abyss of ruin that lay below the precipice on which he was then standing. The remaining facts, to avoid prolixity, I must sometimes condense into my own words. The discovery was soon made. The young creature to whom he had bound his fate, was a simple and peculiarly beautiful country girl, the daughter of a neighbouring small farmer; as ardent and inconsiderate as her unfortunate lover; poor in every thing except her loveliness and

affection, and these were entirely, devotedly, passionately his. The ceremony, he contrived to get performed at some distance, in a country church, to which the clergyman had just come, a stranger.

My visit had commenced brightly, indeed; but ere it had terminated, I saw the joy in which it opened turned into deepest sorrow. A day or two after my sojourn, the military director, as I may call him, was seen riding to the door, and by the extreme darkness of his brow, a more than ordinary storm was expected. Robert was in the room as he entered. He gave one look—it was terrible; his eye burning fiercely under his black eye-brows, shot like lightning from a thick and hanging cloud. It told at once that he had found out the secret. Yet he spoke not. Robert seemed melancholy, but firm. I left the room, and he shortly after followed. His uncle laid open the whole story, and departed not until he had vowed undying vengeance, and uttered fearful maledictions. It would be vain to describe the burst of grief which succeeded. The sorrow of each was deep in the extreme; and even Mr. Moreland himself, after he had poured out the rage of an angry father, sank into the dejection of an afflicted old man. Robert himself was overpowered. All hope in this country was now lost to him. He determined to leave it, and at once embark for America. On resigning a small annuity to which he was entitled, at a considerable disadvantage, his uncle furnished slender means, and thus at the same time gratified his enmity and avarice. His object was to leave his wife in her native place, and not to risk her safety in a dangerous adventure, until he had procured some settlement on the other side of the Atlantic. All preliminaries were soon arranged, and the day of departure arrived.

A murky spring morning was breaking, and a dim twilight struggling into being through masses of dark clouds, when Robert raised his head from a troubled slumber by the parlour fire, and remembered that his hour was approaching. The hollow, lonely sound of the horse and car, come to remove his box, struck upon his ear and rushed to his heart as a death-knell. A cautious rap brought him to the door; the carrier entered, and he shuddered as if he had seen his executioner. The poor, old, large woolly dog, which he had fed for years, leaped upon him with his wonted morning salutation, and licked the hand that never once had struck him. "Tiger," said he, "you will soon want your master." On returning to the room, his family, whom he had desired to avoid, were all assembled. He pretended at least to breakfast;—and now, the chest was heard removing. The forced calm of every countenance was then broken; every heart showered out its torrent of bitterness; every bosom gasped in the struggle of despair. His pale mother hung upon his

bosom; those arms entwined him for the last time, that for the first had encircled his infancy; and he held her now panting as a child, that had cherished him in suckling weakness. Her whole soul seemed uttered in one bitter exclamation—"Farewell, farewell, my child!—for ever!" He looked around him, and there were the little ones he had carried so often in his arms, and there were those sisters, so amiable, so beautiful: his younger sister, especially, was sobbing with convulsive sorrow; the very soul of agony thrilled in every fibre of her frame; she heard—she felt—she thought of nothing, but that the brother of her heart was now an outcast and an exile. But all fled from his vision, when he looked upon his father, with his head now bleaching into grey—about to lose the staff of his declining years; he could only now remember, that it was he who planted daggers in his heart, and sent tears down his cheeks;—in the full outburst of penitence, he cast himself on his knees before him, and cried out, "Oh, father! I have greatly offended you—but do forgive me, and let me at least carry into exile the consolation of your blessing." The old man reverently raised his eyes, still streaming with tears, to heaven—the whole family, with a simultaneous movement, fell on their knees,—then laying his hand on the head of his prostrate son, he said, "God preserve you, my child! and be your friend in the land of strangers;—whosoever shall persecute, your father shall always bless you." One wrenching effort, and one heaving groan, and Robert was outside his paternal roof for ever.

One or two hundred pounds, a few letters of introduction, and some clothes, all contained in not a very large box, constituted his whole wealth. With this, he paced along the small country road which was to lead him from the friends of his youth, to the wilderness of the world. The objects linked to his mind, each with some peculiar recollection or interest, were successively, as he passed them, adding to his home and heart-sickness. Adjacent to the way-side, was the ruin of a small chapel of olden times. This had often been the bound of his evening rambles, and the scene of many of his romantic and visionary musings. He stepped in for a moment, to take "a last and lingering look," and, it may be, to utter a parting prayer. He heard, he thought, a low, suffocated breathing. He looked—it was a female asleep; she dreamed wildly and wept bitterly. Troubled and surprised, he saw it was she to whom he had bid farewell, and with whom he had conceived the bitterness of parting was over. In the impulse of the moment, he cried "O Mary, Mary! what has brought you here?" Startled by the voice, she awoke; and in the shivering accents of cold and despair, uttered the most heart-rending exclamations:—"O Robert! can you—will you leave me? Will you leave your

own poor, poor broken-hearted Mary? Oh! when you are away, this will be a black world to me; and my heart will grow sick; and if you come to this spot again, you will find your Mary's grave! And when you are among the foreign people, they will not love you as I would; and when you are in grief, they will not pity you; and when you are sick, you will not have me to rub your head and lay it on my bosom." "Mary, I shall soon return for you," said he; "but go home for this time." "Robert!" she exclaimed, with much energy, "I have no home. My father has turned me out; he said, I would not marry the farmer he wanted me to take, and that he would not have any *gentleman's* wife in his house." "Come, then, Mary! while this heart lives, it beats for you; and while this arm is able to fell a tree in an American forest, you shall have a house to keep out the storm, and where the world's scorn can never reach you. My fate is now yours; our fortunes must wither or flourish together; bitter blasts are blowing on our youth, but cheer up, Mary, brighter suns may shine upon us yet."

After some slight preparations at the nearest town, they proceeded together for the seaport, which lay at a considerable distance. Determined to share every danger and success in common, they embarked, and were soon scudding before a fair gale, to that ocean, so apt an image of their future—dark, turbulent, undefined, and fearful. Borne from familiar scenes, they felt for the first time in an immense universe; and in that boundless loneliness around them, they clung to one another, as if each was to each the concentration of all existence. Darker hours were coming. Ere they had cleared the Channel, sudden gusts rushed on them as the threatenings of a scowling heaven; a tempest was apprehended, and a tempest worse than their gloomiest fears, shook the ocean as if the globe reeled in its orbit. Shipwreck came, with all its horrors—in a night of pitchy darkness, and along a coast fenced with frowning crags. The shriek of despair rushed wildly through the heaving ship, and every black wave seemed fraught with the message of eternal destiny. The details of such scenes have often been faithfully and fearfully described; and had actual experience ever given me the unenviable knowledge, I could not now dwell upon them. Robert caught Mary in his arms, and made a powerful effort to heave her into the boat; but in attempting himself to follow, he lost his step—the rope was cut—and he fell upon the rushing wave. To an oar, or some other piece of timber, which happened to fall in his way, he clung with the earnest tenacity that the common instinct of life imparts. In this manner, he floated for some hours; at length, he became entirely unconscious of his condition; and when he next awoke to a sense of existence, he found himself in a fisherman's hut, with persons rubbing him before a fire. He was awaking as

out of a terrific dream; his mind was a chaos of dark and broken recollections; the last night's ruin was opening on his struggling memory; and the first words he uttered were—"Where, where is the boat? Where is Mary?" The boat had sunk—and Mary had perished in the waves!

Not very many weeks from Robert's departure, I received, to my astonishment, a note wishing me to go to see him at a neighbouring village. I found him at a small inn. He was livid with bruises, pale, and emaciated; his eyes sunk, but now and then twinkling with a fearful brilliancy. His manner was absent, hesitating, interrupted with shuddering starts. He narrated the preceding particulars, and concluded with one deep, emphatic expression—"And now I am a wretch indeed!" He determined not to go near his father's. He talked of enlisting. Whatever he should do, despair was evidently written on his heart. Some of his money had been so secured about his person as to escape the wreck. He lingered about the neighbourhood, with a sort of infatuated indecision; but by every possible precaution, avoided all contact with any of his relatives. He daily decayed in body, and broke down in mind, and rambled like a ghost among those scenes where he had contracted his last strong but unfortunate associations. Alas! had it even remained thus! Dissipated characters, who knew he had yet some money, laid snares to allure him; and he was but too fit an object for their wiles. He was but too glad to sink a bitter consciousness in oblivion; or to rush from an appalling desolateness of feeling, to delirious and tumultuous excitement. He found companions in his hours of riot, but he met with none who could share his sorrows or his heart. Accordingly, he usually only left the carousal to retire to his affliction; and it was after such occasions, that he departed to some solitary spot, to dwell on the misery that lay in the dark volcano of his bosom—a burning of agony, which, instead of being quenched, was only inflamed by wine.

One morning, a little after day-break, he was found asleep on a tomb in the chapel to which I have previously alluded. His clothes were perfectly wet from rain which had fallen during the night. When awakened, he shivered; he stood up—his look was insane—his brow was burning;—"O Mary!" he wildly cried, "O Mary!—why should you doubt me?—you must come with me—you know I desperately love you. Oh! my head, my head! you said, Mary, you would rub it, and lay it on your bosom." Exhausted—he would have fallen, had he not been held up. He raved—he was in a raging fever—a fever of the most virulent nature. A vacant hut, with attendance, was prepared for his reception. In this hut, I last saw Robert Moreland. The writhings and delirium of the disease were strongly triumphing. They said the crisis was approaching, and so it was; but alas! it

was the crisis between time and eternity. His younger sister, who came to him almost from the first, sat at one side of his bed, holding up his head. His mother—and oh! what a position for a mother!—was moistening his burning lips with his latest drink. Every breath except the patient's was hushed. Sometimes he laughed, as if in some scene of merriment; then he sang as at the Christmas feast; at other times, he seemed to address his brothers and sisters playfully; and then he would say again—"Mary, why have you been weeping? you are pale—you are pale, poor Mary!" His parents seemed also continually present to his mind; occasionally he addressed his mother; "Mother, my dear mother! let me in;—I am very cold—I am going to die." And then, "O father, father! don't look so angry; I am drowning, I am drowning, I am drowning!" Here his voice and strength became exhausted. A sane and peaceful state of mind succeeded. He looked tenderly at his mother. He gently recognised his sisters. To myself also he showed marks of affection. He deplored his past errors. He asked for the consolations of religion. The clergyman had been there, but he was incapable at the time of knowing him. Having expressed his trust in the Divine goodness, he took his mother's hand—and, as he was about to speak, his spirit vanished in the effort. The father, whom hitherto they had prevented from entering, on account of contagion, now rushed in; but let us say no more. What can description add to a hoary head and a broken heart? We shall deal kindly with the memory of the dead:—he had his errors, and he endured their punishment.

PHRENOLOGY.—No. V.

ITS RECENT PROGRESS ON THE CONTINENT.

"Minds of a superior kind are their own judges, and can wait with *proud humility* till their opinion of themselves is confirmed by the public voice."
—*Edgeworth*.

THE latter years of Dr. Gall's life were spent at Paris, where he continued, after Spurzheim's departure, to practise medicine and give courses of lectures on Phrenology. The third volume of his quarto work, on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System, appeared in 1818; and the fourth in 1819. Of this work the physiological portion was, with a few additions, reprinted in six volumes octavo, under the title "*Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau, et sur celles de Chacune de ses Parties; avec des Observations sur la Possibilité de reconnaître les Instincts, les Penchans, les Talens, ou les Dispositions Morales et Intellectuelles des Hommes et des Animaux, par la Configuration de leur Cerveau et de leur Tête. Par J. F. Gall.*"* The first and second volumes

* "*On the Functions of the Brain and of its various Parts,*" &c. —It is proper to observe that though bearing the name of Gall alone, at least one-third of this work is the joint production of him and his colleague Dr. Spurzheim.

were published in 1822; the third, fourth, and fifth in 1823; and the sixth in 1825. Each volume has a sub-title, but the whole form one connected work. This being the main fountain of phrenological science, a rapid survey of its leading contents will not be out of place.

In the *first* volume, entitled "On the Origin of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties of Man, and the Conditions of their Manifestation," Dr. Gall demonstrates the innateness of the mental powers, and refutes at great length the notions of Helvetius and other philosophers, by whom the faculties are represented as called into existence by impressions received through the senses, by education, by climate and food, by wants, attention, social life, pleasure and pain, passions, and desire of glory. After exposing in a masterly style the absurdities which have been palmed upon the world on these subjects under the name of philosophy, he proceeds to the question, "What are the conditions required for the manifestation of the moral and intellectual faculties?"—in reply to which he demonstrates, by a crowd of irresistible facts and arguments, that this manifestation depends on corporeal or material conditions, without the existence of which no faculty can be displayed in the present life. He then considers and repels the popular accusation that this doctrine leads to materialism, fatalism, and the destruction of moral liberty; and afterwards shows, in the concluding part of the volume, the application of phrenology to man regarded as an object of education and punishment—discussing in particular the retribution which ought to be exacted from criminals who, from natural weakness of intellect or morality, from strength of passion, or from disease of the brain and consequent derangement of mind, are little endowed with the power of self-control.

The sub-title of the *second* volume is, "On the Organs of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties, and the Plurality of the Cerebral Organs."* This volume opens with a desultory introduction, comprising a historical sketch of the proceedings of former inquirers into the structure and functions of the brain. The question is then put—"Whether is the soul confined to one part of the body or diffused over its whole extent?" Before considering this problem, Dr. Gall gives an account of the leading hypotheses which have figured in ancient and modern times with respect to the seat of the soul and the reciprocal action between it and the body; and here he finds another opportunity of exposing many gross aberrations of the human understanding. He then exhibits the arguments which appear to prove that the brain is *ex-*

* "I call *organ*," he says, "the material condition which renders possible the manifestation of a faculty."—*Tome i. p. 232.* Thus the eye is the organ of sight, the ear of hearing, the muscles of motion, and so on.

clusively the organ or material condition of sensation and of the mental act involved in voluntary motion; together with various considerations tending, on the contrary, to show that there are likewise *other* parts of the nervous system of themselves capable of producing those phenomena: but after viewing both sides of the question, he declares himself unable to decide between them. Leaving, therefore, future observers to determine whether or not *sensation* and *voluntary motion* are possible without the assistance of the brain, he comes to the grand question, "May the brain be considered as the exclusive organ of the *intellectual* and *moral* faculties?"—and the evidence adduced in favour of an affirmative reply is absolutely overwhelming. He then considers the various objections which have been urged against this doctrine, and successfully rebuts them all. The next section of the volume is "On the means of discovering, with the aid of the brain, an index of the moral and intellectual faculties." Various modes of discovering such an index had been suggested by previous physiologists. Some had imagined the intelligence of men and animals to be in proportion to the absolute size of the brain; others, that it depends on the cerebral volume in relation to that of the entire body: some had looked for an indication in the developement of the brain compared with that of the nerves, the spinal marrow, or the face; by others attention had been paid to the proportion of different parts of the eucephalon to each other; and lastly, the facial angle of Camper, and occipital line of Daubenton, had been widely discussed. All these modes of procedure, however, were founded on gratuitous assumptions, ran counter to facts revealed by observation, and hardly deserved, what Dr. Gall has nevertheless given them, a lengthened and anxious refutation. "The interpretation of the different forms of head" is the next topic; in discussing which Dr. Gall shows that very small heads are uniformly accompanied with feeble minds, and that in men of commanding genius and originality, and whose minds as a whole are remarkably vigorous, the brain is always large. It is proved by experience, however, that very opposite dispositions and the greatest diversity of talent may exist in two individuals whose heads are of equal size; and from this it follows, that *characteristic tendencies* bear no relation to the *absolute volume* of the brain. But all difficulty at once disappears if we attend to the variety of forms which heads assume. It is found that *character*—in other words, the relative energy of the mental faculties—varies with the *shape* of the brain; and this circumstance leads directly to the conclusion, that different parts of the cerebral mass are connected with different faculties—in short, to the fundamental principle of phrenology, that the brain is *a congeries of organs*, each performing its appropriate function. Of the

doctrine of the plurality of cerebral organs, accordingly, Dr. Gall proceeds to treat. After showing that the idea is far from being new, though no demonstration of it had ever been given, he brings his heavy artillery to bear upon it, in the shape of a multiplicity of anatomical, physiological, and pathological proofs, whereby the principle is, in our estimation, set altogether beyond the reach of controversy.

The *third* volume treats of the "Influence of the Brain on the Form of the Skull; and the Difficulties and Means of determining the Mental Faculties and discovering the situation of their Organs." Dr. Gall examines in this volume the circumstances in which it is possible to infer the developement of the brain, either in whole or in part, from the external appearance of the skull, and consequently to judge, by inspecting the head, of the moral and intellectual tendencies of individuals. On this subject he goes into numerous details, to which we cannot here advert. The next section, entitled "Preliminary Discourse to the Organology," is devoted to the difficulties and means of determining the fundamental faculties and the functions of the different parts of the brain. After showing the insufficiency of anatomy, pathology, comparative anatomy, and mutilation of the brains of living animals, to determine the organs and their functions, the author gives a very interesting exposition of the means adopted for this purpose by himself, and the obstacles which he found in his path. The chief of these methods we have already hinted at in the second paper of the present series.—The remainder of the third volume, and the whole of the *fourth* and *fifth* are occupied with a detailed exposition of the faculties—"Organologie, ou Exposition des Instincts, des Penchans, des Sentimens, et des Talens; ou des Facultés Intellectuelles Fondamentales de l' Homme et des Animaux, et du Siège de leurs Organes." In treating of each faculty, Dr. Gall gives a sketch of the history of the discovery of its organ, its natural history in man and the lower animals, the phenomena of its derangement, and the appearances indicative of the size of its organ.

The *sixth* and concluding volume is somewhat desultory in its character: it is entitled "Critical Review of some Anatomical and Physiological works; and Exposition of a new Philosophy of the Moral and Intellectual Faculties." Dr. Gall here discusses a variety of statements and experiments made by Tiedemann, Coster, Flourens, Serres, and Antommarchi, relative to the anatomy and physiology of the brain; but the exposition of the "new Philosophy" is the most interesting part of the volume. He points out the distinction between fundamental powers and their general attributes or modes of activity common to different faculties; shows that perception, memory, judgment, and imagination are merely forms in which the faculties act, and by no means faculties

themselves; and inquires into the motives of human actions, the origin of the arts and sciences, and the perfectibility of our race.

Every part of this work abounds with striking and original ideas, and with facts of the highest value to the student of human nature. Although the views of Dr. Gall have been in various respects improved on and rectified by Dr. Spurzheim, Mr. Combe, and other recent phrenological writers, the treatise we have now given an account of will long be resorted to as the production of the founder of phrenology, and as a rich mine of information with respect to the moral and intellectual nature of man. The present writer is not without hope, that the foregoing abstract of its principal contents will somewhat widen the circle of its readers in the United Kingdom.*

With regard to the habits and manners of Dr. Gall, the following particulars, from the pen of Dr. Elliotson, are published in the *Phrenological Journal* for October 1826.

"I have seen Dr. Gall—seen much of him, and had repeated conversations with him on phrenological points, and on the history of his discoveries. He lectures in Paris, to a class of above one hundred, at the *Athénée Royale*. His course consists of sixty or seventy lectures, and he spends several days in dissecting. When, at the end of the hour, he asks whether he shall proceed, the audience applaud violently, and he often continues two, and upwards of three hours. Dr. Gall ranks high in Paris; he is physician to ten ambassadors,—has great practice,—is considered a *savant*,—and bears himself and lives handsomely like a gentleman.

"Gall's head is magnificent; and his countenance, dress, and manners, with the depth, continuousness, liberality, and simplicity of his remarks, show you that you are in company with a profound philosopher, a perfect gentleman, and a most kind-hearted friend. He is perfectly free from affectation or quackery; pursues truth only, regardless of all consequences; and has sought it at an immense expense, and free from all interested motives. He knows the importance and the reality of his discoveries; and though perfectly modest and simple, forms the just estimate of himself that posterity will form, and feels secure of immortality. I advised him to write some popular book, but he objected;—saying he had written for the studios only—for those who desired to understand the subject thoroughly; that he had composed a work for posterity, and must leave to others the occupation of writing for loungers. Till within the last two or three years he has been considerably out of pocket by phrenology. It was delightful to see the good old man every day sitting on his sofa, or

* We are happy to learn that an English translation is about to be published at Boston, U. S.

sitting up in bed (for he was ill at the time), surrounded by his friends, all listening to him, while he spoke knowledge in the most amiable manner—attending to every question, and allowing some more voluble though not less admiring than the rest, to interrupt him, patiently resuming his arguments when they had finished. He is incessantly meditating and observing, so untrue is it that he labours no longer. He encourages all to work, telling them that much remains yet to be done, and mentions points upon which he wishes them to make observations for the purpose of solving various difficulties.”*

In March 1828, at the conclusion of one of his lectures, Dr. Gall was seized with a paralytic attack, from which he never perfectly recovered. Shortly before his death, Cuvier, whose unwillingness to acknowledge his merits had now considerably abated, sent him a skull which he thought confirmatory of his phrenological opinions. But the dying philosopher said to the person who brought it, “Take back that skull, and tell Cuvier that now only one is wanting to complete my collection: it is my own: it will soon be there, as a powerful testimony to the truth of my doctrine.”† He expired on 22d August 1828, in the 72d year of his age; and his remains were followed to the grave by an immense assemblage of friends and admirers, five of whom, according to the French custom, delivered funeral orations over his tomb. His death gave rise to a succession of eulogiums and attacks in the public journals, such as had scarcely ever been paralleled; but the prevailing sentiment was decidedly in his favour. “You,” says a neutral gentleman to Dr. Andrew Combe, in a letter written from Paris at the time, “*You* will be more affected by the death of Gall than by any political events. In truth it is an immense loss to science. Whatever opinion we may form of the system of that illustrious man, it must be acknowledged that he has made a vast stride in the sciences of medicine and mankind. *You* must have been satisfied with the homage paid to his memory at the side of his grave by whatever distinguished men Paris can boast of. Nothing was wanting to his glory; not even the abuse and calumnies of our *devots de gazette*.”‡

Dr. Gall left an extensive collection of skulls and casts, a descriptive catalogue of which will be found in the sixth and seventh volumes of the Phrenological Journal.

In 1831, a Phrenological Society was formed at Paris, consisting, at its commencement, of 110 members, of whom 61 were physicians.§ Among these are Andral, professor in the Faculty of Medicine, a physiologist of the highest

* Phren. Jour. iv. 135.

† *Journal de la Société Phrénologique de Paris*, No. 5.

‡ Phren. Jour. v. 578.

§ See List of Members, in the Phren. Jour. vii. 302.

celebrity; Blondeau, Dean of the Faculty of Law; Broussais, professor in the Faculty of Medicine, and chief physician of the Val-de-Grâce; Jules Cloquet, professor in the Faculty of Medicine, and surgeon to the Hospital of St. Louis; Falret, and Rostan, physicians to the Salpêtrière; Ferrus, physician to the Bicêtre; Julien, editor of the *Revue Encyclopedique*; Sanson, surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu; and other eminent scientific individuals. In 1832, this Society commenced the publication of a Journal, which has now reached the eighth number. It has likewise established public courses of lectures on phrenology, the attendance on which has been very numerous. "But it is not in these courses alone," says Dr. Casimir Broussais, "that phrenology has found defenders and representatives: our science has penetrated into the Faculty of Medicine; homage has been paid to it within the precincts of that institution; professors of the *Ecole* have spoken of it with the seriousness and attention to which it is entitled; and one of them, the elder Broussais, has even given an exposition of its principles in several lectures devoted exclusively to this object."*

The most enthusiastic prosecutor of phrenological investigations on the Continent, is Dr. Joseph Vimont, a physician resident in Paris, who, having attended a course of Dr. Gall's lectures, thought he could easily refute phrenology, and with this view commenced the formation of what has proved to be the most extensive and varied collection of skulls (chiefly of the lower animals) ever made. Instead, however, of thereby undermining phrenology, according to his expectation, Dr. Vimont found his scepticism give way in proportion as his observations became extensive; and the result has been the publication of his "Treatise on Human and Comparative Phrenology, accompanied by a splendid Atlas in folio consisting of 120 Plates:" 1833. Of this valuable work, English and French editions were simultaneously published, the former in London and the latter in Paris. The plates are executed in the finest style of the lithographic art, from drawings far superior in beauty and accuracy to those in the Atlas of Dr. Gall. The publication of Vimont's work is not yet, we believe, fully completed; a few plates and the second volume of letter-press being still in expectation.

A few words may now be said as to the progress of phrenology in other parts of the Continent.

In Italy it does not seem to be widely diffused; though one eminent champion has appeared there—Dr. Philip Uccelli, professor of anatomy at Florence. In his *Compendium of Anatomy*, published in 1825, Uccelli stood up boldly in defence of phrenology; and for this crime he was deprived of

* Summary of the Society's proceedings in 1832-3; *Jour. de la Soc. Phren. de Paris*, No. 5.

his professorship, and otherwise made the victim of intolerance and bigotry. The persecution against him did not terminate even with his death; for the publication of a sketch of his life was prohibited, and there was suppressed, in a purely necrological notice, a passage which stated that the students had accompanied his body to the grave. They meant to perform a funeral service in the church, but were prohibited from doing so, and even from asking permission.*

In the north of Europe there is a zealous apostle of phrenology in the person of Dr. Otto, professor of materia medica and medical jurisprudence in the university of Copenhagen. This gentleman is the author of an elementary treatise on the science, and some years ago edited a Phrenological Journal in the Danish language. Dr. Hoppe of Copenhagen is another ardent phrenologist, and there are many converts throughout the kingdom of Denmark.

At Stockholm, Mr. G. M. Schwartz has for many years pursued the study, and the number of Swedish phrenologists is considerable.† Among them we may include the first chemist in Europe, Berzelius, who in one of his publications thus announces his acquiescence in the general principles of the science:—"The older physiologists admitted the existence of a *sensorium commune*, in which, as a centre, the intellectual being was placed. Those of more recent times, however, guided chiefly by the distinguished but long unappreciated labours of Gall, believe they have discovered that our individual powers belong to particular parts of the brain exclusively allotted to them, and that the different degrees of developement in these parts is the cause of considerable difference in the intellectual powers—in the natural capacity for certain employments—and in the dispositions which characterise different individuals of mankind, and of those animals in which we find developed a certain degree of intellectual power, as the dog, horse, or elephant. To such an extent is this the case, that it is possible to ascertain the difference of the intellectual and moral powers, if not with positive certainty, still with a high degree of probability, by simply examining the external configuration of the skull. Hence it is certain that the shape [of the brain] has a material influence on the understanding; but to what extent its quality may have an influence still remains unknown."‡

The Germans do not seem to have appreciated the labours of their countrymen Gall and Spurzheim. We are not aware that Gall's treatise on the functions of the brain has been published in German; but a translation of Mr. Combe's "System of Phrenology" has recently appeared at Bremen, and we have reason to believe that some of Dr. Spurzheim's

* See Pren. Jour. vi. 29, 201; viii. 278.

† See Phren. Jour. vii. 573.

‡ Lehrbuch der Chemie, iv. 23. Dresden, 1831.

works have likewise been translated. Professor Blumenbach of Gottingen is favourable to phrenology, notwithstanding a very current report to the contrary.*

In our next paper we shall mention a few particulars regarding the progress of phrenology in Britain and America, and thus conclude our historical sketch, which has extended far beyond the limits anticipated at its commencement.

R. C.

REVIEW.

The Existing State of Theology as an Intellectual Pursuit, and Religion as a Moral Influence: a SERMON, preached at the Unitarian Chapel, in South-Place, Finsbury, on Wednesday, May 21, 1834, at the Anniversary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.—By JAMES MARTINEAU. London, R. Hunter.

Too long have we allowed this superior sermon to remain unnoticed. But its great excellence may furnish us with an apology for our neglect. It is not evanescent, and therefore needed not its recommendation on the very day it issued from the press, in order to speed it to its destination before all the interest which it could excite had vanished. It is as good now, and as interesting and valuable too, as it was when the printer turned it out of hand. It will be the same for years to come. Finely does it exhibit the striking difference between the existing state of theology and religion, and that which should be the condition of both. A vein composed of strong reasoning, fervid feeling, and moral might, runs through the whole. It is a sermon to do its reader good. The man who could lay it down, after a careful perusal, without feeling his mind expanded, his sympathies with goodness enkindled, and his aspirations after a purer theology and a holier religion than those that are current, must be much to be pitied or greatly to be blamed. True, it compels us to believe that Dr. Wardlaw's "Christian Ethics" are anti-christian. But this proves Christianity to be more valuable to man, than it could be were the leading principle of the Ethics true. Were human nature, as Dr. W. propounds, in that condition of pravity which could yield no moral philosophy at all, the very natural question is, Whence did the Doctor obtain his morals? From the Gospel, it is replied. Granted; but the position implies that he had by nature no moral powers to receive this moral system. But the system could not be received without the necessary faculties. Did the system first create these faculties, and then take possession of them? If so, then all that was requisite or useful, were the statement and proof of the miracle, and instructions how any other person might procure for himself the same miraculous power. If every human being were utterly depraved, and naturally insensible to moral truth, then the

* See Phren. Jour. viii. 531.

moral condition of man might justly be likened to his mental condition, if every human being were insane. In this last case, what individual among the race could discover, that himself and all the rest were utterly void of reason? Should any one find out, that he was himself deficient in reason, and that those around him were wholly destitute, this very discrimination would prove the existence of some reason. And should he affirm that he had no reason at all, his assertion would demonstrate its own falsehood. So of morals. Deprive every human being of moral perceptions and moral powers, and not one among them will ever in that condition discover the defect. Every sigh expended upon the dogma of universal radical pravity, every declamation upon the subject, every lamentation over it, every sermon advocating it, every book aiming to prove it, including of course Dr. Wardlaw's, is evidence of its fallacy. Were it true, no sigh would be heaved, no lamentation made, no book written. The sighers, lamenters, and writers are not then wholly depraved: they have moral perceptions and powers. From Dr. Wardlaw's natural moral powers proceeded all his wailing over human pravity. Yet he would deny their existence. What inconsistency! What ingratitude! What an abuse of the reasoning powers!

ILLUSTRATIONS of the BIBLE, from Original Paintings made expressly by RICHARD WESTALL, Esq. R. A. & JOHN MARTIN, Esq. —London, E. Chenton; Edinburgh, Bell & Bradfute. (Part 10, Eight Engravings.)

THIS Part contains Manoah's sacrifice; Nehemiah mourning over Jerusalem; Joash saved by Jehoshabath; Ezra reading the law; the unfeeling Creditor; an Angel slaying the Assyrians; the vision of the four Chariots; and the destruction of Tyre. To those who have possessed themselves of the preceding Parts of this interesting work, a recommendation of it is unnecessary. To those who have been waiting to see how the work would proceed, and how the Illustrations would continue to be executed, it may be stated that they can now safely commence taking it, for there is no falling off from the earlier numbers. The subjects are judiciously chosen, and handsomely brought out. Such representations are calculated to give a zest to the history and biography of the Bible, by localising the more prominent events and persons connected therewith.

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE. A Philosophic and Didactic Poem; in Four Books, with Notes. By WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D., M. R. I. A.

(Continued from page 136.)

IN one of our previous remarks, we referred to the influence of a diffused and deepened spirituality on poetry; and

this especially, in reference to the passions and social affections. This influence, we think, can scarcely be over-rated; and must be deeply felt in all the higher grades of modern poetry. From this arise stronger moral feelings—more ardent attachments, with all their conflicting emotions—retired affections, with all their heart-touching sympathies—and the inspiration of liberty, with all its bold and generous enthusiasm. Man becomes important as man. Humanity is his noblest title. Every thing within him, and connected with him, is raised to a loftier pinnacle of elevation. To endow him with consequence, he needs not a fiction to make him a son of Jove or Apollo. He has a nobler lineage, and a bolder claim—he is the son of Him whose dwelling rests not on Olympus, nor is bounded by the heaven of heavens. Nor is the interest confined to the small number of actions of a few boasting pretenders; but may be found wherever a human heart can pant with hope or fear, with hatred or love. The soul, with its anticipations or apprehensions—and human life, with all its connections, have thus been made to gush forth streams of rich, pure, and beautiful poetry—appetites have been elevated into sentiments—and sentiments sanctified into piety. As pure Christianity is, we may say, the poetry of religion—so poetry is, in some sense, the religion of genius. The simple statements of religion are themselves fraught with poetic power. They endow man with infinitude; and on every side, they place him in relation to infinitude. They confer on him a celestial origin—they represent him as shadowing forth in his being, the image of the Infinite Spirit—they give him an elevating relation to the boundless universe—and to all this, they add immortality, and progression of power, and communion with deathless minds. A human being, thus considered, has more of the grandeur of poetry shed about his nature, than was given to the mightiest god of Paganism. His religion impels imagination, and opens for its range a boundless region for conception. Heathenism left all to sense; but imagination is a necessary part of a spiritual religion—it realises the “invisible things of faith,” and soars to the cloudless and joyous regions of hope. What worlds of feelings and passions are thus created in the human bosom!—what sources of tenderness, solemnity, and pathos! Where else would be all those thrilling struggles between temptation and duty—those throes of conscience labouring to shake off the incubus of guilt—those thousand stings of remorse, worse than all the snakes of furies—those shudderings of despair on the border of an appalling futurity—all the tragedy of life or death? How many, also, of the gentle feelings and sympathies must be wanting, where moral sentiment is not deep or pure? There can be but a confined sphere for strong emotion about human feeling or human life, except when our views of man’s character and destiny

are exalted. What is the existence of a mere sensual and ephemeral animal, whose desires reach no higher than present joys, and whose relations to others are neither wide nor diversified? There can be few elements for the workings of what I may call the moral passions, when there are but few great or elevated principles. Deep indignation against great crime, supposes the prevalence of active moral feelings; and earnest sympathy with distress, supposes an intimate and affectionate communion with humanity. I can scarcely think that Lear, in all his agony, would be so moving a spectacle to a Hindoo who had just left his weary father to perish in the woods, as to a British audience, with whom filial affection is among the principal virtues. It would be found, I think, on detailed examination, that the poetry of the affections and passions depends almost, if not altogether, on the state of our moral sentiments. Where bonds are loosely tied, it requires no effort to wrench them; and their bursting can cause but a slight shock, and leave but little pain. All the fluctuations of alternate passions in the heart—all the heavings of love and fear, of hope and disappointment, of anticipation and rapture, are the results of social and moral arrangements, which restrain or retard its desires. Some of those convulsions too, that, like an earthquake, burst and shatter the bosom, are produced by the moral elements which have been infused into the depths of the social affections and feelings—which have intermingled with all their workings—and which, when heated into conflicting strife, explode in a ruin as terrible as complete. We may safely assert, that the laws, for instance, of Lycurgus, would have rendered such a character as Othello impossible. The weal and woe, the joys and sorrows, the ardours or depressions of the mind, are the culture of those principles that make the mind of any importance—that awaken it from the lethargy of sensuality and barbarism—and that associate more or less the play of thought with every pleasure, and with every pain. The most stirring elements in the poetry of life—the staple materials, we may say, of modern general literature—are pure and impassioned affection, generous philanthropy, and patriotism, noble in the highest sense.

We shall defer more enlargement of these views until our next and concluding paper; but we may here also remark, that it is only under the power of exalted moral sentiments such a poem as this could have been written; for until the "Pleasures of Benevolence" had been experienced, no genius could have inspired strains so powerful and heartfelt. Genius is here speaking indeed out of the "fulness of the heart." The third book might be well denominated "The Book of Feeling." It is filled with the spirit of life, of energy, and of goodness; it is radiant with gleams of gentle feeling, which come as the dawn of a summer's morning on the smooth

and sleepy ocean; but it is also interspersed with vehement bursts of righteous indignation—which tear the covering from hypocrites, oppressors, and tyrants—which wrench open the garment, and exhibit the ulcered bosom as the gusts of a hurricane would shatter a upas tree. We must say it is our favourite book. We do not mean to say it is more brilliant; perhaps the first is more, but with a deeper voice it speaks to our “homes and bosoms.” We fear we have done our readers some wrong in not being more copious in extracts; but as we took it for granted they would all supply themselves with the book, and as readers, *gentle* as they may be, are sometimes also testy personages, we were cautious in dictating to their taste by selection from what was in their own possession. As this book is so much to our heart, we have left ourselves some more space.

The passage in reference to the principle of benevolent action is written with the spirit of power, as well as of just philosophy. There must be other springs to goodness in our nature than calculating utility. He that formed us to be good, made the benevolent to play spontaneously as the powers of life. We do not measure in breathing, our mouthfuls of air; and the tendencies to kindness, when not corrupted, are quite as natural. The following passage is a fiery and eloquent burst of feeling:—

“When sudden flames
O’er the proud city burst, and blazing show
An image to the astonish’d citizens,
Of Ætna, or Vesuvius, putting forth
Its fiery energies, what power divine
Impels the youth to force his desperate way
Through suffocating smoke, through volleying flames,
The crash of falling towers, and cataracts
Of molten lead, to some far-off recess,
Whence came a cry of agony that smote
With sympathy his soul, resolved to dare
Each form of death, to perish, or to save
A friend or foe? Has he the nice account
Well-reckon’d up of interest, pleasure, pain,
Of good or evil? Shame pursue the thought!
One moment in such computation lost
Were loss of all—to raging fires and floods,
Were victory—to man, despair and death.”

The passage on “bigotry” has tremendous force. Its rush is like the heated bolt, hurled with the thundered shout of crashing elements behind. To the spirit of noble and generous patriotism, of pure and liberal Christianity, in the tributes to Sidney in one passage—and to the missionaries in another;—to all of the author’s eulogiums on mankind’s benefactors, our hearts respond, and would join in chorus, if he could but lend us his genius to do it as eloquently.

The apostrophe to “Las Casas,” we might quote as an instance of great energy of feeling, conception, and expression, but it is too strong to stand alone from the context, and the

mellowing sympathies of the milder touches. The conclusion of Hindoo Caste, is thus hailed with a burning power, breathing at once the soul of the poet and orator:—

“ Their last avatar comes,
Annihilation! Happy age, speed on!
The reign of Caste, the Brahmin's reign is past!
Man claims his rights—the slave, a slave no more,
Standing in native majesty erect,
Shouts in the ear of kings—‘ I am a man;
As yours my blood is red—my nerves as strong!’
Shouts in the ear of priests—‘ As near to heaven
I stand as you.’—The power who mind bestows,
Bestows the right to use it.—To the dust
Down with your chains! Sweet liberty is mine;
Mine the Great Charter—Charter greater far
Than baron bold e’er wrung from dastard king—
Of conscience, judgment, understanding, free
From earthly thralldom, for the good of all
Brought down from heaven, and seal’d with blood divine.”

The author ought to send a presentation copy of his poem to all the royal miscreants, the despots of Europe, with a mark at the following passage:—

“ What the tyrant's joys?
Speak out, ye secret groans, ye dastard fears,
Ye harrowing thoughts by all the furies bred,
Ye dreadful fancies, that to harmless things
Give fiercest aspect, tell them, for ye know,
What time the freezing blood has blanch'd his cheek,
When from his guilty dreams he shrieking wakes,
When every pore sweats blood, and every hair
Is horrent with alarm. Ha! ye can tell
What real fiends, more snake-begirt than e’er
Rose to the frenzied brain of tragic woe,
The poet's wild creation, in his ears
Shriek horrible, and in his heart inflict
The incurable and ever-burning wound.”

The concluding passage of this book, trembles and vibrates along every chord of pathos; it leaves no string untouched which awakens the human heart in tones of sorrow, and deepens as it proceeds, into all the melting melody of woe. It seems as if every thought were a sigh, and as if every word were written with a tear.

In looking over our remarks on this poem, we find we have but slightly glanced at faults. We do not mean, however, to say, that it is an immaculate production. This, were it even true, would be but a slight compliment to the author. Mediocrity, like a shallow pool, is equable enough; it is only genius that, like the ocean, admits of great inequalities. Interested and warmed by the spirit and power of the beauties that gleamed in every page, we could scarcely steel our hearts sufficiently for a cold, impassible, and dissecting criticism.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. VI.

WHAT a wonderful thing is mind! How easily it can flit round this globe of earth, visiting all climes and people; looking at the burning mountains, and the frozen regions; glancing over a thousand plains, and their ten thousand meandering streams; and having surveyed sea and land, dart away among the myriads of luminaries that blaze along the measureless length of the milky way! And this is but a little of its power. Mind can in one instant mount up the stream of time, to its very source, and mark it flowing out of the regions of past eternity; and then in the next instant descend to where it disembogues itself into the ocean of future eternity; and having explored the past, the present, and the future, it can then at once call into existence another creation, which shall be wholly dependent upon its own volitions for existence. Yet this wonder-working power, it is the unspeakably high privilege of man to hold. What a pity it should ever be misemployed! What a shame it should ever be abused! How sinful and injurious must be its misdirection! Still nothing is more common. Because the mind can almost know and do everything, it is treated as incapable of knowing and doing anything. Because it can mount to the stars, it is pronounced to be essentially earthy. Because it can "look through nature up to nature's God," it is denounced as an enemy and hater of the Deity. Because it is the best gift of the Creator, it is designated the curse of man. Because it is designed for everything good, it is viewed as naturally tending to everything that is evil. Its mighty powers, then, are put forth only to work mighty mischief. It is sent over the globe into the past and the future, and away to distant worlds, only to see deformity and woes; to bring back tales of horror, and to employ itself on its return, in creating new systems of things, every one of which shall be more unsightly and horrid than the preceding! That which might make a paradise, is compelled to form a pandemonium!

We have been endeavouring to employ mind more rationally and profitably. We have sent it away among the works of God, to look upon beauties and sublimities, and bring back pleasures. We have desired it to notice the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, that it may apply itself to the production of gratitude. Thus far we have not been disappointed. This is encouragement to proceed. There is still much to be seen, learned, enjoyed. Directing attention to the starry heavens, procures the knowledge that these sparkling bodies are nightly changing, at least apparently, their places. Something then moves. It has been assumed, that the motion is performed by this earth. And this assumption must be fact, unless the whole universe moves every 24 hours around this globe. Our earth is a round body, measuring

about 25,000 miles in circumference. The sun is about two millions and a half of miles in circumference; so that if it were divided into pieces, each as large as the earth, it would make a million and a quarter of such bodies. Then it is nearly 100 millions of miles from us. And the fixed stars are more millions of miles distant than we can estimate. It is not likely then, that all these move round us in every 24 hours, when the very same objects could be accomplished, and the same appearances produced, by the simple plan, of just turning the earth once round its own centre. The same facts apply to prove, that instead of the sun and stars moving round us in a year, we travel round the sun in that time; and by that motion, cause the sun to assume the appearance of moving all around the heavens, among the fixed stars. This is what is meant, when it is said that the sun goes through the twelve signs of the Zodiac. These signs, as they are termed, are twelve clusters of stars, stretching in a line, nearly straight along what to us is the middle of the heavens. The middle of the Zodiac is the Ecliptic. This, of course, divides the starry fields into two parts. The portion, north of the Zodiac, is called the northern hemisphere; that on the south, the southern. The boundaries of the various clusters of stars, have been defined; and not only a name given to each cluster, or constellation, but to every single star that is of any apparent size to the naked eye. Many of these constellations, the ancients fancied to resemble in their forms, objects upon earth. Thus, the twelve groups forming the Zodiac, were, some of them likened to a ram, a bull, a crab, a lion, a scorpion, and a goat; and others to twin brothers, a virgin, and a man pouring out water. By the Latin names for these objects, they are spoken of by astronomers. The sun is said to pass through one of these signs in a month, and to travel through all of them in a year. We speak of his entering the sign Aries or the Ram in March; going into Cancer or the Crab in June; passing to Libra or Balance in September; and making his entrance into Capricorn or the horned goat in December. The meaning is, that the earth has by its movement altered the apparent situation of the sun, in relation to the stars.

In performing these movements, there is a small annual irregularity, which has the effect of altering the apparent place of any given sign of the Zodiac, on any given day of the year. It may be illustrated thus:—suppose the exact situation of a star in Taurus or the Bull, were marked on the 20th of March 1700, at eight o'clock in the evening, and the same star noticed minutely on the 20th of March 1835, at the same time of the night, it would be found in the latter case to be nearer to the west, than it was in the former case, by about one degree and a half. At this rate, an entire change of all the stars will take place in 25,000 years,

and then they will all come again into the same situations as at first. This is called the grand Ptolemaic year. This is the year of the stars. And yet these stars have not performed the revolution. It is the earth that has occasioned the appearance. And this appearance, long as it is in coming round, might serve for a measure of time to a being of a superior order. "Angels who high in glory dwell," may mark such appearances as indices of the duration of their being. Celestial intelligences, who may have existed many millions of our years, and would no more think of counting their age by such years, than we should be disposed to reckon ours by seconds, might speak of how many of those periods which we call 25,000 years have been completed since they came into existence; or if these are too short, and in their view too often coming round, they will perhaps reckon their age by the revolution of many solar systems, around one common centre, and which revolution would not be performed in less than millions of millions of our years. When the mind has dwelt a while upon such a thought as this, and then turned to consider how insignificant, how nearly approaching to nothing a day seems, when looked back upon through the diminishing vista of only forty or sixty years, it seems to be irresistibly urged to the conclusion, that when man has existed some myriads of these periods in futurity, he will lose sight entirely of this world and this life, and remember no more about them, than of things that never had a being. When countless systems of suns, and planets, and comets, shall have again and again, times innumerable, completed their grand years, beneath the feet and under the eye of the inhabitant of heaven, the days of his earthly sojourn will surely be as much a forgotten subject, as was the first hour of Newton's existence, while he was arranging and maturing the *Principia*. How could he think of his helpless infancy, when he was weighing worlds? And yet, according to some theology, the saints in light are to do nothing to all eternity, but talk about their trials upon earth—to think of nothing for ever, but the infancy of their being! If they are so engaged, they will be less wisely employed than they would judge it to be either rational or good to occupy themselves here. Who would spend all his lifetime in talking and thinking about the perils and pains of the first four years of his life? Who, at the age of twenty, or older, almost ever gives a thought to his own infancy? It is not what he has been, but what he is, and what he hopes to be, that occupies the mind of man. None but those who are very childish, are always adverting to their childish days. The man in understanding has put away childish things. May not the analogy be applied to a future state? Say, that he who is become five times four years old, ought to be a man, and leave off talking and thinking about the events of the first

four years, in order to give his whole mind to higher and nobler objects; and then it will follow, that we may expect an inhabitant of heaven, who has dwelt there five times seventy or eighty of our present years, to become as superior to what he was upon earth, as the man is superior to the child; and to leave off talking and thinking about his existence in this world, in order to give himself to higher and nobler pursuits.

Those who adopt the theological notion, that heaven will be a state of endless monotony, overlook the fact, that the order of creation, the law of enjoyment, is change. Some talk of sitting for ever in a golden chair, wearing a glittering crown, holding a sparkling sceptre, and singing a psalm that will never end. Were their fancy realised, they would soon be nearly as miserable in heaven, as they could be rendered in the regions of woe. Others imagine, that the blessed are to walk about on a golden pavement, arrayed in white garments, looking down upon the regions of Tophet, and praising God for the raging of their fires, and the anguish endured by those who dwell among their all-devouring burnings. If this were to be the case, and the lookers-on experienced no pain, they would not have undergone any improvement by the change of their condition. And if they could derive pleasure from the sight, they must have deteriorated since they left this earth, and become less feeling, less generous, and more savage, than when they were mortal men, dwelling in an imperfect state. But this is impossible. Those who gain the "mansions in the sky," which Christ is gone to prepare, will be with their Master, and be like him. As he was upon earth, and must be in heaven, desirous of lessening pain and promoting pleasure, so will they who are his. Above the reach of error, beyond the influences of selfish passions, and removed from the noxious vapours, the maddening fumes of a theology that was generated by the poisoned atmosphere of superstition's blackest night—the true Christian will live to advance in knowledge, to rise in enjoyment, and to expand his every feeling of love. Ought not the Christian, then, to live thus, as far as possible, on earth? Every real disciple of Jesus, and sincere worshipper of God, will thus live below, and thus prepare for above.

D. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

THOMAS EMLYN.

AMONG the victims of religious persecution, few have been more conspicuous, or suffered with a purer or nobler mind, than the subject of the present memoir. His case is the more remarkable as belonging to a period, when the ignorance of barbarous times had retired before the opening day

of truth and rational investigation, and as occurring in a country where the Protestant principles had already been made the foundation of the national Church, and where it was the boast of the laws that they protected the innocent, and secured the rights of conscience. An instance of persecution, even under circumstances like these, needs not be cited, it is true, to prove that fanaticism and bigotry heed not the voice of law, and are deaf to the eloquence of justice and reason; the history of the Church is black with the records of this fact, so dishonourable to the Christian name and character; yet there were incidents attending Mr. Emlyn's case, which distinguished it from almost every other, and which, at the same time they illustrate the mischievous tendency of perverted sentiment and hardened feeling, when moved by a pretended zeal for religion, show with what resignation a truly pious mind can submit to the reproach of a malevolent accusation, and sacrifice every worldly advantage for the stern integrity of religious principle. In this respect the example of Emlyn is full of good instruction, as manifesting the power of a religious faith established on the grounds of a sincere conviction, and its ascendancy in moral purity and strength, over that which looks for its support to traditionary symbols and the consent of the multitude.

Thomas Emlyn was born on the 27th of May, 1663, at Stamford in Lincolnshire. His father resided on a small estate in that place, which he held in his own possession, and to the management of which he was devoted. As Thomas was the only son, early and assiduous care was given to his education. At ten years of age he was sent from home, and placed at a boarding-school under the charge of Mr. Boheme of Walcot, with whom he continued four years.

While at this school he attended service on the Sabbath at the Established Church. But although his parents regularly attended that church, and were then intimately acquainted with Dr. Richard Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, yet they had a leaning to the Puritans, and resolved to prepare their son for fixing his destiny as a clergyman among the Dissenters. Nor was it with a wish to force his inclination or bias his sentiments, that they thus early pointed out his course for life; it was rather in compliance with what they perceived to be the natural temper and tendency of his own mind. In the further prosecution of his studies he went to a private academy at Sulby in Northamptonshire. After residing at this place about twelve months, he made a journey to the University at Cambridge, where he was admitted into Emanuel College, at the age of sixteen. It does not appear, however, that he resided in Cambridge, for we immediately after find him again at Sulby, where he remained somewhat more than two years longer. With this institution he became dissatisfied; as not affording

sufficient means of instruction to aid him in such studies as he wished to pursue, and as being deficient in the books and literary resources essential to the attainments which his inquiring and active mind prompted him to make. In this situation he did not long deliberate, but put himself under the charge of Mr. Doolittle at Islington, and accompanied that gentleman next to Clapham, and last of all to Battersea, at which place his academical education and preparatory theological studies were completed.

He now enjoyed privileges before unknown to him, both in the society and conversation of learned men, and in a free access to all kinds of books. It never had been his good fortune to be under an accomplished teacher, and even at this time his worthy instructor was more eminent for his diligence and fidelity, than for the abundance of his knowledge, or the reach and resources of his mind; but it was at last the happiness of Emlyn to be in a condition to supply this deficiency, by the force of application, and the means of information to which he could resort. Theology engaged his close and constant attention; he applied himself to the study with an independent and resolute spirit, not restricted in the freedom of inquiry by the trammels of the schools, nor the dogmas and theorems of subtle divines. The religion of truth and of the heart was not in his opinion so difficult a thing, that it might not be understood. To the authority of others he paid no regard, any farther than it was borne out by the plain sense of the sacred Scriptures; and to antiquity he yielded no reverence, except as it accorded with the same standard. He determined to study, consider, and judge by the light of his own mind. With these rules to guide him it is not strange that he should deviate from the beaten track, though it does not appear that he was aware, till some time afterwards, to what results his love of truth and liberty would lead him.

Having gone through with the usual course of preparatory studies, he began to preach in 1682, before he was twenty years old. A few months afterwards he was recommended to the Countess of Donegall, who owned large estates in the north of Ireland, but was then residing in London. Emlyn entered her family as chaplain, and went over with her to Ireland in the same capacity, when she returned the next year. The Countess was married shortly after to Sir William Franklin, and the chaplain continued to hold his station in the family, where he was treated with great respect and kindness, and received a liberal allowance. So great was Sir William's esteem for him, that he offered him a valuable settlement in England, where he held an estate; but motives of conscience obliged Emlyn to decline the proffered favour; he was opposed to the principles and system of the Established Church, nor could any prospects of temporal

aggrandisement induce him to conform to religious observances, which his sense of divine truth and duty could not approve. He remained in this family enjoying much leisure for study, as well as the benefit of enlightened society, till the year 1688, when the political troubles in the north of Ireland became somewhat alarming, and he returned to London.

To show that his refusing to accept a place in the Established Church, was not occasioned by any narrow prejudice, or weak scrupulosity, it may be mentioned, that, during his residence in Ireland, he had usually attended the service of an Episcopal clergyman, and frequently officiated for him. This circumstance caused it to be rumoured, that he was coming over to the Established Church, but without any foundation; for although the bishop had given him a license to preach, yet he did not subscribe the articles, nor conform to any of the usages peculiar to the Establishment. He obtained the license, simply because it gave him a better opportunity for usefulness, in a neighbourhood where few Dissenters could be found.

During the time of his residence in the north of Ireland, he was once in Dublin, where he preached with great acceptance to a Dissenting congregation, whose associate pastors were Mr. Joseph Boyse and Mr. Williams. Just before his departure for London, he received a letter from Mr. Boyse, stating that his colleague had left his charge, and inquiring whether Mr. Emlyn was inclined to accept an invitation to become his successor. This inquiry our author answered in the negative, intimating that concerns of some importance demanded his presence in England. The following is an extract from his letter to Mr. Boyse. "As for the rumour with you of my being addicted wholly to the Church, it is so far true, that I preached once every Lord's day publicly; but you did very rightly understand me, that I had my license without ordination or subscription, for I had it without any condition, and I do not intend to take Episcopal ordination, unless I could escape the subscription, or be reconciled to it, which I am not yet, nor think I shall be. But as for what concerns lay conformity with the Church, I can safely dispense with it, and do not scruple to preach either in a church or meeting, both which I would make one church, notwithstanding little differences and corruptions, which I am not engaged in; and, really, however I like the meetings in themselves, I should be loth to bring any people into sufferings by keeping them from church when necessity requires, though I know this takes no place at this time, nor will, I hope, hereafter. Though I know some would call this temporising, yet I know your charity and judgment will not admit that I mean so, but that it is what my judgment allows in point of conscience, not interest." These are truly Chris-

tian sentiments, and bear equal testimony to the liberal and generous spirit, and the Scriptural faith of their author. Were all Christians to be like minded, and to respect as sincerely the judgment and faith of their brethren, the grounds of difference would be so much narrowed, as to be hardly worth contending for by any class which might set itself up as a party.

In Mr. Emlyn's way to London he preached at Liverpool, and several other places, sometimes in the Church, and at others with the Dissenters. At Liverpool, several persons were desirous of settling him in a vacant church, but he declined their proposal for reasons above given. After remaining in London for a short period, he complied with the urgent request of Sir Robert Rich to officiate temporarily as minister of a Dissenting congregation at Leostoff, in Suffolk, where the people solicited him to become their permanent pastor. This invitation he deemed it inexpedient to accept, because he was persuaded the place was not in all respects suited to him, and he was averse to forming any connexion of this nature, which looked forward to the probability of a dissolution. This post he occupied about a year and a half, and, as in Ireland, so in England, he was on friendly terms with the Episcopal clergy, uniting in acts of charity with those in his neighbourhood, and occasionally attending service in the Church.

While at Leostoff an incident happened, to which may be traced the first spring of the future prominent events of his life. He became attached by a close and reciprocal friendship to Mr. William Manning, a highly respectable Dissenting minister in that vicinity. In love of knowledge, and an inquisitive, independent turn of mind, there was a strong resemblance between them, and it was their pleasure to pursue together certain subjects of inquiry, in which they both desired to be better informed. At this juncture appeared Dr. Sherlock's work, entitled a "Vindication of the Trinity," to which, from the celebrity of the author, and the interest then excited by the subject, their attention was earnestly drawn. Much to their surprise, however, they found the arguments of the learned author vastly less convincing than they had anticipated, and points, of which till then they had entertained no doubts, were now brought up before them clothed in mists and darkness, on perceiving with what ill success a powerful and zealous advocate had attempted to prove and defend them. In short, they were both driven to suspect the truth of the Trinity, by reading Dr. Sherlock's book in vindication of it. They followed the subject into other channels, resorted to other authors, read the Scriptures, consulted creeds, but all in vain; they could nowhere find satisfactory proofs of a Trinity. What opinion Mr. Emlyn formed at that time, or whether he formed any, is not certain;

he corresponded for several years with Mr. Manning on the subject, but it was not till long afterwards, as will be seen, that he became professedly an Arian. He was deliberate and cautious, yielding only to the force of argument and serious conviction. Manning embraced the Humanitarian system, but Emlyn always believed in the pre-existence of our Saviour, and in the creation of the visible world through his agency.

He had not been two years at Leostoff, when he received another letter from Mr. Boyse, pressing him to accept the invitation of the people to become his associate. With this renewed request he at length determined to comply, and went back to Dublin in May 1691, where he was immediately settled as a colleague with Mr. Boyse. In this station, few events of his life for nearly ten years have been transmitted, any farther than that he was faithful in discharging the numerous duties of his office in a very large congregation—a popular, engaging, and practical preacher, abounding in the fruits of a pure benevolence and sincere piety, and adorned with the graces of an elevated, unsullied Christian example. He was peculiarly earnest and happy in a style of impressive preaching, with forcible and quickening appeals to the understanding and hearts of his hearers, seldom touching on abstruse doctrines, or unedifying speculations.

The following are his own words, as contained in a letter to his friend, Mr. Manning. “I meddle not with any but practicals in preaching. I begin to think, that the greatest part of controversial divinity about the covenants, and the like, is much like the various philosophical hypotheses and theories, where men in the dark are pleased with their ingenious romances, and if they can maintain that so matters *may be*, they soon conclude *so they are and must be*, without authority, which in religion must not pass. There is nothing I more sincerely desire, than right knowledge of important truths; and it is some satisfaction, that I am sure I am not biassed by interest or love of worldly esteem, and if one err unwillingly about the blessed Jesus, I should hope it may be pardoned, though it would sincerely grieve me to promote any such thing.” These views he reduced to practice in the services of the Sabbath, and in his religious intercourse with his parishioners, thus living most harmoniously with the people of his charge and his colleague, promoting the happiness of the former by spiritual counsels and a kind deportment, and soothing the cares of the latter not more by a participation of labours, than by a steady and devoted friendship.

But this scene was to be changed by one of the most remarkable proceedings recorded in the history of the Church. Its cause is thus briefly narrated in the plain and expressive language of the author.

"I had been a preacher in Dublin for eleven years to a congregation of Protestant Dissenters, who were generally a sober and peaceable people, not unworthy of my love, nor had been wanting in any testimonies of affection and respect, that I could reasonably desire or expect from them.

"I own I had been unsettled in my notions from the time I read Dr. Sherlock's book on the Trinity, which sufficiently discovered how far many had gone back toward polytheism. I long tried what I could do with some Sabellian turns, making out a trinity of somewhats in one single mind. I found that by the tritheistical scheme of Dr. Sherlock and Mr. Howe, I best preserved the trinity, but I lost the unity. By the Sabellian scheme of modes, and subsistences, and properties, I kept up the divine unity, but then I had lost a trinity, such as the Scripture discovers, so that I could never keep both in view at once. But after much serious thought and study of the Scriptures, with many concerned addresses to the Father of lights, I found great reason first to doubt, and after by degrees to alter my judgment, in relation to former received opinions of the Trinity, and the supreme deity of our Lord Jesus Christ. For though the Word of God was my rule, I could not tell how to understand that rule but by the use of my reason, knowing well, that he who tells me I must lay aside my reason when I believe the Gospel, does plainly declare, that to *believe* is to act without reason, and that no rational man can be a Christian. I desired only to know *what* I must believe, and *why*. As to the latter I was satisfied, that divine Revelation is sufficient ground of belief; but then I must conceive what it is that it reveals, and that I am explicitly to believe and profess; for a faith of sounds without meaning I understand not, and no more can believe airy sounds, than I can see them with my eyes. I could not imagine it should be necessary to say my prayers *with understanding*, and my creed *without it*; and could every whit as much edify by *worship*, as by *belief*, uttered in an unknown tongue. I did not make my reason the rule of my faith, but employed it to judge what was the meaning of that written rule or word of God; and thus was led to form notions different from what others had taught me, without regard either to Arius or Socinus, not agreeing wholly with either.

"Accordingly I was ever careful not to speak against my own judgment, or what should appear so to a judicious hearer, that I might not act against Christian sincerity; and yet I never confronted the opinions of others by an express or unhandsome opposition. I doubted whether this was my duty, or was proper in the pulpit, where I could not have freedom to say all that was requisite in such a controversy; and whether I ought at once to cast myself out of my station of service, without a more particular and direct occasion given

me to profess my mind, which I did apprehend would offer, and which I was determined to accept when it did."*

Such is the author's frank and candid account of the state of his mind, and of the motives by which he prevailed on himself to practise a reserve on a subject, the discussion of which, under the circumstances then existing around him, would, he was persuaded, kindle strife, discord, and heart-burnings, instead of adding strength to the bonds of peace, love, unity, and *good* fellowship. But this wise and judicious purpose of maintaining the spirit and reality of a right Christian practice, at the expense of a private opinion on a point of doubtful speculation, was at length counteracted.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS ON "CONFESSIONS OF FAITH, BY A PHILOSOPHER."

(Concluded from page 149.)

As these dignitaries of Church Establishments have departed so far from the *example* of Jesus, is it likely that they have preserved his *doctrine* in its purity? Taking the Evangelists as the real, as they are the professed standard of the Church of England, do they mutually correspond? Besides, are we certain that what is now contained in the Evangelists, is precisely the same as they originally wrote? Is there any thing, however, in those books, as they now stand, bearing much resemblance either to the doctrine or spirit of the Athanasian creed? which however has lately been declared by one of its abettors to be "their main defence against Socinianism," or the doctrine, that Jesus was a man and not God; which amounts to the admission, that there is no sufficient defence against this plain conclusion, in the books on which Athanasius himself professed to ground his opinions. The truth is, the Evangelists say nothing about what is now called "the sacred mystery of the Trinity;" it is a subsequent invention of priests, well seasoned with their anathematizing spirit. Every one knows that the terms *God the Son*, and *God the Holy Ghost*, *three persons and one God*, &c. are foreign from those ancient books. Jesus is there everywhere represented as the *sent* or *commissioned* of God, as "anointed or exalted by him to be a prince and a Saviour;" and as such he prayed to him, as his God no less than that of his disciples, and as *the only true God*. With respect to what is placed, prior to the proclamation of John, called the Baptist, concerning the appearance of Christ, at the beginning of two of the Evangelists, it is manifestly at variance with the object of that proclamation. No writers could, from any motive, have been so inconsistent as to repre-

* Emlyn's Works, fourth edition, vol. i. p. 15.

sent, in the outset, that Christ was made known by wonderful miracles attendant on his birth, and then immediately afterwards proceed upon the supposition, that he was utterly unknown till another person first declared, thirty years afterwards, that he was *about* to be made known, though then wholly estranged from all persons, not excepting the herald of this intelligence himself! Those portions of the books, therefore, are subsequent inventions, very clumsily appended to them. Originally those books, in common with the other two, commenced with John's proclamation, "And Jesus was the son of Joseph the carpenter of Galilee." "Christians represent God as a vindictive being;" but did Christ himself do so? By no means. He declared that "God so loved the world, that he sent his own Son, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." How? "By turning them from their iniquities," and in the end raising them to an everlasting life. How is Christ God's Son? In the same sense that all true Christians are his Sons, that is, "in the spirit of holiness;" and hence they are all taught to address him as their heavenly Father. Being the first and best of those now called to obedience, he is sometimes termed *the Son* by way of distinction.

Our Philosopher appears to have seen so many traits of excellence and purity of purpose in Jesus, from what is recorded by his disciples, as impressed him strongly in his favour, notwithstanding the many false and erroneous statements with which he must suppose his history to be blended. The question is, what are the genuine facts concerning him, as distinguished from the spurious appendages? Does the "Philosopher" conclude, that though Jesus was himself honest and virtuous, those who penned his history were so artful, or so fanciful and faithless, as everywhere to represent him under a character different from that which he actually assumed, viz. instead of a mere Socratic instructor, invested with no miraculous power, or special authority from God—as "the Prince of life," the Saviour of the world, having full authority to remove "all manner of sicknesses and diseases" from those who were afflicted with them, and actually causing their removal; and also as acting under a commandment from above, "in laying down his own life and taking it up again"? What is the pure doctrine of Jesus as distinguished from its alloy? Of this last, there is, I entertain no doubt, *much, in the present prevailing systems, of what is called Christianity*, and some in the history of Jesus, as contained in what is termed the four Evangelists, as well as in the other writings ascribed to his Apostles, or immediate disciples, or converts to his religion. The Philosopher has made no attempt to enter into this analysis; he will not make any inquiry whether the avowed object for which all these writings were penned, and which Jesus is represented as having con-

stantly in view, from the commencement of his ministry to what is described as his ascension; and, afterwards, through the instrumentality of his chosen followers, has any foundation in fact; I mean the doctrine of a resurrection from death to life and immortality. On the contrary, he contents himself with roundly asserting, p. 5, that "what is called revelation is mere hearsay," that "nothing like a proof of God's promising a future existence" has been afforded; that "to talk of a glorified body is mere nonsense," &c. It is not treating "the honest reformer" with much regard to his acknowledged character, to conclude thus implicitly that all that his avowed companions and most faithful friends have agreed in relating concerning his office, as the chosen messenger of heaven, has no foundation in reality. The distinguished excellence of his precepts and lessons of righteousness, and the integrity which he manifested in exposing the wickedness of the Jewish rabbis and rulers, have probably given the writer this favourable impression of his character; but so intimately blended are those precepts and reproofs with his professions as a divine messenger, that they cannot, without breaking the thread of the narrative, and violating the propriety of the expression in almost every instance, be viewed in a state of separation from each other. With what propriety could he commence what is termed his Sermon on the Mount, with a promise of "the kingdom of heaven;" carry it forward with a series of similar authoritative promises, as that "the meek shall inherit the earth;" enjoin new laws by an authority peculiar to himself, as he evidently does Matt. v. 32, 34, 39, 44; and conclude with predictions of the consequences of obedience or disobedience to his injunctions, if in reality he were only an authorised teacher of righteousness?

What is to be said of that prophetic style of speech which pervades almost all his discourses, upon this supposition? In the two chapters immediately succeeding this sermon, we find two remarkable predictions, the one, Matt. viii. 11, 12, signifying that many from among the Romans and other nations, to whom Jesus did not immediately address his doctrine, should submit themselves to his authority, or "enter his kingdom"—while Jews, who were then the avowed subjects of God's kingdom, would be rejected; the other, chap. ix. 15, pretty plainly importing his death by violence—both evidently indicating his prophetic office, though of a nature the reverse of what would have proceeded from a false pretender to this character, or one who aspired to power and distinction among the people whom he was addressing. But since these events—incredible as they must, severally, but much more as connected with each other, have appeared at the time of their delivery—were both accomplished; since the surrounding nations, then strangers and enemies, did become Christians in great numbers, while the Jews, rejecting Christ,

were "cast out," their city and polity destroyed, and themselves slain or dispersed, is there not great reason to conclude, that he was truly a prophetic king, who was then looking forward with an eye of prescience to his death and resurrection, the future progress of his kingdom, and the subjugation of his enemies?

What judgment are we to entertain of the *parables* ascribed to Jesus? They in general are couched in the form of simple tales, exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with human life and manners. Unlike the celebrated fables of Æsop, they usually adhere to the proprieties of nature, and are most faithful to its representations. Many of them profess, under the simple and natural forms which they assume, to symbolise some particulars concerning the effects and progress of his kingdom or divine government in the world; the different influences which his doctrine would obtain upon different minds; the consequences of the opposition it would receive, and the exemplary punishment of its adversaries; its gradual and silent, but extensive progress; the high estimation in which it would be held by his faithful adherents; the awful line of distinction which will ultimately be drawn between the real and nominal members of his kingdom, however confusedly they may seem mixed together and confounded with each other in the intervening periods. All this spirit of prophecy thus ingeniously set forth by images taken from nature, may, I think, easily be traced in the 13th chapter of Matthew. There are others more immediately of a moral nature, such as those of the publican and pharisee, and of the "good Samaritan," than which finer delineations of human life, juster representations of true humility and goodness, as contrasted with their opposites, were never exhibited. What tale of human life, taken simply as such, was ever contrived to touch each cord of the human heart by so many strong and delicate strokes of nature, in so short a compass as the parable of the prodigal son? how true is the affectionate father and his two erring sons, of opposite propensities, to their respective characters! how apt is every expression and proceeding to the circumstances of the case! Nothing can be more admirable, more suited to every grade of intellect, more adapted to produce most useful and impressive images on parents and children, than this brief exhibition of life; but is this its sole or its principal object? Doth it symbolise nothing with respect to the Divine character and administration? nor with regard to the conduct and character of the different branches of his great family of mankind? Hath it nothing in it, both of a retrospective and predictive character, as it respects the two great branches into which the world was then divided, of Jews and Gentiles? Had not the latter, though according to the earlier books of the Bible, furnished with the same original knowledge of God as the former, and having the same light of nature for their guidance, wandered far from

his truth, become grossly profane, and morally destitute; while the former, adhering to the mere forms of his worship, had lost its spirit, which is that of benevolence? Did not God, by Christ, soon after the delivery of this parable, open a wide door for the reception of the penitent Gentiles, "blessing them by turning them from their iniquities;" while the Jews, as a nation, stood aloof, hating and despising all who acknowledged Christ, and refused to submit to the yoke of their ritual law and traditions? By "sinners," Luke xv. 2, seems to be meant Gentiles or Romans (Gal. ii. 15), with whom Jesus was eating and holding conversation, at which the pharisees took umbrage, and he in reply to their accusation, delivers this parable, together with that of the lost sheep and some others. Its pertinence, then, as an answer to the accusation, requires that it should, in common with the rest, have a parabolic character and signification, applying to the jealousy of the Jews against the Gentiles, and showing the extension of divine favour to the latter, their return as children to their Father in heaven, his cordial and affectionate reception of them, and the continued selfishness and inveteracy of the Jews toward them. Have not these events been realised to some considerable extent; though nothing could appear less likely, than that the Gentiles should so generally acknowledge as their Lord and Saviour, the man whom they crucified, while the great body of his own people would persist in rejecting him? To what source, then, can we ascribe these delineations, at once so just and beautiful in themselves, and so finely portraying the Divine character and conduct, and those of the two great divisions of mankind, and terminating with a prospective view of their future history—but to a miraculous inspiration, elevating the honest, and benevolent, and truly pious mechanic to his just distinction among men, even "to a name and authority above every name that can be named," whether in this world or that which he predicted should "come"? Was he not, as the numerous converts to his doctrine firmly believed, delivered from the unjust and cruel death to which he was consigned? Was not his body, which had been placed in the power of his enemies, restored to life, and translated to a "glorified" state, in which he much more resembles the invisible and immortal God, than do his former fellow-creatures of mortality? and will not the time arrive when he will return, render himself again visible and manifest among men, and when, as their universal King, all nations shall serve and obey him? Homo.

DEATH-BED SCENES AMONG THE POOR.—No. IV.

"CONFESSIONS OF CONSCIENCE."

It is difficult to say which leaves a more melancholy impression, the blight of an opening youth, or the close of a

miserable old age. Those who have come much in contact with both, seldom, it is probable, wait to analyse the difference. My recollections include many such practical illustrations, one or two of which I shall endeavour to select and describe.

I was requested one day to visit a poor, sick, old woman, and was accordingly supplied with the direction to her habitation. I paced along the labyrinths, but too well known, within whose filthy windings, innocent as well as guilty poverty lives unseen, and dies unheard. The house to which I was conducted by my memorandum, was an immense pile, which might have existed since the very foundation of the city; and its towering and tottering stories, its creaking chorus, with every hard gust, seemed to menace, sooner or later, a terrible and crashing fall. This house, divided into small apartments, was literally, I might say, *alive* with misery; its every crevice was panting with wretchedness; thronged with pale-faced wretches, like the demons of hunger, it seemed, in truth, a very pandemonium of starvation. The room which I was to *discover*, was situated in the uppermost floor, and was to be arrived at by climbing broken rotten stairs, piled against a wall gaping into numerous chasms, like Alps above Alps—more precipitous than mountain-crag, without their firmness. At length, having ascended to near the roof, I found the apartment I sought—a cold gloomy hole, placed just under the slates, with boards through which one was in danger every moment of sinking; and with openings over head, which, as the weather happened, displayed the blue sky, or let in the shower. Two women sat near the miserable discoloured window, which extended partly into the roof, and let in a drowsy light on a pair of faces as hueless, as meagre, as famished, as Famine had ever stamped with her blasted mark. They had been just engaged in sewing gloves; and as I afterwards found, often laboured days and nights, when they could procure any employment, for a few pitiful pence; and they had been thus engaged as I entered. The night, however, was then falling; and they were about to lay aside their work, as the sound of my inquiring for the sick person, attracted their attention. The dusky light peeping through the broken slates; the glow-worm sparkle of a small fire, no more than visible; the two attenuated figures in the dim perspective of the window; and the low suffocated groans which issued from a corner in total darkness; all told me that I was now in a position which the wise man himself would have called “the house of mourning.” “Go, Susy,” said the one who appeared the elder, “and get the gentleman a seat.” As she arose in obedience to the civil injunction, she fell down into a faint, not as a fashionable lady or a love-sick maiden, but as an over-worked, sick, starving girl. “Oh my child! my good, my darling child!”

said the mother (for such she was), as she caught her passionately in her arms, "she is dying, she is perishing of want, unknown to the world!" I quickly procured a candle and some water; and the poor creature was soon restored to her usual state, which at best was indeed but a half-way death. The lighted candle, which I held now in my hand, enabled me clearly to contemplate the individuals before me. The girl crept to a corner, and reclined with overpowering exhaustion on the straw that served as their bed—her head resting against the bare, damp, chilly wall. Young, but already deeply worn, it was difficult to say what she might have been, had she felt the sun and gales of heaven; but as it was, her form shrunk, her features stunted, her complexion "sicklied o'er with yellow," her sunken, leaden, beamless eye showed how circumstance and calamity can crush the being, and leave little else behind, than the fireless, passionless carbon of humanity. Patience and affection were observable, however, in her quiet look, and in a soothing sympathy with which she appeared to regard her mother, "Mother," said she, in a low tone, "this gentleman, you know, has called to see my poor grandmother, I shall tell her about it." The person, thus addressed, was, with the exception of age alone, almost a counterpart of her daughter—years had written more wrinkles on her brow—had given a deeper tinge to her face—but the communion of misery was notwithstanding complete; the hopeless spirit and the withered heart seemed equally the portion of each. Here was hereditary suffering; and within one small circle, three generations of extreme adversity. The elder of the females refused to let her daughter stir; she took the candle in her withered fingers, and led me to where her mother was placed, within a sort of alcove, selected apparently for greater warmth, on the only thing in the room that had the semblance of a bed. We leaned for a while over the wretched crouching figure—shivering, sleeping, groaning, and occasionally mumbling strange sounds. And is this, thought I within my own mind, the remains of what once had youth, freshness, and, it may be, happiness and beauty? I gave a side glance at the woman that stood near me; the tears were streaming down her cheeks; and I blessed God, that adversity which blights our pleasures, does not always freeze our hearts. This grandmother of the wretched, was asleep in one of her last earthly slumbers; and as I gazed on the skeleton arm that lay outside the tattered quilt, and on the haggard face, I could not help saying, how different is the dream of youth from that of age!—the one, frequently like the calm early stillness of a summer's morning, when the rising sun brightens the flowers on earth, and hangs the heavens with golden and fantastic shapes; the other, like the closing of a winter's night on the desert, flashing with lightning and storms, or

soundless and suffocating. But I must not moralise. Being something of a natural physiognomist, I could not resist the opportunity of scrutinising the old woman's countenance. Though much worn by extreme age, it had more intellectual expression, and more traces of passion, than either of her two descendants exhibited in theirs. Her elevated forehead proved that thinking might there have found a noble residence—many deep and strongly marked lines remained the witnesses of powerful feelings, good and evil—her limber, toothless lips were compressed into at least an effort of strength—and her dark eye, even yet burning, continued open although she slept, and frequently rolled with a troubled, yea a terrible expression. Unwilling at this time to disturb her, and having heard that her moments of rest were few and distant, I thought it better to provide them with the means of procuring some food, and depart. As I returned home, I mused on the differences in the condition of mankind—on the means and nature of happiness—went to rest, and dreamed of corpses, church-yards, and coffins. In a day or two, I called again. I found Mrs. M——, so the sick woman was named, awake; she was endeavouring to munch a potato; for, strange as it may seem, an appetite almost immoderate was connected with her disease; and such, and not even always this, was the nourishment of expiring age. After the usual preliminary salutations, I drew near her place of rest; the light placed me full in her view; she fixed her dark eye on me with a severe, wild, an almost unearthly steadfastness. Pride, discontent, and sternness, appeared concentrated into it with piercing power; and it declared, with more perspicuity than a volume of words, that I was not there by *her* inclination. When I endeavoured to interest her, she averted her countenance, but said nothing; and after various attempts, without success, I was about to give it up in despair. I went over to an old box, whereon were lying a few torn, dust-covered books—among them I found a Bible—to some part of which, if possible, I intended to draw her attention. Opening it at one of the blank pages, I involuntarily read aloud, “William M——, born, &c.” when she immediately snatched the book from my hand—kissed the name with almost rapturous passion—wept until her heart became like the rock in the wilderness struck by Moses. “O William, William!” cried she, putting the book under her head, “oh! I will now dream of you to-night—and see you once more before I leave this world—and see your white, cold cheek—O my son, my son! my own dear William! you are yet fresh in my dry old heart.” She then went on in all the tautology of praise, in which grief wishes to indulge; and after having inquired, with all a mother's fondness, whether I had ever known him, she said, “He comes here at night, when all are asleep—and he sits on my bed—and he smiles on his poor

old mother—and he tells me there is no hunger, or thirst, or cold, in the other world.” It could easily be collected from such expressions as these, that her favourite son, when a fine and promising young man, had died, and left an incurable wound of grief in her bosom. When I endeavoured to afford her some consolation, she turned on me with a bitterness and a vigour, as surprising in her age and weakness, as it certainly was unmerited by my conduct or motives. “It is easy, sir, to preach—it is very difficult to practise. When you have suffered as much as I have, you will be qualified to give advice; and if you had sinned as deeply, you would understand what is meant by a *bitter heart*. Have you any cure,” said she, “for a *wounded spirit*? Can you make a hard heart tender? Can you put down my rising, crying conscience?” Having alluded to the goodness of Providence as a refuge in all cases for the penitent and miserable, I was astonished and almost terrified by her manner. She laughed feebly, but harshly and unnaturally; and bitterly, nay madly exclaimed, “And where, good sir, is the goodness of Providence to *me*? why was I ever young and happy, to be made old and wretched? and why, as I am miserable *now*, shall I be sent to torment forever, hereafter? why——” But it could serve no good purpose to repeat her expressions, and so we leave them in the silence of her who uttered them. “Yet,” said she, when her temperament became more calm, “yet I am less miserable than I deserve—my guilt is but returning a just vengeance—my proud, hard, and unforgiving heart, that could not be melted, is crushed and broken, and it is right. Oh, I am a miserable criminal—a desolate old sinner!—I have ——.” The words gurgled in her throat, her eyes gleamed with an almost supernatural fire, her bony and shrivelled fingers became clasped and knitted with convulsive firmness upon her struggling bosom—“Yes, yes, my heart, my overloaded heart,” she groaned out, “*must* disgorge its foulness; I have murdered—tremble, and hate me if you will—I have murdered a sister—destroyed a daughter—*cursed* a son, and sent him to a foreign clime with the black spot of a mother’s malediction in his heart.”

At first I was utterly shocked at these acknowledgments—I looked petrified, as if a haggard, incarnate demon was speaking through a withered carcase; but a moment’s reflection led me to suppose, that it was the natural exaggeration of remorse, and I waited until her own outpouring should confirm or explain such awful confessions. By moulding myself to her manner, I contrived to elicit her story; of which the following is the substance, with, perhaps, a few verbal differences:—“When young,” said she, “many told me I was beautiful, and my own heart told me I was proud of it. I had one sister, somewhat younger than myself, and we were the only two children of a father, left, in our extreme youth, a

widower. He was all to us that a kind and indulgent father could be—his delight was to bless us—his happiness, in loving us; and no want or desire, that he could meet, was left unnoticed or ungratified. His circumstances were not affluent, but he had a competence which enabled him to afford us many comforts, and to give us a tolerable education. My early disposition, in relation to my father and sister, was strong and ardent affection; but towards others I felt in general a haughty scorn, was indifferent enough about their regard, yet insatiable in my love of admiration. There were times, however, when my proud nature softened—when joys, innocent and pure, were mine—when my father kissed us, and wet our faces with his tears, and told us of our mother's virtues—when my sister and I sought, in the fairy glen, the earliest primrose and the brightest heather-bell—when we looked on the evening sunset, and saw the blue sky near the distant mountain changing into golden glory, and gazed on one another's countenances, shining with purple light and sparkling with tears of happiness—and thought how delightful it would be to be far, far away in that world of brightness and beauty;—and with what pain we tore ourselves from these scenes—when the smooth river showed us the clouds becoming darker, and the stars of heaven beginning to sparkle along the paths of angels. But alas! these feelings and pleasures passed rapidly away; and other kinds of experience soon succeeded. Age was gradually whitening my father's head; years were leading him fast out of the world, and us as quickly into it; his anxiety was accordingly sharpened to accomplish our permanent settlement in life. It happened, by one of those fatalities common enough in human affairs and feelings, that the young man for whom I entertained a deep and ardent passion, became as strongly attached to my sister; she returned his affection, and in consequence, they were married. Shall I confess it?—slighted love—wounded pride—the stubbornness of a haughty heart—the deadliest, the strongest passions of humanity—mingled within me, like the elements of the burning lava, and settled into stern hatred and black revenge. The fumes of my passions darkened my heart—made me drunk with anger and despair. I accused her of treachery, and of artful deception, and it may be, in my blindness and rage, I believed it—for what will not jealousy and disappointment credit?" I asked her how it was, that having long and kindly loved her sister, she could become so deadly an enemy towards her? "You must be aware," she replied, "that the passions of strong natures, and mine was a strong nature, when turned out of one direction, assume no middle way, but take as confirmed a course on the contrary side. I shunned her," she continued, "as if she had something hideous or contaminating about her—I saw her depart without 'one farewell,' and never said 'God bless her.' I vowed, by the

high heaven, to be revenged of her, and, at least, if nothing else remained within my power, I swore, solemnly swore, never, never to forgive her. My father observed the terrible change that poisoned my feeling—he questioned me—I evaded his inquiries, and was sullenly silent to his injunctions. His house was situated on the beach, near a beautiful sea-port village, with a farm, comparatively large, attached to it. When we had been together and united, he used actively and joyously to engage in the business of the day—take his social cup of tea in the evening, looking out on the waves—walk with us in summer—and in winter, pass away the night in singing, reading, and a thousand other fire-side enjoyments. But now he became changed alike in spirit and manner—he turned inert and melancholy—he would gaze for hours on the sea, but with a vacant look—his newspaper remained unread—his social acquaintances neglected—he conversed little, and scarcely answered even when three times called—in private, he groaned and talked to himself aloud; and to the most inattentive eye, it was plainly apparent that his peace was gone for ever. He never spoke to me in anger; but oh! his emaciated face—his unshorn beard—his hollow eye, gave reproofs that cut me to the very heart. He told me one day, in a voice of trembling anguish, that he felt his hour approaching, his strength was failing and his heart grown cold, and now his only desire was to see his children united, and he would depart in peace. For once in my life, I dissembled; he sent for my sister next day, but before her arrival, he died in my arms, with a smile of satisfaction settled on his countenance. So far I was pleased; but when the burst of grief and all had passed away, my own spirit remained yet unchanged. My sister sought an interview with me in private; her soul had ever been gentle—she threw herself on my neck—protested her innocence—entreated my forgiveness with every plea of tenderness—her burning tears fell scalding on my neck; but all in vain—pride steeled me against mercy. At parting, I sternly and coldly said, ‘Henceforth we meet no more.’ The hour of separation came—she gave one look of heart-rending bitterness as she left the room—I think now I see her pale and lovely face—I think I now hear those bursting sobs, as she said, with shivering and convulsive struggles, ‘O sister, sister! where, where is the love, the humanity, I once gave you credit for? but take care that these moments may not yet implant a deeper vengeance in your own bosom than at present they have plunged in mine!’ The sound of her voice soon died away, but her prophecy has been more than fulfilled.

“The house and farm remained as my portion of the inheritance; and my disposition had now become such, as left no tendency to lessen, if not to increase it. When the appropriate time and opportunity came, I married. My husband was

a pains-taking, money-loving man, industrious and frugal; his heart was not bad, nor yet generous; and his common sense was never doubted. He would get as much as he could with justice, and part with as little as possible consistent with honesty.

"Time passed on; we prospered; the world, as people said, throve with us, and want and fear were alike distant from us. My heart grew more and more forgetful of kindlier sympathies and feelings as our wealth increased; and my pride, which was originally more the self-consciousness of youth and beauty, stiffened into rigid formality, or offensive and insolent presumption. My neighbours all disliked me, but also feared me; my superiors laughed at what they termed 'genteel vulgarity;' and my inferiors sneered at what they called 'upstart conceit.' Ten years had rolled away;—my family consisted of two sons, and two daughters; one of whom was truly beautiful. All communication between my sister and myself had ceased; but I knew that death had taken her husband and children, and that she fell in circumstances, proportionately as I had risen. Thus it was, when one early night, towards the close of autumn—a keen evening it was—my husband was from home, a fire blazing brightly in the parlour, and the door closed, a gentle and fearful rap struck my ear. I inquired who was there? A female voice replied, in trembling and fainting accents, 'O Harriet, Harriet! for the love of Heaven let me in.' It was my sister! How shall I tell the rest? Monster, monster that I was, I closed my heart and my door against her cry. 'O Harriet, dear Harriet,' said she, 'I am dying; and I have crawled ten miles—ten long miles to see you—and to make peace and friends with you before I close my miserable existence. Ah! my once beloved, once kind sister, have one merciful word with me—give me one gentle look—say you forgive me—say it—say it—say—oh say that one, that godlike word; and my soul, bursting already from my shattered body, shall quit you with blessing and delight. Banish enmity, and you make a wretched sister happy; this world and your money I ask not, my need is at an end—I part for ever in a few days, perhaps a few hours or minutes—will you, can you refuse a dying sister, a sister who implores it of you with her death-voice? By all that is sacred—by all that is affectionate—by all that is woman, all that is human in your nature, can you forget our early love, our infant joys, when both hung upon my departed father? Can you forget our amusements, our walks, our plans? Can you forget how, when I was sick, you wept over me, and prayed for me? Oh! could you but now see me—see death passing over me, I know you would give me the last kiss of friendship, and not leave strange hands to close my eyes. O Har—Har—Har—Har——" the voice faltered—some one fell heavily against

the door; a wild shriek—a single groan—and all was silent. Aroused into the madness of remorse, I opened the door—my sister fell into my embrace; but, good heavens! she was immersed in blood! a principal vessel had broken in her paroxysm of grief; and in a few minutes, I clasped her stiff, pale, bloodless corpse, and felt myself a wretch—a burden to the earth—and a stain upon humanity.”

(To be concluded in our next.)

A HYMN.

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of God,
 Yet ever merciful and kind;
 We mourn beneath his chastening rod—
 Children of earth!—because we're blind.
 Dark are the clouds his love has spread
 'O'er this low vale where mortals dwell;
 And oft we mourn his spirit fled,
 When adverse tempests round us swell.
 But in those storms that sometimes roll
 'O'er mortal dwellings, dark above,
 Whose threatening shades dismay the soul,
 Dwells the bright presence of his love.
 We cannot see him—not a ray
 Of all his glory there appears;
 And oft we tread our darken'd way,
 Trembling with anxious doubts and fears.
 Yet faith looks far beyond the gloom,
 Whilst hope's bright star illumines our night;
 Pilgrims of earth, though dark the tomb,
 It leads to scenes of bliss and light.

Nov. 6th, 1834.

J. B.

To the Editor of the Christian Pioneer.

SIR,—Your readers must have been gratified by the “Observations on Dr. Wardlaw’s Christian Ethics,” which were continued through several numbers of your last volume. They were brought to my recollection, very lately, by a passage in the *Edinburgh Review*, of “Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy; by the late John Young, LL. D. Professor of Philosophy, in Belfast College.” In the progress of his remarks, the reviewer thus complains:—

“From the tone of some late publications, and the favourable reception which they have had from a portion of the public, it is manifest, that there exists, in some sections of the religious world, a strong disposition to overthrow the inde-

pendent study of the human mind, especially in reference to ethical inquiry, and to substitute for it a chaotic mixture of natural and revealed religion. Among the ablest and most plausible of the class of publications to which we allude, is the *Christian Ethics* of Dr. Wardlaw. His main argument is intended to show, that conscience, which he defines to be the judgment or intellectual faculty, employed about moral subjects, is so utterly corrupted and debased as to be productive of little else than error and confusion."

Such is the reviewer's complaint. He then immediately proceeds to introduce the reverend and learned author of *Christian Ethics*, into strange company:—

"When Dr. Wardlaw was thus engaged, he probably did not know, that he was reviving a favourite tenet of Socinus, against which many volumes have been written by orthodox controversialists."—*Ed. Rev.* lxi. 59.

Can any of your correspondents obligingly relieve my ignorance, and indulge my curiosity, or rather that of your readers generally, by saying where, in the works of Socinus, or among the controversies he provoked, is to be found that "favourite tenet" so condescendingly adopted, if the reviewer be correct, by such a *malleus hæreticorum* as Dr. Wardlaw, who cannot surely long be silent under such an imputation?

CIVIS RUSTICUS.

May 14, 1835.

REVIEW.

CHRIST'S HOLY GOSPEL. A Lecture delivered in the Unitarian Chapel, Trim-Street, Bath, January 18, 1835. By JEROM MURCH. London, R. HUNTER.

THE object of this discourse is, as its title imports, to show what is meant by Christ's Holy Gospel. All who have heard of the decision of the Vice-Chancellor in the case of Lady Hewley's Fund, (and who has not heard of it?) know that the Unitarians were to be deprived of that property, on the plea, that they did not preach the Holy Gospel, and that their ministers were not godly. Strange doctrines to be held in this age of knowledge! There will some day be an understanding of what Christ's Holy Gospel really is. Then none will be so arrogant as to charge those who differ from them on some points, but yet believe in Christ, with having renounced the Gospel. Till then, however, such sermons as that now before us, will be needed to disabuse the public mind, on a question of vital importance. And as the preacher justly observes, it is a far more serious consideration, to fix what is Christ's Holy Gospel, than to determine who shall hold Lady Hewley's property, although some who esteem themselves extremely godly, make the possession of that property a matter of supreme concern. To read the bustling,

bristling remarks of some magazines and newspapers, and judge from their tone, one would almost be induced to think, that the whole question of what is Gospel truth, depended on the opinion, or rather word of a Vice or Lord Chancellor; and that into whosoever hands Lady Hewley's property went, the Holy Gospel must go with it; and that to deprive the Unitarians of these funds, is to deprive them of Gospel, Christ, and Heaven! Such monstrous absurdities will not long enthrall the human mind, and crush the sympathies of the human heart. Men will better understand, and more efficiently apply Christ's Holy Gospel.

THE POLITICAL ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY inconsistent with the PRECEPTS of its FOUNDER; a Discourse.—By GEORGE KENRICK. London, R. HUNTER, &c.

NOWHERE has the Church question been so thoroughly sifted as in Scotland. Scarcely has a week gone by, for the last twelve months, without having ushered into being, some dozen or score of pamphlets on the unscripturality and injustice, or in defence of Church Establishments. Nor has the press been the only weapon of warfare wielded in the contest; the tongue of the lay lecturer, as well as of the pulpit orator, has been untiringly active, and throughout the past winter, "the mountains and valleys of Caledonia" have resounded with the war-cry of the Voluntary, echoed fiercely back by the doughty champion of Mother Church. The Unitarians of Scotland have neither been unobservant nor uninterested onlookers, albeit they have taken little or no part in the struggle. They perceived that their services were unrequired, and they refrained from obtruding them, lest their object might be misrepresented by the common enemy, and the common cause be thereby impeded. With common sense, common fairness, and the whole scope and spirit of Scripture on their side, the advocates of Voluntary Churchism have displayed a zeal and an earnestness, and have evinced a temper and a talent, worthy of their principles and honourable to themselves: they have proved indubitably that *they* are the swift in the race, and that the race will speedily be theirs.

Sea and land were compassed by the Churchmen, during the late brief reign of the Tories, to make proselytes to the untruth,—that Church accommodation is lamentably needed in Scotland; and no exertion, on their part, was spared to procure the erection and endowment of additional Churches from the public purse. Their ostensible object was—on the face of it, a suspicious because an unwonted object for Churchmen—the safety of the souls of the poor! They pretended, by statistical statements—over and over again shown to be *mis-statements*—that the population had far outgrown the Church accommodation, and that consequently multitudes were perishing for lack of spiritual knowledge. They made no

account of the voluntary *supply*, which has ever in this country, kept pace with the *demand*; they made no deduction for Catholics—an immense section of the community—not one of whom could be expected to enter a Presbyterian church, though it were to be built and endowed to-morrow; and they carefully concealed the fact, that even in the churches of many of the most clamorous advocates for accommodation, there are hundreds of sittings unoccupied—unlet! We are near the truth, we think, when we estimate their real object to have been, the making of hay while the sun shone upon their friends the Tories—the extension by an artifice of the dominion of a Church, which, not from want of an abundant accommodation, but from a growing conviction of its unscripturality, is every day becoming more and more the Church of the minority. Unfortunately, however, for the interested zealots of the Kirk, the Tories were hurled from their high places—and that, too, on a Church question—before the impudent attempt to swell the burdens of the country, for the further agrandisement of an ambitious sect, could be matured. And although there is little hope that the Church will be separated from its unrighteous alliance with the State, under the sanction of the present Administration, or during their reign, there is hardly a doubt that the extravagances of the Irish and English hierarchies will be pruned by their reforming hands; and the Voluntaries of Scotland need have no further fear of having to pay for the erection and endowment of other churches than their own.

The discourse before us was delivered in England, where the dominant Church is much more objectionable, in its theory and its practice, than the Scottish Kirk. The principle of dissent, however, has by no means been so generally imbibed, in proportion to the numbers of the people, as on this side of the Border; and it will require greater activity and zeal in the diffusion of their sentiments, and in exposure of the obnoxiousness of the hierarchy, on the part of the Voluntaries of the south, than they have heretofore exhibited, before the eyes of the English people can be sufficiently opened to the utter discrepancy of *their* Church with the Church of Christ. The former can be most easily overthrown, and the latter most securely advanced, by the might of an enlightened public opinion, led on and invigorated by the power of superior individual intelligences. Mr. Kenrick has done good service to the good cause, by his very able discourse. He takes his text from John xviii. 36, 37, “Jesus answered, My kingdom is not of this world,” &c. and clearly and satisfactorily demonstrates, that “every element of which, as hitherto existing, political Establishments of religion have been made up, is condemned in detail in the discourses of Christ.” We cordially recommend a perusal of Mr. Kenrick’s discourse to our readers.

CHRISTIANITY identified with UNITARIANISM: a Letter to the Honourable and Reverend Baptist Wriothesley Noel, M.A. occasioned by his Treatise, entitled, “Christianity compared with Unitarianism.”—By BENJAMIN MARDON, M. A. R. Hunter, London.

IN other words, Mr. Noel asserts that Unitarianism is not Christianity. Mr. Mardon maintains that it is. There is this immense difference between the wording of the above titles, that Mr. Noel’s is an arrogant assumption of the position to be proved, a bitter insinuation against Unitarianism, and an *a priori* condemnation of a system proposed for examination; while Mr. Mardon’s is a modest, candid announcement, that he is about to prove Unitarianism and Christianity to be identical. Had Mr. M. been one of those whose religious opinions allowed him to return evil for evil, he might have recriminated upon the *honourable* accuser, by entitling his Letter, “Christianity compared with B. W. Noel’s system.” But Mr. Mardon contents himself with demurring, in the spirit of a Christian, to the *assumption*; reasoning in the temper of a logician, against its accompanying sophistry; and rebutting, with the dignity of a philanthropist, the groundless charges preferred. Well does Mr. M. remark, that those who desire to “*make a short cut*” to a conclusion against Unitarianism, may save themselves trouble by calling it, in the very onset, “a fatal mistake;” but that correct reasoners will examine carefully the two distinct propositions contained in these words, and first endeavour to ascertain whether Unitarianism is a mistake, and then whether it is fatal.

The necessity for such a procedure every Trinitarian would clearly perceive, were an opponent to commence a work, with saying,—Let us examine impartially, and judge candidly, that *fatal mistake*, called the doctrine of the Trinity. Every one would see that an impartial examination, and a candid judgment, could not possibly follow in the train of so unmerciful a prejudication. Yet this is the almost universal practice of the opponents of Christian Unitarianism. They abuse it, caricature it, condemn it, and execrate it first, and then talk of giving it a fair trial afterwards. They would not like their own system to be thus dealt with. They therefore do not do as they would be done by. And they should seriously ask themselves, whether breaking Christ’s golden rule will recommend them to the Saviour, as those who have done what he commanded. This question, Mr. Noel would do well to weigh. And he, and all those who think with him, would possibly be not a little benefited by carefully considering another question,—How is it, that Mr. Mardon, and Unitarians generally, can recommend the perusal of Trinitarian works; but Trinitarians *must* warn men against reading Unitarian productions? And a third question may also deserve their solemn attention:—How is it, that scarcely any two Trinitarians can agree, as to what is

meant by the Trinity? Mr. Noel's is the nominal Trinity; or three names for one Being. Now, if Trinitarianism means any one of a hundred trinities, and it does not signify, so that you do but take one; and if that one may be defended by him who has chosen it, no matter how dissimilar from his neighbour's trinity, with a reckless abuse of Unitarianism, and doing as he would not be done unto,—then the sooner Calvin's wish were realised the better. After having called the word *barbarous*, and termed it *the Popish God*, the Genevese Reformer exclaims, "I wish the word Trinity were buried!" And through the Christian world, should resound a hearty, Amen. While it is permitted to live, such works as that of Mr. Mardon will be needed—will be salutary. His letter is short, clear, kind, and conclusive. It is a fitting companion of "The Apostle Paul, a Unitarian."

THE PLEASURES OF BENEVOLENCE. A Philosophic and Didactic Poem; in Four Books, with Notes. By WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D., M. R. I. A.

(Concluded from page 180.)

THE idea we had been endeavouring to develope, in the latter part of our reflections, is the connection of *moral sentiment* with poetry. We have said, that the character of the one modifies or generates that of the other. What an amazing influence, for example, is produced even by the single feeling—reverence for woman; and this results from the sanctity in which pure sentiment enshrines her character. This one little spark has kindled a great fire in human nature, which every other faculty has contributed to increase and keep alive—to which every hope and fear, danger and success, are made subservient. Whence but from such a principle are the interest and romance of love?—whence else are the tremblings and excitements and bosom-struggles of affection in lingering doubt?—whence else the purity, the enthusiasm, the power, the almost more than earthly spirituality, which inspires reciprocal and devoted attachment?—and whence is it else that love can subdue and sanctify the roughest natures—that the golden link that binds the heart with a being esteemed, kind, and lovely, is sometimes its only connection with exalted emotions or a better humanity? It is often the only sign that remains of reprobation not being complete—that there yet remains "a soul of goodness" in a thing of evil, a light where all besides is gloom. Like the vineyards that flourish at the base of Etna or Vesuvius, and that shed gentle tendrils and flowers on the very surface which covers burning caverns, so the only freshness and brightness that relieve the darkness of some characters have grown under the smile of woman. Such characters have often only this to preserve them from utter blackness; like a ruin in midnight, where still a soft, silver, and lonely moon-

beam lingers, where still some mellowed brilliancy plays amidst its scowling towers. And thence also, on the other side, the consumption or despair of the heart—the venom that poisons, or the sickness that oppresses, or the wretch that breaks it, when its hopes of love are blasted or its affections rejected. We do not mean to say that there is no room for such passions to work, even when moral apprehensions are corrupted or imperfect—even when religion is gross and unspiritual—even when woman's relation, on the whole, is enslaved and degraded; we do not say absolutely that such things could not be; but we may assert, their sphere must be confined, and the opportunities that call them forth few and infrequent. Besides, when such feelings, under other influences, were partially exhibited, they wanted that tenderness or power of expression, that exquisite sensibility, those earnest sympathies and glowing associations, that depth in their sadness and glory in their joy, which properly constitutes their poetry. Thus, much may be said as regards the operation of moral sentiment on the imagination and affections; but perhaps we should say a word also on the influence which springs out of a certain state of society. If something of romance in feeling, or strong individuality in character, enters into the poetry of passion, to this neither extreme rudeness nor high civilisation can be favourable. In the one, there is the dead level of apathy and ignorance; in the other, the polished surface of elegance and art. The most favourable probably to genius, is that period between the two: like the opening light of a summer's morning, when on the one side darkness is but retiring, and the visions of the night are yet hanging between earth and heaven, and sleepy clouds are yet resting on their ocean-bed, and objects appear dim and shrouded in "the glimmering landscape;" while, on the other, light is breaking on the mountains, and the eastern fountain pours out its streams of purple light, "sowing the earth with orient pearl"—and then comes

"————— the hour

Of glory in the grass and splendour in the flower,"—

and then there burst upon the spirit, all the combined powers of mystery, mingling with beauty; the passions are called from slumber, and the fancy soars on pinions of light. The prevalence of settled rules naturally produces order and uniformity; but this, whilst it multiplies the comforts of life, quenches its enthusiasm.

But to return. The influences on which we have been enlarging, have not confined their operation to our more powerful feelings; as the sun's rays with the atmosphere, they have been poured over the length and breadth of society, and diffused through all our general relations. In such influences are to be found the true cause of pathos, as connected with the simpler and less prominent events of

man's moral and social history. By these influences we become interested in others by a closer identification, and possessed of a more generous experience. The cottage and the garret, as well as the castle and the palace, supply the materials of poetry; and he who counts to us the beatings of the poor man's heart, if he be true to nature, will awaken our sympathies as surely as if he had portrayed the misery of a monarch. What else but this gives power to the poetry of Crabbe? Should we, otherwise, listen to his stern description, or contemplate his undecorated pictures of low-life wretchedness, of suffering without romance, and vice with all its evil and with all its grossness—pictures, rugged in their colouring, and devoid of majesty in their subjects? Yet, who that has the capacity of feeling is not moved by his tales? Who can trace the lowest humanity through the vicissitudes of pain, guilt, and despair, and not give his pity and his tears? Let us have but an interest in our brethren, and the poetry of pathos has abundance of materials in the lowest grade of human beings—among the lazaroni of sunny Naples, or the paupers of an English village—the conflicts of young emotion—the blight of holy, lovely, innocent happiness—the ruin inflicted by heartless villains—the persecution of the weak, and the triumph of powerful cruelty—the desolations of poverty—the smothered struggles of minds strong in conscious capacity, writhing in the iron fetters of necessity—manhood surviving hope—old age outliving strength, and kindred, and passion, to wither to the tomb in imbecility, dependence, and want—and death-beds, darkened and convulsed by guilt, superstition, and the bursting of those bands of love that common suffering had but more strongly bound. Nor is the force of moral power greater in these darker shadings of human life and character than in its milder and more gladdening circumstances; and if poetry can wring our bosoms with pictures of the one, it can brighten up our hearts and hopes by its more animating visions of the other. These, and more than these, have all been made subservient to poetry; but they had previously become interesting to the mass of society—the chord was wound up and strung in the bosom, poetry had only to touch it, and breathe her own inspirations on the sound. For sublimer tastes we cannot answer; but for ourselves we candidly assert, there is more heart-stirring energy in this music of humanity, than in compositions of graver pretensions; we feel profounder interest in some affecting incidents of retired joys and sorrows, than in many stately narrations of Virgil's polished Epic—more intense sympathy with some humble characters, than with the orderly Eneas and his insipid satellites. The same principles which cultivate a wider philanthropy, enlarge also the field of poesy, and in varying human feeling, not only multiply but strengthen the points of interest.

But to the moral poet there will appear many difficulties in the constitution of things here—in the apparent disorders of society, in the crimes and miseries of men; and this in proportion to his benevolence and acuteness. The stupid pass them over in uninquiring indifference; and the selfish, absorbed in their own concerns, feel them not. The philanthropist looks not, however, thus with apathy on the ills of life; the philosopher longs to trace and analyse their causes; and the pious man still more ardently desires to reconcile their existence with the moral and natural perfection of the Supreme Governor of the universe. The source and purposes of natural and moral evil, have long been subjects of philosophical inquiry and controversial discussion. To say, in reply to the objections urged—"it is doubtful whether our present state will ever enable us to answer them," is both trite and convenient; and yet the want of any complete moral demonstration, leaves still room for its repetition. There is in our view, data enough, however, to prove the Deity's general benevolence in character and design; and our author, as the celebrator of that attribute, has accordingly in the fourth book of his poem, applied himself to the difficulty of the existence of evil. It is an unpoetical subject, as scholastic and disputed points in general are; yet our author's genius even here displays itself, smooths its angular ruggedness, and out of its hard and obstinate materials, moulds with plastic power some exquisitely beautiful passages. The book opens with an affecting and able statement of the general ills of life; and then throughout, reason goes hand in hand with fancy, philosophy gains softness from numbers, and argument breathes in the music of poetry. The whole is as powerful an examination of these abstruse difficulties, as any production in prose or verse, and beautifully describes the benevolent purposes involved in what seem the darkest evils.

Among many fine passages, the following is a delightful description of old age:—

“ See

The village Nestor, in the happy task
Of doing good, grown grey, in summer eve
Beneath the oak, amid the village ring,
A patriarch sage, of all his tribe revered,
His children's children, a long progeny,
Clinging around his knee:—As there he speaks
Of past adventures,—from experience draws
Just rules of life, and shows the listening group
How man's felicity must ever flow
From faith, and hope, and the approving voice
Of conscience, God's vicegerent in the heart,
Think'st thou old age is wearisome and dark,
Of pleasure destitute? Does joy not fill
The seaman's bosom when he furls his sail
In the calm haven?—Thus escaped the storms
And shoals of fortune, pleased the veteran views

His life's long retrospect, a sparkling wake
Upon the tide of time. Before him shines
The star of Faith, and onward to th' abode
Of bliss immortal leads."

On this passage a note is extracted from a work by Dr. Bruce; and, with submission to our author, we hesitate in our preference between the poetry and prose. We have seldom been more delighted than by its perusal; there is in it an exquisite refinement and delicacy of sentiment, a pathos and gentle eloquence, which calls forth our holiest feelings. Desirous to share our gratification, and to show that we have *practically* read the "Pleasures of Benevolence," we here give it to our readers:—

"The natural decline of strength has been magnified into a grievous calamity; but the old man does not lose his vigour, till it would be useless, or a source of uneasiness. The inertness of age is well suited to the tranquillity and moderation of his passions, which subside with his strength. Nor is the decrepitude of age destitute of its peculiar consolations. These, however, will in a great measure depend on the manner in which he has employed his youth. If his spring has been duly improved, his winter will not be devoid of comfort and respect. We may even draw an enviable picture of a wise and benevolent old man; the chronicle of the past age, the friendly monitor of the present, and the paternal instructor of the rising generation; surrounded with the little company of his fireside, or the wider circle of his friends, who admire the variety of his knowledge, the wisdom of his observations, and the affability of his conversation; their countenances marked with filial respect and affection, gratitude, and esteem. His mild, yet vigorous mind, shines forth like gold tried in the furnace, freed from its dross, separated from the embers, mellowed and refined by the fiery trial; or, like the evening sun, which, after dispersing the mists of a cloudy and stormy day, shines out with a clear and cheerful face upon the earth, to which it gives a kind farewell. Thus he at length retires from life, like a contented guest from a plentiful feast, saying, Farewell, hospitable world."

We appropriately close with one beautiful extract on death:—

"But what is Death? No grisly spectre arm'd
With ruthless dart, as monks and Gothic priests
Depict him, to alarm the tender mind
Of babes and nurslings, a gaunt skeleton,
Rattling his arid bones,—of eye, of ear,
And every sense devoid. Oh no!—in him,
With the refined and gentle muse of Greece,
See Sleep's twin brother—young and beautiful
As Cupid's self—the real Cupid he,
Fond Psyche's lover, that from earthly ties
Frees the imprison'd spirit, and restores
To the great fount of love. He bears a torch
Reversed, extinct, of man's mortality
The emblem just.—But see, beside him floats,
On pinions quivering with excess of life,
Fresh-roused from sleep, and loosen'd from her shroud,
A beauteous butterfly prepared to wing
Her flight through heaven, fair image of the soul
Escaped her dungeon. Say, then, what is Death,

But the bright angel of God's providence,
 The herald of Salvation come to plume
 Th' enfranchised spirit;—with ethereal touch
 To rive her prison, quicken all her powers,
 To wing with pinions fleetier than the wind,
 And elevate to worlds beyond the stars?

And now we conclude, what has been to us an exhilarating exercise—a soothing and exalted pleasure. Heartily do we thank the author for the moral and poetical loveliness to which he has drawn our contemplations. Happy, happy life which shall taste the joys he pictures; blessed death, which shall know these consolations! While the heart can feel, may such be its sentiments; and when our voice gasps its last broken utterings, we desire it not to tremble between earth and heaven with holier sounds.

MONTHLY RECORD.

JUNE 1, 1835.

OUR friends, we are certain, will be interested to learn, whether any action has yet been commenced against Mr. Harris, for an alleged libel in his Sermon on the tithe slaughter at Rathcormac. *No legal Notice has yet been served.* Rumours are rife, of actions at Cork, Dublin, and in the Court of Session, Edinburgh. FOR ANY, OR FOR ALL, MR. HARRIS IS PREPARED. He cannot let this Number go out to the world, without gratefully acknowledging the generous offers of professional advice and pecuniary assistance, which have been tendered in Ireland, England, and Scotland, to enable him to defend the rights of man, and the purity of Christianity, against the aggressions of a Clerical Magistracy and a Political Church Establishment. Had he stood alone, it would have been his duty—and he would have performed it—to breast any power or influence which the Orange faction, in the virulence of its fellest bigotry, could bring to bear against him. Should the trial proceed, he will go forward to it in the full confidence, that whatever be the *legal* issue, the *moral* effect will be the advancement of the sacred cause of human improvement, liberty, and happiness.

MANCHESTER UNITARIAN VILLAGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
 —The annual meeting of the Society took place on Monday evening, April 20, the Rev. Wm. Gaskell, M. A. in the chair. Sermons in its aid having been preached the day previous, at Mosley-street Chapel, by the Rev. J. G. Robberds, and at Cross-Street Chapel, by the Rev. J. R. Beard.

The scene of the Society's labours is much the same as last year; but it will be satisfactory to its friends to learn, that its operations were never more successful. Its objects

are, to recommend and enforce, in a true Catholic spirit, the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and to show their bearing on our common faith as Unitarians—to purify and improve the youthful mind by the aid of Sunday-schools—to spread sound and useful moral and religious information amongst the people, by the assistance of books and tracts—to contribute in other ways, as far as its limited sphere and the extent of its means will allow, to advance the cause of righteousness and truth.

The following places are regularly supplied with preaching by the Society,—Astley and Swinton, in Lancashire; Over Haddon, Ashford, Sheldon, Flagg, in Derbyshire. And the number of adult hearers at each place, has averaged for the year,—at Astley, 52; Swinton, 42; Over Haddon, 35; Ashford, 103; Sheldon, 34; Flagg, 36. The number of Sunday-school scholars receiving instruction, has been,—at Astley, 75; Swinton, 76; Ashford, 40.

The stations in Derbyshire are supplied by Mr. Shenton, a very useful and indefatigable preacher, whose services are highly valued by the Society. The other stations are supplied by Mr. Duffield, and other ministers and friends in this neighbourhood.

“Mr. Shenton has also occasionally visited Great Hucklowe and Goulgrave. In his report of January 31, 1835, Mr. Shenton says, ‘At Sheldon, our services at present are, as they were during the last winter, attended by the far greater portion of the adult population. It will be as gratifying to you to learn, as it is to me to state, that a decided improvement has taken place in the intellectual character of the inhabitants of this village, since the introduction of our services.’ Mr. Duffield visited this district in June last; the following is the plan of his labours, and the number of his hearers at each service:—Ashford, twice, 67 adults; Over Haddon, three times, 20 adults; Sheldon, twice, 7 adults; Flagg, once, 17 adults; Great Hucklowe, once, 31 adults.

“Mr. Rowntree has paid a missionary visit to this district, and expressed himself highly gratified with the state of the congregations. The neighbourhood of Padiham has been visited three times during the year, by agents of the Society, viz: by Mr. Rowntree in the commencement of the year—Mr. Shenton in June last—and Mr. Duffield in December. During Mr. Shenton’s visit, he preached at Padiham, 4 times; Chadburn, twice; Cheapside, once; Accrington, once; Newchurch, once; Rawtenstall, twice.

“He states that the congregations at Padiham were larger than last year, and that at Chadburn he was obliged to adjourn into the open air, the place of meeting being too small. The affairs of the Padiham congregation appear to be steadily improving. The following is the summary of Mr. Duffield’s labours, together with the average attendance at

each service:—Padiham, five services, 178 adults; Cheapside, one service, 50 adults; Harwood, one service, 20 adults; Brookside, one service, 17 adults.

“At Padiham, the smallest attendance was 100 on a Monday evening; and the largest, 280, on the following Sunday evening. At the Sunday-school Anniversary, held January 1, there were present 250 persons, who appeared to take a deep interest in the affairs of the School.”

Perhaps the most important agent of the Society, is its itinerating library. The books are lent to the different stations connected with the Society, and to other small congregations which have no libraries of their own; also to private individuals, who might not otherwise be able to procure such works. After time has been allowed for their perusal, they change hands from one station to another, thus giving as great a variety to the reading as can be done from so small a collection. The library at present consists of 185 volumes, which are distributed as follows;—at Astley, 38 vols.; Swinton, 27; Gorton, 32; Chadburn, 6; Quarry Bank, 18; St. Helens, 9; Derbyshire, 14; Private hands, 4; Reserved, 29; Missing, 8; total, 185 vols.

It will be very gratifying to the Society to receive additions to their stock, either from private individuals, or from tract societies.

In these different ways is the Society performing its important objects. It is almost impossible to estimate the amount of good which is effected—it is to be seen, however, in various ways—in the improved moral tone of the worshippers—in the advantages that must be derived from the different institutions connected with the several stations—in the assembling together of congenial minds, for the pure worship of the One God and Father—from the institution of different social meetings, and from the good will and friendly feelings which such meetings tend to create—from the dissemination of knowledge by the means of Sunday-schools, and books and tracts—all tending to increase the wellbeing and happiness of society.

R. A.

THE Editor's absence from home, has hitherto prevented his performance of that which he feels no less a duty than a pleasure, melancholy though it be, to record in the pages of the *Christian Pioneer*, the death, on the 3d March, of MRS. BARR, the wife of John Barr, Esq. of Crutherland, near Kilbride, Lanarkshire. Mrs. Barr was the daughter of the Rev. Robert Walker, one of the ministers of the Church of Scotland, at Mochrum, Wigtonshire. Under the parental roof, she imbibed those truly enlightened and Christian principles, which governed, sustained, and cheered her through life, and which inspired gratitude to the Father of Mercies, and imparted resignation and peace in the midst of a severe and protracted illness. On her marriage with Mr. Barr, she removed to Birmingham; and during a residence there of nearly forty years, was most exemplary in the performance of every relative duty, and associated, in terms not

merely of acquaintance but of friendship, with the wise and good of all parties and communions. Mrs. Barr was one of the earliest attendants on Dr. Priestley's class for religious instruction, and was the warmly attached friend, and the constant attendant on the services of the successive Ministers of the New-Meeting Congregation in Birmingham. Well did she remember the eventful scenes of those disgraceful riots which so admirably illustrated the tender mercies of Church and State connection, the Christian effects of the intolerant war-whoop of "Church and King." Deeply did she regret the loss the religious denomination to which she belonged sustained, by the forced removal of the injured and calumniated Priestley from that scene of outrage. Gladly did she rejoice in every instance of the progress of Christian truth and righteousness, in every clime. Mrs. Barr took a lively and personal interest in the schools connected with the New-Meeting Congregation, and in every plan that tended to the alleviation of human misery. She delighted in intercourse with the young; and many minds which she assisted in training to knowledge and virtue, will ever recall her memory with gratitude.

After her removal to Crutherland, Mrs. Barr attended as often as was in her power, at the Unitarian Chapel in this City. Her interest in the prosperity of the Congregation, was sincere and fervent. The characteristic of her mind was devotion. Piety was her ever-actuating feeling; it was manifested in the regular discharge of the duties of family prayer; the loveliness of creation, the varied events of life, led her to the Being who called the one into existence, and controlled all to the promotion of happiness; this feeling breathed itself forth in almost the last flickerings of her life, and her bed of death was peace.

To Correspondents & Subscribers.

DURING the visit of the Editor to Ireland, various publications and communications have been received, which he now gratefully acknowledges. Amongst the number are Knowles's Balance of Evidence—Combe's Constitution of Man—Malthusian Boon Unmasked—Christian Phrenology; three Lectures by the Rev. Henry Clarke of Dundee—Feudal Scenes—Christian Tracts, 1, 2, 3, published by a sincere friend to Christian truth and righteousness at Belfast, comprising "Recollections of Jotham Anderson," and "A Sabbath with my Friend," by Rev. H. Ware; and "The Genius of Christianity," by Rev. Mr. Furness of Philadelphia—Le Reformateur, a new periodical published at Paris, and to which we wish God speed—The National, Western Times, Cork Southern Reporter, newspapers—R. D. R. Limerick—the Christian Unitarian, Beith—Report of the Cork Unitarian Society—J. B. Sheffield—Lynn Tract Society, and Pamphlets.

Our friends will, we hope, excuse us for the non-insertion of their esteemed Articles till the Number for August. The *Pioneer* for July we intend devoting to an Account of Mr. Harris's Visit to Ireland—the Anniversaries of the Cork Unitarian Society—the Irish Unitarian Christian Society—the Address of the Catholics of Cork to Mr. Harris—and the List of Subscriptions received in Ireland, in aid of the Fund for liquidating the Debt on the Unitarian Chapel at Glasgow.

The Advertisement of "The Christian Teacher" arrived too late for insertion in the Number for April.

IRELAND.

MR. HARRIS'S VISIT.

WHAT different ideas does the word IRELAND suggest to different individuals! - With one, it is associated only with riot and outrage, the conflict of rival factions, conspiracy, abduction, murder. To another, it calls up, "No surrender!" tithe exaction, Church and King, Protestant ascendancy, "the glorious and immortal memory," Orangeism, and no Popery. A third, regards it as a land overrun by Priests and Papists, haters of education, suppressers of the Bible, enemies of all righteousness, and among whom it is impossible to live. A fourth, revels in visions of agitation and repeal, a Parliament in College-green, and a free and equal commonwealth. No subject has been more talked about, than Ireland—none has been so little understood. That ignorance is at once Britain's injury and shame. What but the most criminal indifference to truth, or the most besotted blindness, could have perpetrated, or allowed the perpetration, in the British House of Commons, of the statement of the rapid increase and prodigious prosperity of the manufactories of Kilkenny, at the very moment that not a wheel was going, and every loom was empty! What excuse can be offered for a proprietor of the soil, who could imagine, that in a transient return from his absenteeism, he could propitiate his peasantry by presents of beads, and brooches, and mirrors! They asked for bread, and he gave them—glass. It might have been appropriate at Otaheite; but for Ireland, he might as well have been employed, like the sages of Laputa, in extracting sun-beams from cucumbers.

The character of the people of Ireland has been foully maligned. According to their libellers, the whole heart is sick, the whole head is sore. They might personify the doctrine of Original Sin. They are totally corrupt, incapable of thinking a good thought, or of doing a good action. Supposing this were truth, and not defamation, the inquiry should be made,—What induced this perversity? God or man? Nature or misgovernment? Free and frequent intercourse would show their vices to be the evil fruit of persecution, oppression, and misrule—their virtues, the exuberant and spontaneous production of generous and kindly hearts.

They may be led—they never can, they never ought to be driven. By conciliation, every thing that the patriot, the Christian could wish, might be effected; by force, nothing. Convince them that you have at heart their good—that no sinister aims are yours—that truth, justice, and benevolence are your guides,—and a more grateful, affectionate people the sun shines not on.

And on few countries more beautiful than Ireland does the sun shine. It has every variety of scene to delight the eye and captivate the heart. Mountain and lake, forest, valley, and bay and glade and river, are spread in glorious profusion, and mingle their loveliness and grandeur in every direction. The green that covers the fields is most beautiful. Well may it have given the country the title of Emerald Isle. The curse of Heaven is not visible on the land. All would be happy did man but coincide with the purposes of God.

No one who loves to contemplate the magnificence and beauties of creation, and to trace in them the proofs of benignity and wisdom, can fail, on visiting Ireland, to deem it a country singularly blessed in situation and climate, in soil and scenery. No one who has a heart of flesh, can visit Ireland, and not at once be struck by the mournful contrast which is on almost every side presented between the loveliness of the country and the destitution of large portions of the people—between the abundance of food daily, hourly exported and half-starving thousands—the extremes of splendour and beggary united in one motley and incongruous group. He cannot avoid asking himself—should these things be? He cannot, as a Christian, but resolve, that if he discover the causes of such social wrong, his utmost efforts shall be given unflinchingly to apply the remedy.

I left Glasgow for Ireland on the 17th March, the anniversary of its tutelary saint. If he who, according to the old song, “gave the snakes and toads a twist, and banished them for ever,” had employed his influence in preventing the after introduction of every venomous creature—the venom of anti-national institutions, as well as that of reptiles—the venom of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness which those institutions have engendered, he would then, indeed, have left a country

Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the ocean,
First gem of the sea.

Among other invitations to Ireland, I had received one from my respected friend the Rev. John Porter, minister of the *Second Presbyterian Congregation*, Belfast. The committee of that society had most kindly resolved that a collection should be made in their Meeting-house, in aid of the fund for liquidating the debt on the Christian Unitarian Chapel, Glasgow. The time fixed was March 22. In the morning, I had the pleasure of hearing an admirable sermon from the Rev. John Scott Porter, the colleague with Rev. W. Bruce, in the *First Presbyterian Congregation*, Belfast. Mr. J. S. Porter exchanged services that morning with his relation and friend, the minister of the Second Congregation; and it is truly delightful to witness the cordiality and friendship subsisting between the people and ministers of these kindred societies. The two Meeting-houses, also, stand in the same enclosure. In the afternoon and evening, I preached to large and most respectable audiences, of all communions, numbers, especially, of our Catholic brethren being present; and the collection amounted to the very handsome sum of seventy pounds.

The Presbyterians of Ireland who adhere to the great principles of Christian liberty—the sufficiency of the Scriptures, and the right of individual judgment, and who therefore protest against the imposition of creeds and tests, whether by churchmen, or others calling themselves Dissenters—consist of three bodies. The oldest portion, I believe, is the *Southern Association*, or *Munster Synod*, constituted about 1696. In it are comprehended the congregations of Eustace-street and Strand-street, Dublin, Clonmell, Waterford, Fethard, Eniscorthy, Cork, Bundon, Limerick, and Camolin. Another portion is called, *The Presbytery of Antrim*, and separated in 1726, from the General Synod of Ulster, in opposition to human tests and confessions. It consists of the First and Second Congregations of Belfast, Downpatrick, Larne, Ballyclare, Newtonards, Clough, Antrim, and Holywood. The third portion is the *Remonstrant Synod of Ulster*, formed in 1829, after one of the noblest struggles for Christian liberty, that was ever maintained by the few against a multitude, by knowledge against ignorance. It has been steadily increasing in adherents, and now numbers congregations at Banbridge, Ballycarry, Dromore, Mo-

neyrea, Dunmurry, Newry, Ballee, Cairncastle, Cromlin, Kilmore, Newtonlimavady, Templepatrick, Carlingford, Glenarm, Moira, Narrowwater, Greyabbey, Ballyhemlin, Carrickfergus, and Ballymoney.

No one can be many days in Ireland and mingle much in society, without witnessing, it may be, or at any rate hearing, much of the evil spirit and practices of the ORANGE faction. It includes in it the germ of more fearful ills than were comprehended in the plagues of Egypt. It poisons domestic happiness—it perverts social privilege—it pollutes and prostitutes religion. Under the abused name of Christianity, it lays waste all the charities of life, makes a man's foes the members of his own household, converts the friend into the spy, the child into the traitor, "calls virtue hypocrite, and fair religion makes a rhapsody of words;" sets at nought the excellences which should distinguish the disciples of Jesus, and in their stead, forces its tools to become the sworn and blindfolded instruments of passions, and prejudices, and purposes the most degraded, irrational, antisocial, and unchristian. I had seen and heard somewhat of the faction when I was in Ireland three years since. In vindicating the pure and beneficent religion of the blessed Saviour, from any connection with injustice, oppression, and blood-shedding, I had now personally incurred their hatred; and I encountered their tender mercies—their mean and pitiful spleen—their would-be malignity and vengeance, whenever it was in their power to honour me with their opposition.

Ireland is indeed a land of anomalies. That worshippers of the Church of the Thirty-nine Articles, "those forty stripes save one," should strive to uphold monopoly, and endeavour to retain the sinecures on which they so long have battered, might excite little surprise. But, that persons bearing the name of Presbyterians, should join them in their efforts to keep the brand of servitude still scarred and festering on the majority of their fellow-countrymen, would be unworthy of credence, had not the melancholy conviction been forced upon me by facts I could not question. *Presbyterian Orange-men!*—Even so. Instead of joining in the abuse, and sanctioning the oppression of the Catholics, let them prove by their conduct that *they do*, what they say the Catholics *will not do*, READ THEIR BIBLES, and then will they see

that Christianity and Orangeism are as opposite as despotism and freedom, purity and corruption, morality and crime.

What a contrast to the spirit of Orangeism, was the reception I met with from the Catholics, both clergy and laity, of all the towns I visited. The Most Rev. Archbishop Crolly, Catholic Primate of all Ireland, received me with the courtesy of a gentleman and a Christian. His exertions in behalf of the education of the people, are above all praise. He will have his reward in the moral and intellectual improvement of his countrymen. Nor can I quit the mention of Belfast, without recording my obligations to persons of all communions, who contributed to the object of my mission. Especially are they due to Mr. Clotworthy Dobbin, who devoted so much of his valuable time, in going round with me personally to solicit subscriptions, and to whose kind attentions I feel myself so deeply indebted.

On Friday, March 27, I left Belfast for Ballyclare. Accompanied by my truly valuable friend, Mr. Greenfield, I visited LARNE on Saturday. The congregation of that place is numerous and respectable. Having lately rebuilt their Meeting-house, and being about to make additions to it, a public collection was deemed unadvisable for my object; but several of the friends cheerfully added their names to my subscription list. Their promising young minister, the Rev. Classon Porter, will, I hope, long be spared, blessed and blessing. Sunday morning, March 29, I preached to the congregation at Ballyclare. Their minister, Rev. W. Heron, had done all he could to spread information of the preaching, and a good audience attended. The collection, for a country congregation, was excellent; being ten pounds. I returned in the afternoon to Belfast, in order to preach the evening lecture in the Meeting-house of the Second Presbyterian Congregation. A large and deeply attentive audience assembled.

Sunday, April 5, I preached at BALLEE, a country congregation in the neighbourhood of Downpatrick. It was an excessively wet day. It was impossible for those who lived at a distance to attend; and even those who lived comparatively near, could not assemble till nearly three quarters of an hour after the usual time of worship. The respected minister, the Rev. D. Whyte, and his Session, were earnest that I should put off the collection to another Sunday; but I had no other

Sunday to spare, or I would gladly have visited him and his people again. At length service began, not more than seventy persons being able to be present; but nevertheless the collection was upwards of six pounds.

At Downpatrick, I visited the far-famed grave of the Saint of Ireland. And hundreds visit it every year on their return from the Penance Stone in the neighbourhood, taking with them a little earth from St. Patrick's tomb. This annual gathering to the Penance Stone has, I was told, been much discountenanced of late years by the Catholic clergy of the diocese, and will in time drop away, as have many other ceremonies once deemed essential in the Catholic Church. Let persecution, positive and negative, be no more patronised by Government or by Orange clubs—let equality of civil privileges be enjoyed by Catholic and Protestant, and individuals of enlightened minds will no longer consider it *a point of honour* to adhere to the profession and practice of sentiments and ceremonies suited to the infancy rather than the manhood of intellect.

My excellent friend the Rev. S. C. Nelson, for many years the indefatigable minister at Dromore, has lately settled as assistant and successor to his father, the Rev. Dr. Nelson of Downpatrick. It is an important charge, and worthily and successfully will he occupy it.

It is in the country parishes of Ireland that the mischiefs of an anti-national Church are most clearly seen. It is impossible, by any description, to exaggerate the mischiefs of which such a system is productive. I prefer giving a description of its evils, though it falls far short of the fearful and heart-rending reality, in the words of an Archdeacon of the Established Church of England. Would that all his brethren were imbued with as Christian a spirit! "The Established Church of Ireland," says Archdeacon Glover, in his admirable letter to the Dean of Norwich, "is an anomaly to which the whole Christian world supplies no parallel; unions of eight or ten, or even more parishes, consolidated to make up one rich living; that living without either church or manse, or Protestant congregation; its incumbent enjoying, through a tithe agent, its large emoluments; and those emoluments wrung from a population who never behold the face of their minister, or hear from his lips one word of exhortation. In

every other part of his dominions, his Majesty accepts and acknowledges as the established faith, that form of worship which is most agreeable to the consciences of the great majority of his subjects. He accepts and acknowledges Presbyterianism in Scotland, and Catholicism in Canada, and exercises the greatest caution in interfering with even the debasing and cruel superstitions of the Mahometan or Hindoo in India. But in Ireland we are not content to force upon her an establishment which is the hereditary aversion of six-sevenths of her inhabitants, but we persevere in presenting this establishment to her view under the most forbidding and repulsive form. If conversion be our object, can any means more unlikely be adopted, can any project be marked by a more signal failure? Has not the present system been pursued long enough to answer every purpose of experiment? It has gone on for about three hundred years, and that wretched country, so far from becoming more Protestant, or more reconciled to their yoke of spiritual bondage, has gone on in one unvaried course of discontent, rebellion, and bloodshed—a burden instead of a benefit to Great Britain; and that Gospel which should have been the harbinger of peace, has been used as the source and watchword of the most savage barbarities and the most relentless discord.”

It is impossible that such a church should much longer be permitted to wither, by its intolerance, the energies and hearts of the people, or to demoralise and degrade them by splitting them into factions. It cannot be, that insult shall be piled on injury, and both be suffered to pass uncorrected. And was it not a flagitious insult, offered to every man of proper feeling, by a bishop, who, though receiving upwards of £400 a-year, as rector of a parish in which the Protestant service was neither performed, nor a place of worship existing to perform it in, told those who respectfully applied to him to redress the grievance,—*there was service in the next parish?*

A spirit, however, is roused in the land, which will not be put down till justice is done. I found a marked difference in this respect, in the last three years. Then it was deemed almost quixotic to think of removing the evils of the Church. The Rev. James Martineau’s noble renunciation of the *Regium Donum* was looked upon by numbers as partaking as much of romance as of principle. But that very renunciation,

as will every enlightened adherence to conscience—told on the public mind; and the *Regium Donum* is now more and more regarded as partaking of the essence of the Church Establishment. True, were there only two classes of religionists in Ireland, Presbyterians and the members of the Establishment, and did these two classes alone raise the public revenue, the Presbyterian might take back the money with one hand, which he had contributed with the other; though, even in that case, it would be a clumsy device. But Presbyterians, and the members of the Establishment, are not the only classes of religionists in Ireland. They are even together a small minority. What is it they do, then, by the reception of the *Regium Donum*? They lay an additional burden on their already oppressed Catholic fellow-countryman. They make him pay for three denominations, the Established, the Presbyterian, and his own. Is this just—is it Christian?

Numbers, I am happy to know, agree with me in thinking it is neither; and petitions have been presented to the Legislature, embodying the principles we hold to be alone consonant to liberty, and the morality of the New Testament. I quote the following:—

The Petition of the Presbyterian Landholders of the Parishes of Killileagh and Killinchy, in the County of Down,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,—That your Petitioners have lately heard with surprise and indignation, that on the presentation of a petition to your Honourable House, from the parish of Drumbo, praying for the extinction of Tithes, one of the Members for their County, in his place in Parliament, denied that the people of the County of Down, were in favour of the extinction of Tithes, but that, on the contrary, so far as he knew, there was a very general inclination on the part of the Presbyterians of that County to pay Tithes.

That although the inhabitants of the parishes of Killileagh and Killinchy are almost exclusively Presbyterians, the amount of Tithe composition payable yearly to the two Protestant Clergymen, amounts to the sum of £1,533 : 9s.2d. while the sum of £349 : 9s.2d. including the *Regium Donum*, is found perfectly adequate to support the two Presbyterian Clergymen in respectability and comfort.

That the gross and manifest injustice of the Tithe system, has necessarily excited an opposition to it, which has rapidly extended itself over the country, and that, in numerous instances, the payment of that impost has been attempted to be exacted by a military or police force, attended by appalling effusions of human blood.

That such impost, being in principle unjust, and such method of attempting to levy it being altogether inconsistent with the meekness, the humility, and the forbearance, which form a distinguished part of the fundamental principles of the Christian dispensation, the moral feeling of the country has been thereby insulted and outraged, and its religious character degraded and disgraced.

That, in a political point of view, such impost must be considered as a badge of servitude, being levied off the great majority of the people of Ireland, for the support of an Establishment, with which they have no common interest, and from which they do not receive any spiritual equivalent in return.

That considering the question in every point of view, Petitioners are decidedly of opinion, that nothing short of the total abolition of Tithes, not only in name but in substance, and then, as a matter of justice, withdrawing the *Regium Donum*, and leaving every religious denomination to support their own Clergy, will, or ought to satisfy the people of Ireland.

That Petitioners explicitly disavow any wish or intention, that the present incumbents should be reduced to a state of indigence or want; on the contrary, they entertain a firm conviction, that a Reformed Parliament, in its wisdom, and in its justice, will provide for them a fair and reasonable remuneration.

Petitioners, therefore, earnestly entreat your Honourable House to adopt such *immediate* and efficient measures for the total abolition of Tithes, not only in *name*, but in *substance*, as will relieve the country from such grievous infliction, and afford a remedy for the various frightful evils, which accompany their continuance and collection.—And Petitioners will pray.

I passed on from Downpatrick to Newry on Monday evening, April 6. The next morning I called on the Rev. John Mitchell, the esteemed and excellent minister. His sermons on the unity of God, and his reply to the Rev. D. Bagot, do honour to his head and heart. Finding it would be more convenient to solicit the friends at Newry on my return from the south of Ireland, after passing a most instructive and delightful day with Mr. Mitchell, amidst the romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of Newry, I went forward the same evening to Dublin.

I left Dublin for Cork, April 8. I was much struck with the scenery in many parts of this journey. Nothing, in particular, can exceed the approach to Cork. It combines almost every object that can impart perfection to a view. It is truly beautiful. One thing, however, marred the pleasure of this and all my journeys in Ireland. In town or village-hamlet, or even where three or four houses were placed near each other, the police were certain of being seen; not like the agents of the civil power in Scotland, but bayoneted and armed to the teeth. I could not divest myself of the continually recurring thought, as these men appeared at almost every corner,—I am traversing an enslaved and conquered country. Depend upon it, the accustoming a people to the sight and employment of instruments of war, is not the way to put down outrage, or to promote peacefulness.

It may exasperate, but it cannot tend to quietness. The old British jealousy of the employment of the soldiery in civil matters, was a wholesome, a patriotic, and a Christian feeling. I would it were more felt and acted up to now. The very circumstance, that numbers of this armed band are Orangemen, is sufficient to evince the jeopardy in which the liberties and lives of the inhabitants are placed. "Fears are entertained for the peace of the town," said a magistrate to a friend of mine, "on account of the public rejoicings to-night. What step will be most likely to secure it?" "*Lock up the police,*" was the reply, "and I stake my existence all is quiet." The advice was taken, and not a child was alarmed that night.

In the preface to the eleventh edition of my sermon on the tithe slaughter at Rathcormac, I have detailed the extraordinary call made on me at the close of the morning worship on Sunday, April 12, at Cork, by a clerical magistrate and his appropriate attendant; it will be unnecessary therefore to repeat it here. In the evening of that day, I preached for my venerable friend the Rev. W. J. Hort, to a considerable congregation.

At the request of the members and friends of the congregation at Cork, the following account furnished by the respected secretary, of a meeting held on Monday night, is now inserted.

Cork Branch of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society.

THE fifth anniversary of the above association was held on Monday evening, the 13th of April, at Lloyd's Hotel, George-street, when about seventy individuals of both sexes, including several visitors of the Orthodox Dissenting and Roman Catholic churches, took tea together.

The Society was gratified on this occasion, by the presence of the Rev. George Harris of Glasgow, whose visit to Cork, the committee gladly availed themselves of, by earnestly requesting his attendance; and of Mr. Bratich, a native of Hungary, and a member of the Hungarian Diet, who in consequence of his intrepid advocacy of the cause of much-injured Poland, both in his place in the legislature, and subsequently with his pen and his sword, has been obliged to fly his country, and take refuge in this kingdom. This gentleman is a member of the Roman Catholic church.

When tea was concluded, Mr. Walter Richards Osborne, was called to the chair, and opened the business of the evening as follows:

"My friends,—For some years past, many of the Unitarian

rians of Cork have met on this evening in each week, to advocate and disseminate, by all advisable and legitimate means, religious truths, which, though despised and rejected by a majority of their fellow-Christians, they consider highly influential and important to the well-being of mankind, both here and hereafter.

“On the present occasion, we are happy to meet many of our friends who, although not belonging to our body, have joined our social meeting, in the spirit of Christian liberality; and we rejoice that the arrival in Cork, of that tried friend of our sacred cause, the Rev. George Harris of Glasgow, has given us the gratifying opportunity of inviting him to add by his presence to the interest and usefulness of the meeting. The Secretary will now read the Report.”

“Fifth Annual Report of the Cork Branch of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society.”

“In the transactions of a Society formed for the mutual improvement of its members, by means of meetings for social religious intercourse, it is not likely that events of a very striking character will arise, to vary the even tenor of its way. The report which, at the termination of the Society’s fifth year, it becomes the duty of your committee to present, can therefore be little more than a recapitulation of the several subjects of inquiry introduced to your consideration by the Scripture readers at your meetings. Nevertheless it is believed, that the retrospect of so many evenings passed in agreeable and not unprofitable intercourse, will not be without interest to the members of the Society. Amongst the subjects of investigation, were the following;—Religious fasts; the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper; the duty and efficacy of prayer; the nature of man; demoniacal possession; the origin and design of the sacrifices under the old law; a final judgment, and a righteous retribution; God’s universal providence; the Scriptural use of the term ‘a new creature;’ the death of Judas, as narrated in the 22d chapter of Luke, compared with the account of it in the 1st chapter of Acts; the outpouring of the Spirit at the feast of Pentecost; the miraculous gift of tongues; the humanity of the Saviour, as taught in the 2d chapter of Acts; the doctrine of the resurrection, one of the distinguishing tenets of Christianity; the ordinance of baptism; the community of goods in the Christian church at Jerusalem; the miraculous gifts possessed by the Apostles; the Scriptural meaning of the terms ‘salvation’ and ‘saved;’ the death of Annanias and Sapphira; miracles wrought in liberation of the Israelites; the idolatry in the wilderness; the Roman Catholic ordinance of extreme unction; the martyrdom of Stephen; the innocence of involuntary error; the conversion of Saul; Peter’s cure of Enæas; man to be judged according to his works; Peter’s exposition of Christianity to Cornelius; Justification; what consequences has

Adam's sin entailed on his posterity? Peter's miraculous escape from prison; the nature of Christ; the doctrine of the Trinity; the subordination of the Son to his God and our God; the accountability of the Heathen; the restrictions imposed upon the early Gentile Christians; the conversion of the Philippine gaoler; Paul's address to the Athenians; the judgment of the world by the Messiah; the doctrine of the Deity of Christ; the doctrine of the atonement; gloom in religion.

"Beside the topics enumerated, many evenings have been employed in the critical investigations which naturally arise in a regular course of Scripture reading, without the discussions being directed to any particular doctrines of religion.

"Early last year a resolution was passed, empowering visitors to join in the discussions of the Society, on the first Monday evening of each month; in consequence of which, several very animated discussions took place with some of our Trinitarian brethren, conducted between the opposing parties with much Christian temper and forbearance.

"Resolutions were also adopted to the effect, that it was the opinion of this Society, that the cause of Christian Unitarianism might be materially advanced by the frequent interchange of missionary visits from the Unitarian clergymen of this and the neighbouring country, and respectfully suggesting to the parent Society, the formation of a fund for paying the travelling expenses of ministers, when so engaged at the request of their committee.

"A copy of those resolutions was duly forwarded by your secretary, to the secretary of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society.

"On occasion of a violent attack which appeared in the Clonmell newspapers, against a young and meritorious clergyman of that place, the Rev. James Orr, your committee felt called upon to give public expression to their sentiments of respect and attachment, in an address to the reverend gentleman. This address was presented by one of our members, Mr. R. Dowden, (Rd.) and read by him to Mr. Orr, in presence of his congregation.

"A letter stating the high sense he entertained of this expression of fraternal regard, was received in reply by your secretary.

"Since the publication of the last report, we have had to lament the loss of two members and three subscribers of our Society, who have gone, in obedience to that fiat to which we must all eventually bow;—leaving us however this melancholy satisfaction, that we can by our own experience testify, how admirably calculated to sustain the fainting soul, even in the last hour of mortal weakness, are the cheering and consolatory truths of Christian Unitarianism."

The secretary, Mr. William Connell, then moved that this report be adopted.

Mr. William Dowden said,—“ In rising to second the foregoing proposition, it may not be unsuitable to the present occasion, (particularly as I see around me some persons who probably know little of Unitarianism, except that its professors are a sect ‘everywhere spoken against,’) to make a few observations on the objects for which this society was formed, and the opinions by which it is distinguished from other Christian bodies.

“ The first object contemplated in the formation of this society, was mutual improvement, to be derived from reading and studying the Scriptures; the second, mutual confidence and support, from a knowledge that however we might be pointed at or reviled by those who differ from us, many whose opinions we most valued, whose judgments we considered soundest, and whose lives and conversation were the least reproachable, not only sanctioned but professed our belief.

“ Respecting our religious sentiments, we believe that the Deity is *one simple* undivided existence; not composed of persons or parts, and therefore we take the name of Unitarians. That this is the express language of the Bible, is so obvious, that believers in a Trinity claim also the name of Unitarians, and endeavour to establish that the three persons they worship, form but one God.

“ I shall advert to this again, but must first observe, that belief in the simple Unity of God, gives a more perfect confidence—a more decided trust in him, as the sole Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the universe, than could be entertained, were we to suppose him a compound of persons, entertaining different feelings towards man, and performing different offices in his redemption and government,—one to create, another to redeem, a third to sanctify—the multiplicity, distracts, divides, and weakens our confidence in each; while the Unitarian refers everything to the one glorious Source—sees the same ‘God in everything, and everything in God.’

“ Unitarians do not believe what is called the Trinity; First, because neither the term, nor the idea it conveys, is to be found in the Bible; and, secondly, because as it is put forward by its advocates, it seems to involve the plainest contradiction. It is stated that the Father is omnipotent, the Son omnipotent, and the Holy Ghost omnipotent. Now, if it could be shown (which I deny) that three persons are omnipotent, it could be equally proved that *neither* is omnipotent; for if it be said that A and B are both omnipotent, the omnipotence of A involves a power of control over B, and consequently destroys his supposed omnipotence, while the supremacy of B supposes full power over A, and thus annihilates his. Thus they are both proved to be greater and less than the other, which is a manifest contradiction. The addition of a third person, or letter, does not alter the case.

“We do not for a moment deny that Deity might, if he pleased, in the exercise of his benevolence, have assumed the human form, to teach his creatures his will, and lead them to virtue and to happiness; but we do deny that he who is a ‘God of truth,’ ‘in whom is no variableness or shadow of turning,’ said any thing, or could say any thing, that was not strictly true. Now, if we open the Sacred Volume, and read the words of Christ, we find expressions which it seems impossible that the God of truth could have uttered. He says, ‘my doctrine is not mine, but his who sent me.’ Could the Deity have said that the revelation of his own will was not his doctrine? Again, ‘If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, *whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself*,’ making a decided and obvious distinction between himself and Deity. His exclamation on the cross, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me,’ is quite conclusive that the speaker was not Deity. He says, ‘of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son*,’—but God is omniscient. He says, ‘of mine own self I can do nothing,’—but God is omnipotent; therefore we conclude that Jesus Christ was not the Deity.

“There is another doctrine, called the atonement, which we also reject—first, because we cannot find it in the Scriptures; and secondly, because the supposition, that God could not pardon his own creatures, without the suffering and death of an innocent person on the cross, is contradictory to reason, and to his attributes of omnipotence and justice; while the doctrine, that he who died was himself God, destroys even the apparent reality of the atonement, and leaves the matter exactly where it was. I recollect hearing a very eloquent preacher (the Hon. and Rev. Ludlow Tonsen) state, in explanation of this difficulty, that ‘man cannot satisfy, God cannot suffer—man suffered, God satisfied.’ But I would ask, If man cannot satisfy, of what value were his sufferings? and if God cannot suffer, how did he satisfy?

“A doctrine, not universally, but very generally held by Unitarians, is ‘The final restoration of all mankind to purity and happiness.’ This we found on two attributes of Deity, namely, his benevolence and his omnipotence; we believe that it was in the exercise of his benevolence that he gave life, for the immediate and ultimate good of those to whom he imparted it. He must have created them with the design of making them ultimately either happy or miserable: being infinitely benevolent, he must have willed the former; and being omnipotent, no power can frustrate his design; we thence conclude, that happiness will be the ultimate condition of God’s creation. Having offered a very imperfect sketch of some of the leading peculiarities of Unitarianism, I shall conclude by moving, that the report now read be adopted.”

The report was then received and adopted.

Mr. Richard Dowden rose, and said, "The pleasing duty of moving a resolution of welcome to Mr. Harris, has devolved on me; and certainly not a few circumstances aid in making every part of this evening's social meeting useful and delightful. The Unitarian Society has issued the notices which assembled this attendance. The hated and the feared words 'Unitarian Christian Society,' are on the cards; yet we see that this is not an exclusive meeting; some persons have ventured here who are not of that 'heresy.' And why?—because they have heard and believed, that the Rev. Mr. Harris, Unitarian minister of Glasgow, can, although a Unitarian, feel for the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen, advocate their rights, and boldly and ably denounce the causes of their sorrows and degradation. Roman Catholics, and Protestants of other denominations beside our own, have come to see who and what this much abused people are—they have ventured over our threshold; in an honest curiosity they inquire into our sayings, having heard favourably of our doings; in confidence that we mean them no guile, they courageously enter our circle, though reputed to be drawn by the darkest art. Those who are not convinced of the integrity of their own views, fear to inquire; more precise than pure, they fear to test their faith by the burning ploughshares of discussion, which, innocuous to the tread of those innocent of hypocrisy, are terrible to the unstable and those who doubt themselves. We greet our reverend visitor as the immediate cause of this social assemblage, not because *you* wanted here, or now for a first time, to learn what Unitarians are; but because you have set the public example of choosing to take our peculiar theology from our own lips, and not from the accounts of writers who malign, misrepresent, or even only misunderstand our testimony.

"We greet Mr. Harris amongst us, because his celebrity as a benevolent man, and a zealous friend of civil and religious freedom, will certainly disencumber our name and religious profession of much prejudicial and ignorant odium, and will set us at least on the same level with our fellow-citizens; proving to the world that there is no moral necessity for our being worse men than our neighbours, and inducing them to look from the possibility to the fact, to see, are we so, and at least to impute to ourselves our faults, and not to deem them a necessary result of the views we deduce from the Scriptures.

"The Unitarian Society, in giving Mr. Harris their welcome to Cork, desire to express their gratitude for the welcome given by our friend to a stranger who went to him, unprovided with any human facility for progress in life but honest courage and a good conscience. Mr. Giles gave up every prospect which orthodoxy offered, and the benefits which he really

enjoyed within her pale, and encountered odium, destitution, and sorrow, for what he conscientiously considered Scriptural truth; but, sir, he met in Mr. Harris a kindred spirit, who appreciated him, and under that Being who sees integrity, Mr. Giles risked dangers, which, through the agency of our reverend friend, he will most probably not have to struggle with.

“We cannot but feel what an exalted station that man holds in moral eminence, whose eloquence is often directed to show men that among all their differences many are their agreements. If we are not all Unitarians, we are all men, and the common good of humanity is dear to us all; there is broad ground for us to stand on; here no man forces another from his place. Most assuredly, no opinion, religious or political, gets a fair hearing, as long as exasperating jealousies embitter men’s feelings against one another, and distort judgments which ought to come coolly and dispassionately, to investigate which is soundest, most Scriptural, most rational. Mr. Harris is thus the minister of peace in war, of willing inquiry, of charitable difference, and in the spirit of his Master he prepares the ears to hear by sending his good among the people. Can he be but welcome among us, then, who thus comes to make union among the most removed, and to find common, yet important points of connexion between many whose differences are most numerous?

“Of the qualifications possessed by Mr. Harris, and fitting him most eminently for his work, I shall say nothing in his presence. The public are his judges, as every minister of the Gospel is a public man; but his mode of using the gifts which he possesses, is his responsibility; and both by the pen and the voice we are aware that he buries not his talent in a napkin. We hope that his example will do each and all of us much good in this way, knowing that each of us have talents to employ; and if we have but inferior powers, it is not the way to improve them or make more effective their diminutiveness, to let them lie unemployed. No, let us exert ourselves, each in our sphere; exertion has ever marked the onward career of great and good men; it should guide our progress to real usefulness, as it has that of the able, eloquent, and industrious minister of the Gospel whom we now heartily and joyfully welcome among us. Mr. chairman and friends, our resolution is embodied in the address of welcome I now read for you. The attempt to make it all we would wish would be vain; so that I apprehend we must take the will for the deed, and the feelings of all around instead of its more perfect expression. I move that the following address of welcome be cordially presented to the Rev. Mr. Harris.”

Mr. Dowden then read the address as follows:—

“Cork, 13th April, 1835.

“To the Rev. GEORGE HARRIS.

“SIR,—With feelings of unmixed pleasure, we hail and welcome your appearance amongst us. We have long been acquainted with your fame. We have long been familiar with your mind, as manifested in your writings. And we are now happy to have an opportunity of forming with you, a more perfect and personal intimacy.

“We hail and welcome you, as an able and eloquent advocate of those religious principles, which we believe to be Christianity in its purest form—principles founded on the Scriptures, and the Scriptures only; and therefore eminently fitted to guide, support, and protect us, in all the trying circumstances of life; and which seem to us to be the most calculated to improve, refine, and elevate the human character.

“We hail and welcome you, for your general philanthropy and sympathy with your fellow-men. But more particularly for your unremitting attention to a stranger to you, who, bursting the fetters of his mental bondage, flung aside the trammels of error, and leaving them with his former associates, fled to your adopted country; where, under your fostering care, your judicious guidance, and your encouraging support, he has become a devoted minister of ‘the truth as it is in Jesus.’

“We deeply regret that the distance at which you reside, precludes us the advantage of frequent visits; but we fondly cling to the hope, that you will at no very distant period, again make it convenient to ‘come over and help us.’

“Your sincere and faithful Friends.”

Mr. John Osborne, in seconding the address, feared he could not give adequate expression to the pleasure it afforded him. He thought Mr. Harris’s presence was particularly to be valued. These were times of transition; old established notions were wearing away; creeds were falling into desuetude; people were unsettled, and many going about asking, What was truth? No doubt the polar star of truth was still there, but it was confounded with the falling meteors that deceived many. It was wise to have a pilot who could keep our attention fixed on that star, for many without such aid were wrecked on the rocks of bigotry or stranded on the quicksands of scepticism and doubt. We hailed Mr. Harris as that pilot; and if his voice could be heard beyond the precincts of these walls, he would entreat other Englishmen also to “come over and help us.” They would find us few indeed, but zealous and anxious for the sacred opinions which bind us together.

Mr. Bratich of Hungary, said:—“With the greatest pleasure I rise, as requested, to support the motion which is before you. One of the speakers who has already addressed

you, has with much truth observed, that with all those present, including Christians of different creeds, theoretical differences do not prevent them from uniting in the principles of true practical religion. I cannot do less than add to this observation, that we all acknowledge as the first and supreme law, the principle which includes in itself all that is religious, moral, virtuous, and philanthropical; that is, To do unto others what you would wish to be done to yourself. With this principle in view, you will all agree with me, that one of its most noble and intrepid advocates is the Rev. Mr. Harris, here present. In him, the oppressed of a different country, and of a different creed, have found one of the most eloquent and magnanimous defenders; he has given a practical proof of this great and true Christian maxim.

“Generally it is said, that a minister of religion has not a right to interfere in politics; but, I ask, when an individual is the advocate of philanthropy, of justice, of morality, and, in short, who seeks to promote public good, and to check oppression, bad government, misrule, and tyranny,—I ask, in such a case, is he not the advocate of God, and of true religion?

“Observe the difference between this principle and *that* advocated by the partisans of a legal religion! The partisans of the State religion, paint in the blackest colours the superstition, bigotry, and intolerance of the Roman Catholic Church. Words are but wind, therefore let us look to facts, and we will see, that in the same moment Great Britain is one of the most liberal in her *civil* constitution, and one of the most intolerant in a *religious* point of view. Different questions which are at present under consideration, as the Dissenters’ Marriage Bill, &c. &c. and which are opposed by the partisans of this State religion, were settled centuries before in the most despotic parts of Europe.

“Look at the debates in the *Popish* Chamber of Belgium, and you will see, that of four priests, members of the said Chamber, three have voted with the majority, to grant ten thousand francs a-year in support of an English church at Brussels, although the number of English at Brussels is only a few hundreds.

“In Catholic France, the ministers, of whatever religion, are equal by law, as well as in all the civilised nations in the north and centre of Europe. Even the Sultan has before a little time emancipated the Jews. What a contrast with the proceedings of that intolerant fraction of this country, who would like to have religion defined by Kings’ Proclamations, or Acts of Parliament!

“It was my fortunate lot, to be united in the bonds of intimate friendship with a great many Unitarians in the eastern parts of Europe, as well as in Great Britain; and certainly, I must admit, that I have found (without wishing to

say anything disrespectful of any other sect) more true liberality amongst them, because they admit, that persons of every religion as well as their own, will be finally saved; and I must observe, without entering into any theological observations, that unquestionably such a principle deserves the title of true liberality; and in no case do they pretend to monopolise heaven—though perhaps they have not extended their liberality so far as to allow a free entry, without the payment of any toll.

“Of course you are aware, that a great number of your fellow-believers, live unmolested, and even protected, in a religious point of view, in the eastern part of Hungary, Transylvania, and Poland. I have seen in one of the English publications, the number of Unitarians in those countries stated at 30,000, but I am persuaded that it is an error of the press, and that the number exceeds 300,000. It is known to a great many of you, the existence of the magnificent Unitarian College in Herrmanstadh and Clausenburgh: this College has the same right as every other University in the country. Even the illiberality of the court of Vienna, has not prevented the free trade of religious knowledge, and does not put a tax of Thirty-nine Articles, on every one who seeks to infringe the monopoly of the learning sold at two State Universities, like some country not far from us.

“Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to intrude so much on your time and patience; but as I know the Rev. Mr. Harris will gratify us with some of his valuable information, I conclude in asking you to support the motion of the resolution before you.”

The Rev. W. J. Hort, begged, before the motion was put, to express his hearty concurrence in everything that had been said respecting his esteemed friend, Mr. Harris, and to add his sincere congratulations to that gentleman, on his successful labours in the dissemination of Christian truth and righteousness. His ardent prayers were offered, that Providence would still continue to bless his labours of benevolence. He rejoiced also in the presence of the other friend to human freedom and improvement, to whose details of the present condition and prospects of the brethren in Transylvania, he had listened with great interest and delight. All manifested kindness of feeling, the prevalence of that pure morality, which was the crowning glory of the Gospel. It gladdened him to see such a spirit diffusing itself through all communions—it would herald the triumphs of the Saviour.

The motion having been put and carried unanimously,

The Chairman said,—“Mr. Harris, it gives me sincere pleasure, as chairman of this meeting, to present you with this address of welcome, which has been unanimously adopted. And I gladly avail myself of the opportunity, which the honour of being appointed its chairman affords me, to express my entire and hearty concurrence with its letter and spirit.

“As the fearless and able advocate of religious and civil liberty, you would, sir, be heartily welcome; but when we find combined therewith, the bold and successful advocacy of Christian Unitarianism, we sincerely congratulate ourselves at having the opportunity of offering you the right hand of fellowship. Should any amongst us in future time become weary in well-doing, or despair at the many obstacles we may find in the way, may some kind friend point to Scotland—to Glasgow—and tell us what has been done there, by one able and energetic assertor of liberty of conscience; and we shall be stimulated and cheered in the performance of our duty—the weary will be induced to new exertions, and the faint hearts to renewed confidence.”

The Rev. George Harris thus replied,—“Mr. Chairman and Christian friends, my warmest thanks are due, for the truly kind and very flattering manner in which you have now welcomed me. I do thank you with all my heart. I should indeed be destitute of feeling did I not highly value this testimony of your friendship. My pleasure in this meeting is increased by the attendance of so many Trinitarian friends. I value such a testimony of respect and confidence much more highly than I should any title, any honour the friends of bigotry and intolerance could bestow. I regard the address now presented by my fellow-believers, as a pledge of their devotedness to that sacred cause of which I have ever been the willing advocate. Your kindness makes me feel that I am no stranger among you—but a brother amongst brethren. And the ties which unite us, are in truth of the purest and holiest character. They are deeply seated in that common human nature which we gladly reverence as the image of God and the chosen temple of his spirit; they are the result of kindred sentiments and kindred feelings—the feeling that we are members of one large family, fellow-travellers towards our Father’s house—the sentiment, that to aid each other’s improvement and happiness on the journey, is a solemn and imperative duty.

“It is with no common feelings of pleasure and thankfulness, I assure you, that I address you on the present interesting occasion. It is an animating, a heart-cheering spectacle which I now behold—an assembly collected, not for purposes of unhallowed mirth, not to swell the triumphs of the military conqueror, not to add another link to the already too lengthened chain of mental and moral vassalage, not to rejoice that we are in possession of privileges from which others are debarred, not to shut up our hearts within the contracted circle of a narrow sectarianism, not to regard ourselves and our denomination of Christian believers as alone comprehending all the wise and excellent of the earth—but to celebrate the peaceful progress of Christian righteousness, freedom, and benevolence; to congratulate each other, that

knowledge is spreading, that goodness is more prevalent, that charity is advancing her peaceful dominion; to encourage each other in the open and consistent profession of despised and unpopular truth; but whilst we do so, to be careful, to be most anxious, that we admire all that is admirable in every denomination; to rejoice that in all denominations are to be found honest, virtuous, and faithful men—men who, in their several ways, are aiming at the great objects which make life valuable—holiness here in order to blessedness for ever—and that an all-benignant Father is guiding all efforts of all parties to the ultimate and everlasting happiness of all the children of his love.

“As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth man the countenance of his friend; and to me it has ever been most delightful to attend such meetings as this; and to behold the maturity of judgment and the spring of intellect pouring forth their treasures in advocacy and illustration of our sacred and beneficent faith. A testimony is thereby given to its truth which cannot but powerfully affect the mind and heart of every hearer. There is thus given, in proof of its adaptation to the deep and varied wants of human nature, the evidence of the experience of years, of long-continued study, and of high intellectual acquirement; and there is also given the warm feelings of the youthful heart in love with creation’s beauty and with creation’s benignant Author—the generous outpourings of the human mind, unseared by the cares and the corruptions of the world, hallowing in its purity all that is beautiful and true and good, and combining these into one glowing and glorious conception of the God and Father of all. } Oh! there is that in Christian Unitarianism, when practically adopted—and if not practically adopted, I care not for its mere profession, that is valueless, worthless—there is that in Christian Unitarianism, which immolates all selfishness; which sends the heart abroad over society, yearning to remove the evils, to assuage the sorrows of humanity, and to kindle in every soul a holy rejoicing, that eternal and unalterable love sways the destinies of the mighty universe, and is guiding all to purity and bliss. }

“Yes, my Christian friends; and believing that the doctrines the majority of the present company profess, like that Christianity with which we think them to be identified, tend to the practical realisation and enjoyment by the whole human family, of the blessings of enlightened minds, and joyful because peaceful and holy hearts—certain that if embraced in the love of them, they will confer peace and joy on all their believers—and that their primary effect would be the uprooting at once and for ever of that hateful and hating spirit of bigotry and exclusiveness, which has so long rioted in human enmity, and its natural and inevitable consequence, human misery and degradation,—it must be our hearts’

desire and prayer, to speed their progress. We must long, ardently long, to bring others to the knowledge of their moral loveliness; and thus bind in holy brotherhood of feeling, the now degraded, because too often divided, children of God

“To effect these purposes, is one object of the Society which has now assembled us together. To effect these purposes, has ever been the object of the friends whom I represent in Scotland. For this have they laboured against every obstacle which ignorance, misrepresentation, prejudice, bigotry, and worldly fashion could bring to hedge up their progress, though even well-wishers despaired, and they themselves hoped sometimes apparently against hope.

“The prejudices entertained in Scotland against our views, were most deep-rooted in their nature, and most unchristian in their effects. Understanding that it will be gratifying to the meeting, that I should give some details of the past history and present condition of our cause in Scotland, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of briefly doing so. You may have some idea of Scottish prejudices against our faith, when I tell you, that some years since a collection made at one of our preachings for a Sunday-school in connection with the Established Church, was refused by the managers of that school, because, forsooth, the money had been gathered at a Socinian conventicle! Nay, that even shopkeepers replaced their goods on the shelf, when they knew it was to be paid for in Unitarian coin! Yes, you will say, prejudice must indeed be strong in Scotland, when *Sandy* could find it in his heart to refuse *the siller*. However, Time, the great teacher, has taught the people wisdom even on this matter also, and there are no refusals of our money now, for they have learned that Unitarian money, contemned though Unitarianism may be, is still as *sterling* as any.

“What will you say when I tell you, that the foreman of the carpenters employed in building the meeting-house in which I minister, was refused the baptism of his child because he had worked at so unholy an employment; nay, that he had to stand a rebuke before the assembled congregation, before he could be admitted again to church privileges, as they are called, or could have his child baptised by a professing Christian teacher!

“It was no uncommon thing when I first resided in Glasgow, nine years since, to be shouted after in the streets—or to hear the expressions of people when passing me, who, after looking in my face with all imaginable fierceness, would exclaim—DEVIL! This conduct almost verified the expression of an excellent friend of mine, who having renounced the errors of education, and embraced our religious principles, was settled as minister at Port-Glasgow, and who meeting with similar treatment to that I experienced, and resenting it, was actually put under the public pump, and liberally

watered. 'I could not,' said he, 'have been more stared at than I was, had I been a unicorn instead of a Unitarian.'

"Notwithstanding these, and a hundred similar circumstances, our cause has nevertheless forced its way. Great changes, whether of the frame-work of society, or in general opinion, or religious doctrines, must necessarily be slow; but if they be based on truth, reason, and benevolence, no power on earth can ultimately stay their progress.

"There is DUNDEE, for example. Nothing could be more adverse than the circumstances under which that congregation began. It was commenced by Thomas Fyshe Palmer, as noble-minded and pure-hearted a man as ever breathed. Educated for the ministry of the Established Church of England, and a Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, his mind was ever open to evidence; and the evidence of Scripture convinced him of the truth of Christian Unitarianism. Hearing of the exertions of Mr. Christie of Montrose, to diffuse those principles in that town, Mr. Palmer volunteered to become his coadjutor in this work of benevolence; and went to Scotland, labouring without fee or reward to promote Scriptural inquiry and Christian truth, not only in Montrose, but in every place in which he could declare the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Amongst other places, he went to Dundee, and was succeeding in raising a small society, when the desire for a reform in the representation of the House of Commons began to be urged by portions of the people of Great Britain. Such a man as Palmer could not but feel interested in any measure calculated to advance the improvement and freedom of the nation, and he at once entered heart and soul into its advocacy. The evil eye of Power at once was directed on him, and he was marked its victim. He was tried for sedition—his sedition consisting, as it was proved on his trial, in having endeavoured to *moderate* the resolutions proposed at a public meeting; some of his amendments were adopted, and others rejected; but the judges holding, that by interlining the paper he had made the whole resolutions his own, he was sentenced to seven years' transportation to Botany Bay. Such an occurrence as this would, you may well believe, operate most fearfully against our principles in Dundee, devoted as were the thousands then to arbitrary views both in politics and religion. The wonder was, that our cause was not at once overwhelmed. And overwhelmed it would have been, had it not, under God's blessing, been carried forward by Mr. Robert Millar, then a young man beginning business in Dundee, but who, inspired with that Christian courage which nobly dares all for man and God, instantly took the place which Mr. Palmer had occupied; and for forty-seven years, with scarcely any interruption, has he conducted Unitarian Christian worship in that town; and, notwithstanding the dread of his religious principles,

respected and esteemed by all of every party who know how to estimate integrity and moral worth. Oh! let no one ever despair of the progress of God's truth, however numerous may be the impediments, however dark may be the prospect. Happy am I to be able to say, that the congregation have lately secured the services of my excellent and indefatigable friend, the Rev. H. Clarke, in connection with whom, I trust, our cause will go on steadily to increase and flourish.

There is GREENOCK. As a student in the University of Glasgow, I preached there for a considerable period once a fortnight; and the seeds of Christian truth were thereby sown. After many years they sprung up, and were cherished into vigour by an individual, whose love of truth and duty was superior to all earthly considerations—the Rev. Archibald Macdonald. In the address you have so kindly presented to me, you have been pleased to thank me for what I only regard as the performance of a duty. In introducing Mr. Giles, you conferred an obligation on me. I rejoice in his accession. I regard it as invaluable. His election at Greenock was the unanimous desire of the people; and I am satisfied, that under his powerful ministrations, pure and undefiled Christianity cannot fail of enlightening many minds, and blessing many hearts.

“There is EDINBURGH. Great are the vicissitudes which our society, in that city, has undergone. Steadfast and unwavering have the friends there stood to the post of duty, throughout them all. There, also, another of your countrymen is stationed—the Rev. B. T. Stannus. Since his settlement in Edinburgh, the congregation has greatly increased in numbers. The place of worship, which was inconveniently situated, and much too small to allow fair scope to Mr. Stannus's efforts, has been sold, and a more commodious chapel is building. With the proceeds of the old chapel, £700, added to a subscription by the congregation of £300, and nearly £600 with which Mr. Stannus has lately returned, the generous benefactions of our brethren in England, it is hoped the place of worship will be erected free of debt. With these advantages, there cannot be a doubt, a large and flourishing congregation will be established in the Scottish metropolis.

“There is CARLUKE, a congregation formed in the country, and in which the religious worship is conducted by several valuable members of the society—a society that would do honour to any denomination, and whose unfaltering devotedness to the performance of their duty, cannot fail of exciting attention to their principles, and of diffusing a knowledge of Christian truth, and a love of practical godliness.

“There is PAISLEY. Many years has a society existed in that town, the worship likewise conducted by several of the brethren, whose fidelity and usefulness are above all praise.

The Rev. James Forrest, who, though educating for the ministry in the Church of Scotland, has been led by the dictates of conscience to avow his belief in Christian Unitarianism, has lately taken a chapel in Paisley, and fitted it up at his own charge, resolved to use his utmost efforts to build up a congregation in that populous town. May God prosper his efforts, for they are most praiseworthy.

“There are also small societies at PORT-GLASGOW, TILLCOUNTRY, and DUNFERMLINE, and many friends in various other towns and villages in Scotland, who are doing their parts in the vindication of truth, the removal of error, and the dissemination of the spirit of peace and love.

“As to my own congregation at GLASGOW, truly happy am I to be able to say, that contrasting it with past days, the prospect is most encouraging. When I became the minister, nine years ago, there were not more than eighty individuals belonging to the society. During that period we have lost, by death, nearly two hundred persons of all ages—upwards of one hundred and eighty persons have removed to other parts of the United Kingdom, and the world; but notwithstanding these heavy inroads on our numbers and prosperity, we have still belonging to the congregation, reckoning old and young together, nearly seven hundred persons. In the same period, too, the society has reduced the debt on their building, by upwards of eleven hundred pounds. In the last year, the chapel has been considerably enlarged, seating two hundred persons additional. The cost, amounting to the large sum of three hundred and thirty pounds, has been entirely defrayed by the members of the congregation. Nor is this all. It is not merely that our own society has increased, and is increasing, but a kinder spirit is abroad, than was wont to be, the virulence of bigotry is in many quarters abating, and the still small voice of Christian truth has a fairer chance of being heard.

“Have we not reason, then, to thank God, and take courage? Is there not every rational ground for hope? Dr. Wardlaw, indeed, the bitter opponent of what he nicknamed Socinianism, in the pride or presumption of his orthodoxy, once ventured the prediction, that neither on the mountains nor in the valleys of Caledonia, should our principles ever shake with prosperous fruit. After the details I have now gone into, you may esteem that prophecy to be somewhat like the second sight of which Scotsmen, it is said, used to make their boast, and may take its place with the vanished glories of magic and of witchcraft. There was a Seer in Scotland once, more truly gifted with the spirit of inspiration, the poet of the country; and he has said, that despite of what anti-national churches, and antichristian creeds and confessions may assert to the contrary,

Come it will for a' that,
 When man to man, the wide world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, and a' that.

“My friends, I have too long trespassed on your patience; but whilst I thank you for the attention with which you have favoured me, there are yet one or two remarks I wish to address to you. You must be aware that a prelate of the English Established Church, has affirmed the moral good of Unitarians and Unitarianism to be *sin*. Strange assertion this; but bishops are a privileged caste, and may say and do strange things. If unceasingly to inculcate the necessity of personal holiness, without which no man can see God—if indefatigably to labour for individual improvement in every good word and work—if to desire that education may be as universal as it is now restricted, and as enlightened as it is now irrational—if to advocate on all occasions and on all subjects, the rights, not of a privileged caste, but of the whole community—not of a sect, or tribe, or party, or nation, but of man—if to desire that Christian knowledge, and freedom, and virtue may bless all climes and all colours, and that ignorance, prejudice, superstition, error, and unrighteousness, may no more deface and degrade the human mind;—*if all this be sin*, why then we plead guilty to the indictment, and glory in our iniquity. Yes, I value Christian Unitarianism, because of its moral power. It is a blessing to the mind and heart of its recipient—it is a blessing to society, because its first lesson, its last lesson, is purity of life, performance of duty, minds enlightened, and hearts regenerated. Yes, I value Christian Unitarianism, because its surpassing worth consists in its morality. And it places morality on its only certain foundation—affection. With our views, the performance of duty is not the hard service of a slave; it is the grateful homage of the confiding child, to the all-gracious Father.

“One topic, alluded to in the report of your committee, has always deepest interest for me—the consolation which our holy faith gives in the hour of trouble—the sacred and filial trust it inspires in the last moments of expiring nature. Not more contrary to truth is the assertion of the Prelate to which I have now spoken, than is the oft-repeated statement, that Unitarianism is powerless, worthless, in the death-struggle of humanity. They know not the doctrines they libel, when thus they characterise them—they know not the faith they malign, when thus they undervalue it. Oh no! I have stood in the chamber of poverty, and the victim of disease lay on his humble pallet, and the rag of wretchedness was stretched out over him; but the outward desolation was but a type of the inward sensations of that forlorn one; for he looked into futurity, and a yawning gulf was there; and he looked up to Heaven, and it shot forth consuming fire; and he looked

on his heart-stricken wife, and shuddered; and upon himself, and he feared the fate of reprobation; and on his children, and they were polluted outcasts from God's favour; and the light which shone in at his window, was darkened, and all was unutterable gloom. His son—his virtuous and enlightened son, spoke to him of God our Father; he told him—he persuaded him, that he was Love; he opened the volume of Christian grace, and read to him its messages of peace; and he whom Calvinism had well nigh brought to despair, saw, believed, rejoiced in the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Yes! and then I stood by that sick man's bed; and the chamber of wretchedness was changed to the habitation of rejoicing; for the blackness had passed from the face of heaven, and he saw that outward sorrows were the discipline of paternal love, and his family were training up, under God's blessing, as co-heirs with Jesus of happiness and immortality. He spoke to me of his feelings; he contrasted his past views with his present ones, and in language more powerful than I can utter, described the consolation, the sacred serenity he now, even in the midst of severe bodily suffering, enjoyed, from believing that a Father's eye was on him, and that he, and all who were dear to him, were upheld by the mercy which embraces and blesses all things. Never, never shall I forget the tone, the solemn earnestness, with which he conjured his weeping family to repose their confidence in God's everlasting love. The last flickerings of his breath of life spoke in a voice eloquent with heaven's own truth, that the religion he had embraced, and which smoothed his dying pillow, was the religion of love, of power, and of a sound mind—the security of present happiness, the harbinger of everlasting peace. Can I breathe a purer wish for you, my friends, for myself, for all who are dear to us, than that our deaths may be as blessed? I pray God that they may be so.”

It was then moved by Mr. Richard Dowden, and seconded by Mr. Varian, and carried unanimously, “That Mr. Harris be requested to convey to our brethren in Glasgow, the expression of our fraternal regard and sympathy; and our congratulations for the advantages they possess in the ministrations of their respected pastor.”

Several other gentlemen addressed the chair, but the report of the proceedings of the meeting, having already far exceeded its intended limit, we are obliged to omit their observations. At half after ten o'clock, Mr. Osborne left the chair, and Mr. W. M'Intosh was called thereto, when thanks were moved to Mr. Osborne; and the meeting separated, highly pleased with the evening's occupation.

On Wednesday evening, April 15, I delivered a lecture, at eight o'clock, in the Prince's-street Meeting-house, Cork, to a large and most attentive congregation, of various religious

communions. On Sunday morning, April 19, I preached the charity sermons for the Schools and Alms-house connected with that society, and in the evening also addressed a numerous auditory. Monday, I preached at Bandon, and had very pleasant intercourse with individuals forming part of the society of that town, and their excellent minister, the Rev. W. Hunter. A collection was kindly appointed to be made, and five pounds were contributed. Every effort was made, in this and in other places I visited, by the *Protestant sects* to prevent the people attending; but notwithstanding the Meeting-house was filled.

On Tuesday, April 21, I witnessed the public rejoicings in Cork, in consequence of the decision of the House of Commons, which unseated the Tory Members, and established the friends of the people in the places from which they had for a season been ousted. Nothing could exceed the joyousness of the trades' people and operatives. They had the city at their command,—but not a pane of glass was broken, not an insult was offered to the opposing and defeated party; and yet I was in Ireland, where people cannot live for dread of the mob! It may be so; but if so, only from a crowd, whether formed of the high or low vulgar, wearing the Orange livery.

On Wednesday, April 22, I was waited on by a deputation from the Cork Chamber of Commerce, to present an address signed by the Catholic members of that body. In presenting it, Mr. James Daly, the chairman, said the signatures appended to it, comprised the names of a great portion of the liberal, intelligent, and influential citizens of Cork, whose primary object in thus showing their approbation of Mr Harris's principles and conduct, was to show that Irishmen were ever grateful for the sympathy and advocacy of others,—and that there were principles essential to human happiness, which were held in common, by various denominations of Christians. Had it been thought necessary to accumulate signatures, as expressive of the public feeling towards Mr. Harris, the address could as easily have been signed by thousands as by those whose names were attached to it. Mr. Harris might believe that it spoke the feelings, not alone of the Chamber of Commerce, but of the mass of the inhabitants of Cork.

Dr. Lyons then read the address, which was as follows:—

“To the Rev. GEORGE HARRIS of Glasgow.

“We, the undersigned members of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Cork, would deem ourselves wanting in gratitude to one whom we consider a benefactor of our oppressed country, did we permit to pass unnoticed your temporary sojourn amongst us.

“Though differing from us as widely as Christians can possibly differ on doctrinal and speculative points of faith, you concur with us all in advocating the perfect equality of every man in religious as well as in civil rights; nor would you admit of any but the voluntary principle for the support of the pastors of the people. Ireland has for three centuries groaned under the weight of an Establishment hostile to its best interests, and whose clergy, whilst they take from the Catholic peasant his hard-earned tithe, never cease to oppress and malign him.

“You, sir, in your excellent sermon on the massacre at Gurtroe, have truly and glowingly depicted one of the atrocious consequences of such a system. In you, sir, our poor countrymen, reviled by those who feed upon their labour—in you, a stranger to the land, a pastor in a distant part of Great Britain, they have found a sincere and eloquent advocate. On our own behalf, and on behalf of the relatives of the tithe-victims of our country, we sincerely thank you for the eminent service rendered to humanity at large, by holding up in its true character to the enlightened Scotch and English Dissenters, a Church unexampled in history—a Church, without a congregation, supported in luxury by those who totally differ from its tenets and its doctrines.

“Trusting that you may live in health and in happiness, to see the day when Christians of every denomination shall cheerfully contribute, not only to the support of their own clergy, but to the religious wants of all—without one class having the power to levy exactions on another—we subscribe ourselves, the sincere admirers of your eloquence, and truly Christian spirit of benevolence.”

The address having been presented to Mr. Harris, he replied:—

“Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen! I sincerely and cordially thank you for this address, and the truly Christian spirit which it breathes. Believe me when I say, there is no circumstance in my life which has given me more unfeigned pleasure, than thus to be addressed by my Catholic fellow-countrymen. Highly, indeed, do I value this address, on account of the testimony that it bears, that my labours in the great and sacred cause of justice, humanity, and freedom, have been deemed worthy your approbation—have been of service to the oppressed and wronged. I value this address

the more, on account of the sentiments and feelings which prompted you to present it to me. Whilst you conceal not the fact, that on doctrinal points of faith we essentially differ, you also avow, that we are at one as to that Christian morality which leads us to advocate, on all occasions, and to advance by every righteous means, '*the perfect equality of every man in religious, as well as in civil rights.*' Yes, differ we may, and do most widely, on speculative points of faith, but, thank God, we have learned that Christian charity which instructs us 'to agree to differ;'—we respect the truly conscientious of all communions, whilst we rejoice that there is common ground set apart and hallowed from the turmoil of theological warfare, on which we can gladly associate for the diffusion of knowledge, the advocacy of the oppressed, the establishment of Christian equity, the promotion of enlightened freedom, knowing that knowledge is the parent of liberality, the friend of charity, of liberty, and of peace. Early in life I was impressed by the sentiment, and cheerfully have I ever acted up to its spirit, the sentiment so admirably expressed in the language of the inscription on the tomb erected to the memory of one of the most learned and excellent ministers of the Catholic communion in England,—*'Reader! whosoever thou art, Christian is my name, and Catholic my surname. I acknowledge that you are a Christian as well as I, and gladly embrace you as my fellow-disciple in Jesus. And if you are not a believer in Jesus, still I would embrace you as my fellow-man.'* These are sentiments and feelings, which, as it seems to me, do honour to human nature, which promote the great objects of life, of Christianity, and of God—the diffusion and establishment of goodwill amongst the whole human family—the practical enjoyment by every human creature of the sacred and inalienable rights of man—and the consequent ascription of glory in the highest to that universal Father, who has made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth.

"It was Christian principle and feeling, which first directed my attention to Ireland; which led me to sympathise in its miseries, to mourn its misgovernment, and to protest against the crying injustice with which it had almost invariably been treated. I saw that the source of the evil was an anti-national Church, a Church alien to the wants and feeling of the people—bolstered up by corruption and exaction—upheld by the constable's staff and the soldier's bayonet—cemented by the blood of its otherwise unoffending, industrious, and peaceable inhabitants—the bar to the improvement of the people—the cause of faction—paralysing by its torpedo touch, the energies, and extinguishing the hopes of generations—consecrating, in the abused names of Protestantism and religion, insolence, injury, rapacity, and murder—and enabling its partisans to riot in luxury on the spoils, whilst they laughed to scorn those

from whom those spoils were wrung; and were utterly reckless of the degradation and ruin, the craft by which they got their wealth entailed upon an injured land.

“Against this abomination of desolation, you with myself, equally protest. Whilst we esteem many individual members of that Church, both ministers and people, for their intelligence and benevolence, we can keep no truce with its unrighteous and anti-christian institution. The voluntary principle in religion, appears to us to be the principle founded in reason, supported by justice, and confirmed by Christianity. And that principle, permit me to add, I hold to be equally infringed by the reception of *Regium Donum*, as by the exaction of tithes. The chief difference, as it seems to me, is that between pounds and farthings. The one is the master-fiend of the system, and the other is his attendant imp. The one is ecclesiastical corruption, stalking over the land with hideous and unblushing front; the other is the secret service-money of the state—the bribe to engender divisions among the people, in order that misrule may revel on, unquestioned and unopposed.

“It is therefore, that in public and in private, through the press, as well as by speech, I have condemned that *Parliamentary Grant*, as it is now the fashion to call it; and that I solemnly protest against being taxed myself, that I as loudly protest against others being taxed—whether to uphold Presbyterianism or Church of Irelandism. The religion of the blessed Saviour is the religion of liberty, of purity, and of love; and its holy and blessed spirit is violated when bound to the chariot-wheels of the State, or when made the thrall of Presbytery and Synod.

“I joined the efforts that were made—I rejoiced that those efforts were finally successful, which led to that great measure of national justice—Catholic Emancipation. But I regarded that measure, like the Bill of Reform which the nation has since extorted from the hands of unwilling power, as only a means to an end—that end, perfect, universal religious liberty—a liberty which cannot practically exist whilst one sect is patronised, and all others are degraded;—whilst a privileged caste monopolises the influence, and wealth, and power of the community, and brands all dissidents with disaffection and every evil work, if so much as a murmur be raised against the palpable injustice. I am well aware of the prejudices entertained by many persons, both in England and Scotland, on all matters relative to Ireland; but I am persuaded that those prejudices have been fostered by misrepresentation—by the adoption of every art that could induce Scotchmen and Englishmen to acquiesce in the sacrifice of the comfort, improvement, and happiness of the many, to the cupidity and aggrandisement of the few. These portions of the United Kingdom, notwithstanding the occasional and local grievances

of which they have reason to complain, are yet so free from anything approaching to the condition of the people of Ireland, that they are apt to view with suspicion, the statements made of that condition, and to suspect that exaggeration is at work to deceive and mislead. Were they convinced by actual observation, as I am, that no representation which has been made, can exceed, nay, can come up to the reality of the evil, all the religious and political anomalies by which Ireland has been divided into factions, and degraded into castes, would at once be swept away. When no longer dwarfed by ill-usage, and dragooned by misgovernment, a new era will open on her view, and the greatness and brightness of Ireland's future glory, powerfully and beautifully contrast with the gloom and debasement from whose thralldom she has at length for ever been emancipated. Yes, and despite all the efforts of an intolerant faction, that day shall assuredly and speedily dawn on this cruelly-injured country. Let the friends of human improvement, liberty, and happiness, only cordially unite their efforts—let any individual who would, on any ground whatever, sow dissension among the people, be marked as a traitor to our common humanity—let the people themselves present a united, virtuous, and Christian phalanx against this wickedness in high places—and depend on it, the triumph of liberality over intolerance, of justice over bigotry, of enlightened freedom and improvement over the ignorance that degrades, and the despotism that embrates, is as certain as the onward course of time. [Mr. Harris here compared the progress of reason, justice, and freedom, to the onward and resistless course of the mountain torrent; and then concluded in these words]:—As a Christian, and a Christian minister, I say, then, with all my heart, God prosper your efforts for the education, the enlightenment, the moral and social elevation, the liberty and happiness of your fellow-countrymen. Believe me, I shall return to my home cheered by the kind approbation you have expressed of my labours—more anxious than ever to diffuse a knowledge of your wrongs, and to excite public sympathy, and to unite public effort for their redress and removal; and more determined than ever to aid, to the utmost of my power, your struggles for that freedom, improvement, and happiness, which are the chartered inheritance, as well as birth-right, of every child of the one Almighty Father. God's blessing on you and yours."

The same evening, I delivered a closing lecture to a crowded congregation in the Princes'-street Meeting-house. I look back on my visit to Cork, with feelings of sincere pleasure, of ardent gratitude. The manner in which the Unitarians and the Catholics welcomed me, both in public and in private, can never be effaced from my recollection.

May the union of those denominations become more and more close. May it be permanent; for on their united efforts, is mainly dependent the education, improvement, and liberties of Ireland.

It could not be expected, that the Address of the Catholics of Cork, to a Christian Unitarian minister, would be allowed to pass without animadversion, by a faction which would assume all worldly power and all Christian perfection to itself, and make of religion a caste, and heaven a monopoly. Dr. Samuel Johnson did not think he had hit hard, unless it rebounded. With the vituperation of "the Cork Evening Herald," I shall not defile myself; but its falsification of fact, I cannot pass in silence. In its paper of April 24, it affirms, that I "was brought from Glasgow to Cork, to preach a sermon on the massacre at Gurtroe." Nay, that I did preach such sermon in Cork; and that for doing so there, the Chamber of Commerce presented the Address. *Not a single word of that statement is true.* I never preached the sermon on that subject, but from my own pulpit in Glasgow. The writer of the paragraph knew that he was falsifying, when he penned it; or if he did not, his ignorance is no excuse for his mendacity. It is a specimen of the tactics of the party. "Speak every man TRUTH with his neighbour"—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,"—it should seem, forms no portion of their Protestantism.

I preached at CLONMELL on Thursday evening, April 23, having travelled from Cork in the course of the day. It could not be expected that a large congregation would be gathered on a week evening; but the friends who attended, evinced their generous and lively interest in our cause; the collection being eight pounds. The young and zealous minister of this congregation, the Rev. James Orr, will, I hope, see more and more the effects of his well-judged plans of Christian usefulness.

The fifth anniversary of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, was held in Dublin on Sunday and Monday, April 26 and 27. In the morning, there was worship as usual, both in Strand-street and Eustace-street. I attended the former. Long had I wished to meet the Rev. William Porter of Newtonlimavady. I had honoured him for his advocacy

of Christian liberty. I had loved that Christian integrity, which neither menace nor persuasion could undermine; which stood unshaken, unsubdued, though friends deserted, and the penalty of adherence was worldly sacrifice. He preached at Strand-street that morning, and I was indeed gratified. At two o'clock, I preached the anniversary sermons in Eustace-street, and at seven in the evening in Strand-street. The audiences, though considerably larger, especially in the afternoon, than when I had the pleasure of preaching before the Association three years ago, were neither of them so large as might have been expected on such an occasion, in such a city. It is not sufficient that an advertisement should appear, late in the week, in one or two newspapers. Such meetings should be thoroughly made known. Placards should be posted, notices should be sent round. At least give the people an opportunity of attending. Say not they are averse to inquiry—prejudiced against Unitarianism—and will not come. Try them. Strive to remove their prejudices, and excite their attention. Every exertion that has hitherto been made, has been productive of good; and that should be a never-failing stimulus to perseverance in well-doing.

A public meeting of the Society was held in Strand-street Meeting-house on Monday, at two o'clock; the Rev. Joseph Hutton in the chair. The report of the committee was read by the secretary, Mr. William Porter, and was received and adopted. It mentioned, that our principles were springing up in many places where no society was as yet established; and that in some there was great promise of success, could preachers be sent. It likewise dwelt on the necessity of combining the Unitarians of Ireland, in one energetic and persevering effort, to advance the spread of Christian truth, either by other portions of the denomination joining heart and hand in this Society, or by that merging in some more general union. This idea should not be suffered to die with the report, but should be taken up, and carried vigorously into effect.

The Rev. Dr. Drummond moved the following resolution,—“That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Rev. George Harris, for his truly Christian and beautiful discourses, preached yesterday in behalf of the Society.”

In moving this resolution, Dr. Drummond said,—“It was one in which he felt persuaded all the company present would heartily coincide—that to the Rev. Mr. Harris, they must all feel largely indebted for the soul-awakening truths which he had so eloquently and so powerfully advocated. To no individual in the British isles, does the Unitarian cause—the cause of genuine Christianity—owe more, nay so much, for ardent devotion, for energetic exertion, perseverance, and success, in promoting its interests. Well has he fought the battles of knowledge against ignorance—of truth against falsehood—of benevolence against bigotry, malice, and all uncharitableness. Single-handed he has fought with such ‘wild beasts’ as encountered the Apostle Paul at Ephesus. With a spirit unconquered and unconquerable, he has waged successful war under the banners of everlasting truth and love—against ‘spiritual wickedness in high places’—against the supporters of false doctrines, established by legislative enactments—against the ecclesiastical tyranny that would shackle the thought which God made free, that would adjust to the bed of Procrustes, to the iron standard of orthodoxy, that immortal mind, to the expansion and capacity of whose powers there is no determinate boundary—that mind which God made a denizen of the universe, to range at will through the infinitude of existence, to read his glory in the stars, and rejoice forever in the beams of his munificence. He has not only vindicated the divine unity and supremacy of Jehovah, that all-important doctrine, that fundamental principle of natural and revealed religion, the ground and the pillar of everlasting truth; but he has asserted the paternal character of the Deity, and showed his goodness to be commensurate with his power. Many a mortal wound has he inflicted on the doctrines of original sin, predestination, and exclusive salvation—those horrible doctrines which depict man as a fiend, and the Creator as a demon—a demon dark, malignant, and cruel, perpetrating on his creatures, under the abused name of justice, such reckless and merciless vengeance, as no language can describe, and of which the very idea fills the mind with consternation. Many a conflict has he had to sustain against prejudice, misrepresentation, and slander, and against a pretended philosophy, shallow as it is false—yet presuming to designate itself by the name of *Christian Ethics*; for the angel of darkness sometimes assumes the form of an angel of light, and the vile counter with its gilded coat and pompous superscription, may be mistaken, by the purblind and the credulous, for the sterling coin of moral truth and evangelical religion. Yes, many have been his conflicts; but in all he has proved victorious. He has overcome prejudice; confuted falsehood; exposed ignorance; promoted the happiness of man, with the knowledge of the only true God; and into the strong dungeon-keep of Calvin-

ism and bigotry, let in the pure light of Christianity, to enlighten the dark, to cheer and to comfort the sad, the despondent, and the broken in heart. In Scotland, the chief arena of his exertions, his cause is triumphing, and will continue to triumph.

"To Mr. Harris is Ireland indebted, not only for a generous sympathy in her griefs, but for active benevolence in her cause, whenever occasion offers. You all recollect our friend Mr. Giles, who was present with us at our last anniversary meeting, and the luminous and pathetic history which he gave us of that revolution of mind which issued in his becoming a confirmed convert to the truth of Unitarian Christianity—of the bitter persecution he endured for conscience sake—of the desertion of friends—of the hostility of enemies. The genius of Mr. Giles (for he is a man of genius, of elevated and accomplished mind—one who can touch the heart with power, and excite its sweetest and most tender emotions) was sure to be duly appreciated by every kindred spirit. In Mr. Harris he found a friend and benefactor; and every one who knew and could estimate the worth of Mr. Giles, must rejoice to hear, that through the friendship of Mr. Harris, he is now placed in a situation of usefulness to himself and others—that, being the minister of a respectable congregation, he is happy in the exercise of those powers with which he is so richly endowed, devoting them, as he does, to the noblest objects which can occupy the heart and the mind of man.

"To Mr. Harris, does Ireland, as well as England and Scotland, owe a debt of gratitude, not only for his powerfully eloquent discourses in the pulpit, of which his sermon preached before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, is a splendid specimen; but for his other equally eloquent and powerful publications, by which he supports the cause of Evangelical truth. When the *Remonstrants* in the north of Ireland were struggling for their dearest religious rights—when the growl and the yell of bigotry were re-echoed from the dens of a semi-barbarian Synod, threatening to devour them,—in him they found a friend and ally, ready to join them heart and hand, in defence of that liberty of conscience, which the people, duped and cajoled as they were by cant, hypocrisy, and lies, were ready to prostrate under the hoof and the lash of an ignorant and intolerant faction. By his voice, and by his writings, into which he infused the energies of a soul warmed with piety to God, and love to human kind, he advocated the cause of the oppressed; he cheered them in their glorious struggle; he asserted the indefeasible rights of conscience; and he rejoiced in their emancipation from the control of the bigot, from the chains of the enslaver.

"The *Christian Pioneer*, of which Mr. Harris is sole editor, reflects the highest honour on his taste, his philanthropy, and his Christian character. Though a small publi-

cation as to size, it is a work of power; and in the judicious selection of its subjects, and in the depth of thought, and elegance of diction, by which many of its articles are distinguished, is far superior to many a proud periodical of costly price and lofty pretensions. To Scotland it has been, and is, as its name imports, a PIONEER—a *pioneer* to that wisdom “which maketh wise unto salvation;” to a right understanding of the Scriptures; to that truth which makes free; to that piety and philanthropy by which God is glorified; to happiness—to heaven. Yes, it is pioneering the way to a better reformation than Scotland has ever yet witnessed, and in future times she will look back to the name of Harris with a veneration which has never been surpassed by that of the most ardent admirers of Knox and his compeers. When the clouds of false doctrine, which still brood dark and heavy on the minds of her people, shall have passed away—when the Westminster Confession of Faith, which has so long cramped and fettered her noble spirit—which has bestrode her bosom like a hideous nightmare, and filled her with horrible imaginings—when it shall have vanished before the orient beams of truth, as a spectre before the dawn, as the father of lies beneath the touch of Ithuriel’s spear, she will see and appreciate the holy light, of which Mr. Harris has been the harbinger, and will rank him high among the highest and most honoured of her benefactors.”

The resolution having been seconded by J. S. Armstrong, Esq. was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Harris replied, at considerable length, going over similar topics to those he had spoken to at Cork.

[A most extraordinary account of what Mr. Harris is said to have uttered at the Dublin meeting, has been inserted in the *Northern Whig*, and the *Christian Reformer*. That a total stranger to our opinions and history should have made such mistakes, would not be surprising; but that those mistakes should be reprinted in a Unitarian periodical, is marvellous. This is another proof of the necessity of the responsible officers of our associations, drawing up the reports of meetings, and transmitting them to the papers and the magazines.]

In referring to the prejudices entertained against Unitarians in Scotland, Mr. Harris having mentioned many particular instances of bigotry, adverted to the fact of the existence, till 1813, of intolerant penal statutes against the deniers of the Trinity—the punishment of death being attached to such denial. Public opinion, indeed, had made those statutes comparatively a dead letter in modern times; their chief mischief being, that they branded with odium and criminality, those who impelled by Scripture warrant, dared to worship God contrary to the law. But it was not always so. There had been one instance at least of the law being carried into

effect. In 1697, Thomas Aikenhead, a student at the University of Edinburgh, was executed for denying the doctrine of the Trinity.

In speaking of Dundee, and of Thomas Fyshe Palmer, Mr. Harris was led to say, "Mr. Palmer was a fellow-student at Cambridge, with an individual long and intimately known to the members of this religious Society, one highly respected and venerated by you all—one whose memory will ever be green in the souls of all who long for human liberty, improvement, and happiness—Archibald Hamilton Rowan; and they imbibed together that generous love of freedom for which they were alike distinguished, from a kindred spirit, their enlightened and benevolent preceptor, Dr. John Jebb. Mr. Palmer, though educated for the ministry of the Established Church, and a Fellow of Queen's College, had too ardent a mind to be bound in the trammels of human creeds; and searching the Scriptures for himself, became a Unitarian Christian. Hearing of the exertions of Mr. Christie of Montrose, he joined him in his efforts for the diffusion of Unitarianism in Scotland, and amongst other places, preached at Dundee. Soon afterwards, exertions were made to procure Parliamentary Reform; and in these, as a lover of liberty, Mr. Palmer joined. Attending a meeting of the people to moderate their resolutions, some of his amendments were adopted and others rejected; but as he had interlined the paper, the judges held, on the trial, he had made the whole resolutions his own. He was tried, and found guilty of sedition, and sentenced to seven years' transportation to Botany Bay. One of his congregation volunteered to go into exile with Mr. Palmer. He did so; and whilst there, engaged in various matters of trade. Having served out the term of transportation, a vessel was freighted by Mr. Palmer and his friend, and they reached one of the Spanish islands. Mr. Palmer was seized with fever. The governor would not allow the attendance of a physician unless Mr. Palmer would renounce his heresy. He refused, and died. Bigotry pursued even his lifeless remains; the rites of Christian burial were refused, and the body was either interred in the sands within high-water mark, or else the coffin was exposed on the shore. A kind Providence ordained that an American ship should within a few days after touch at the port. Captain Bulch hearing the circumstances, applied to the governor for leave to remove the body of Mr. Palmer to America. Permission was given, accompanied by a certificate, that these were the remains of Mr. Palmer. On Captain Bulch reaching Boston, he immediately waited on Mr. William Wells of that city, who had been a pupil of the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield, and informed him of the circumstances. Mr. Wells called on Mr. Buckminster and others; the funeral was attended by many excellent and benevolent men, and an

inscription, drawn up by Mr. Buckminster, is placed on the tomb of Mr. Palmer in one of the churches in Boston. Be his memory blessed."

Mr. Robert Ball moved the next resolution, "That whilst we take a deep and lively interest in the diffusion of Unitarian principles in other countries, we at the same time feel, that both the name and nature of this Society peculiarly connect it with our native land; that we rejoice in the belief that Bible Christianity is gradually overcoming many obstacles in Ireland, and is steadily advancing; and that we entertain a strong conviction, that the increasing zeal of Unitarians themselves, and the increasing knowledge of the public generally, are calculated, under the Divine blessing, to accelerate the progress and secure the ultimate triumph of long lost and important truth."

The Rev. W. Porter, of Newtonlimavady, gave an admirable exposure of the cant, hypocrisy, intolerance, and prejudice, so abundantly exhibited by the opponents to the Government plan of education for Ireland. In many of his allusions he was most pertinent and happy. Would that those who so richly merited the exposure had been there to profit by the lesson! He moved, "That this meeting rejoices in the present opportunity of once more expressing its approbation of the National system of education; and its gratification, that a plan adopted under the auspices of Earl Grey, has been thought worthy of the countenance and support of successive administrations."

The resolution was seconded in a most powerfully argumentative and eloquent address by the Rev. George Armstrong of Drogheda. In our 6th volume, p. 349-352, we recorded some admirable remarks by the same respected individual, on the subject of education for Ireland. We heartily wish we could have gratified our readers in a similar manner now. Mr. Armstrong's concluding words we can give. They evidently made a deep impression when they were delivered. May their spirit be constantly kept in view, and ever acted on. "On the whole, without being fanatical, which is certainly not my temper, I am humbly disposed to believe, that in this as in the objects more immediately contemplated by the Society, you are acting under a high and holy Guidance. I believe your aims are righteous. I believe also your success is eventually sure. And however tardy or fluctuating your progress may occasionally seem to be—however extended the number of those, who either misunderstand, or less happily for themselves, calumniate your views; so long as in simplicity and godly sincerity, you walk and work in the fear of God and in the spirit of comprehensive benevolence to man—your unfaltering symbol should be *Sursum Corda!* let us never despair! So long you have every thing to hope—nothing human to discourage or dismay you."

Mr. John Armstrong, the son of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Dublin, introduced the following resolution, in a speech which we rejoice to be able to present to our readers. That they will be highly gratified, we cannot doubt, and will join with us in happiest augury of the future eminence of the talented speaker. "That we regard with peculiar satisfaction the progress of pure Scriptural Christianity in many places on the continent of Europe, especially in Switzerland, where the discipline of the primitive Church was first revived, and the banner of religious freedom unfurled; that we heartily congratulate the Church of Geneva, in particular, on the struggles they have made to carry forward the Reformation commenced in 1535; and that we cordially participate in the liberality of that feeling which leads them to commemorate that eventful epoch, by the celebration of its centenary in the present year."

[We much regret, that after having Mr. Armstrong's speech in type, we are obliged to defer the gratification of our readers in its perusal, till our Number for August.]

The resolution was seconded in a few remarks, evincing the earnestness and fervour of the speaker, by Mr. George Allman, of Bandon.

Mr. Carmichael having taken the chair, the thanks of the association were unanimously presented to the Rev. Joseph Hutton, and the meeting closed.

I had the honour and gratification, when in Dublin, of becoming acquainted with two highly interesting men, the Catholic Archbishop Dr. Murray, and Daniel O'Connell. The Archbishop struck me as strongly resembling in personal appearance, manners, and address, the pure-minded, benevolent Dr. Tuckerman of America. His character, I understand, is correspondent,—his benevolence is universally admitted,—his labours as one of the committee for national education, are indefatigable,—his plans and efforts for the good of Ireland, are truly Christian. And what shall I say of O'Connell? His frankness is that of a freeman—his powers of mind most extraordinary, his quickness of apprehension, versatility, capability of enduring fatigue, generous and comprehensive views, fluency of address, devotedness of purpose, acuteness of sensibility, detestation of wrong, sternness in defending right,—all mark him out as a leader of the people, and fit him for the advocacy of great principles, and the removal of the accumulated errors of centuries of misrule. I know the discordant opinions held of his character and conduct even among the friends of human improvement and freedom. I think some

of them do him injustice. His very errors spring from those qualities which have made him a nation's reformer and benefactor. And, despite of any errors with which he may be chargeable, he has been a blessing to Ireland. The friend of universal education—the advocate of universal liberty—the foe to religious and civil intolerance, cannot but be the friend of Ireland and of man.

I left Dublin for Belfast on the 1st May. On Sunday morning, May 3, I preached at DUNMURRY. It was a beautiful morning, and an excellent congregation attended at the village meeting-house of the Rev. Dr. Montgomery. He resides in Belfast, and fills an important department in the Royal Academical Institution. Among those who kindly collected after the sermon, were John M'Cance, Esq. M.P. for Belfast, and Mr. Finn, the Catholic Member for the county of Kilkenny. The collection amounted to upwards of seventeen pounds. In the evening I preached at HOLYWOOD, a sea-bathing village, delightfully situated on the shores of Belfast Lough. The minister is the Rev. C. M'Alister. The audience, which was not numerous, contributed upwards of four pounds.

On Tuesday I attended a meeting of the Remonstrant Presbytery of Templepatrick, at Carrickfergus. Several young men, educating for the ministry, delivered their trial sermons, and other business of the Presbytery was transacted. In the afternoon, the members of the newly formed congregation at Carrickfergus entertained the ministers at dinner. Mr. Borthwick, a gentleman warmly attached to the principles of Christian liberty, though still adhering to the General Synod of Ulster, took the chair. The Catholic clergyman was also present. In the course of the evening many animated addresses were delivered; and it is hoped the congregation will soon be settled with an active and zealous minister.

Sunday morning, May 10, I preached at MONEYREA. I was much gratified on Saturday, in walking with my friend the Rev. F. Blakely to one of the school-houses belonging to his congregation, and seeing it filled by numbers of the younger members of his society. They had engaged a person to instruct them in psalmody, and they meet for this purpose every Saturday afternoon. It is a highly important and

useful purpose. There is great room for improvement in this respect, in all the congregations I visited in Ireland. With the exception of Cork, the people do not join in the singing. It is greatly to be regretted. This negligence destroys the moral influence of a most delightful part of public worship.

Mr. Blakely's congregation is a monument of his fidelity and zeal. Upwards of three hundred communicants usually join at the Lord's Supper. The Meeting-house is in excellent order. There are day-schools, and school-houses both for boys and girls; a book-society holding monthly meetings in the vestry, and possessing three hundred volumes; a tract-society; and a mendicity association, supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the congregation, and which has been pursuing its benevolent labours for eleven years.

The day was, unfortunately for those who had to come from a distance, very wet. The worship did not begin for twenty minutes after the usual time. The attendance was, notwithstanding, respectable, and the collection exceeded nine pounds.

I witnessed that day a sight as opposite to the sacred calm which hallows the Sabbath in the country, as it was alien to the solemn feelings, the annihilation of all enmity which should characterise the obsequies of the dead. It was the funeral of an Orangeman. The party-coloured banners desecrated the pure breezes of heaven in which they wantoned, and the display of scarfs, and other insignia of the craft, excited any feelings but those of that charity which should mingle with human sorrow on the death of friends. Strange that men should show their respect to the dead by insulting the living! Strange that it should be considered religious to be uncharitable!

Mr. Blakely kindly accompanied me to NEWTONARDS, where I preached in the evening in the Meeting-house of the Rev. Hugh Moore. Mr. Moore and his friends had been indefatigable in their exertions to make known the preaching, and the largest audience assembled that I preached to in Ireland, with the exception of the Second Congregation of Belfast. The collection was eighteen pounds.

I paid my promised visit to NEWRY, May 12. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which I was received by the Catholic Bishop, Dr. Blake, and other friends on whom I

called, both Catholics and Presbyterians. Nearly twenty pounds were most cheerfully contributed.

In the morning of Sunday, May 17, I preached at DROMORE. This congregation is at present without a minister, in consequence of the removal of the Rev. S. C. Nelson to Downpatrick. It is a large congregation. Nothing could be more unfavourable than the weather on the day I had engaged to be there. The members of the society being scattered over an extensive country, comparatively a small auditory was in consequence assembled. Had the day been fine, there would doubtless have been a very numerous meeting, especially as the Catholic clergyman had given notice from the altar of my preaching, and exhorted his hearers to attend. This instance of Christian liberality was not uncommon in my journey. The collection, too, notwithstanding the wetness of the day, reached twelve pounds.

In the evening, I preached at BANBRIDGE. Here, also, the same cause prevented a large attendance. I cannot but record the liberality of this Christian society. They are about rebuilding their own Meeting-house, and have subscribed amongst themselves eight hundred pounds for that purpose. With the utmost readiness, however, the Rev. James Davis and his friends appointed a collection for Glasgow, and upwards of twelve pounds were contributed.

I always thought that a strange chapter in Miss Martineau's "Ireland," which attempts to show that Absenteeism is productive of no injury to the country, and labours to prove the justice, patriotism, and beneficence of the landlord who spends in Paris and at Rome the thousands wrung from a rack-rented tenantry. No one can cast his eye over different portions of Ireland and not be convinced of its erroneousness. There is no need of being told where the proprietor is resident. The fields proclaim it. You may see it in the appearance of the dwellings—in the countenances, the dress of the peasantry. No need of having pointed out to you the property of the absentee. Its curse is visible enough. Talk not of the demoralization of the people, you who have been its chief originators, by the neglect of the duties you owed the people. Set your own house in order; "put away the evil of your doings; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

But let there be no clerical magistrates, for that itself is a sore evil under the sun, and must be removed. It is the source of ceaseless heart-burnings and oppressions. Too often it is the party deciding his own case. Onerous enough are the duties of a clergyman; if faithfully performed, they will occupy the time of the most industrious. To add to them the administration of the contradictory enactments of modern legislative wisdom, or of ancient ignorance and intolerance,—is to poison the fountain-head of justice, to exasperate to disobedience and crime. And if a clergyman, from having no parishioners to visit, or no church to preach in, has no duties to perform, better at once abolish the sinecure than make that sinecure the payment for clerical justice, that justice the precursor of military outrage. There will be no peace for Ireland till there is a civil magistracy appointed and paid by government—the tools neither of religious bigots nor of civil faction.

There must be a well-considered, judicious, and efficient Poor-law established in Ireland. It is monstrous to suppose that the helpless orphan, and infirm and destitute old age, are to continue uncared and unprovided for. One of the great purposes of society is unaccomplished while such social wrongs exist. The claims of humanity are paramount to all other rights. There is enough and to spare at the great feast of nature were the bounties of Providence only properly apportioned. That in England Poor-laws have been abused, is no reason that in Ireland the poor should be starved. The Houses of Industry, the Mendicity Associations that now exist, are instruments of good as far as they go, but they are a heavy tax on the benevolence of those least able to bear it, whilst those who should mainly bear the burden, though they exact the uttermost farthing from the people in support of their own luxury, contribute not a single farthing to the support of the necessitous.

I am happy to bear my testimony to the spread of Christian truth and righteousness, wherever exertion is used to disseminate its knowledge. Many of the congregations are flourishing, new societies are rising, and individuals in many places are openly avowing their conviction, that the holy and beneficent faith in which we glory, is rational and Scriptural. That much more might be done for the advancement of

Scriptural inquiry, liberty, and truth, is most true. The means are there. The labourers are ready. The fields certainly are white unto the harvest. There only needs a union of the power which already exists, and a guiding mind that shall direct it wisely, and energetically, and perseveringly; and the most sanguine anticipations would fall short of the reality of good that could readily be effected. And when great good is to be effected, there should be no fear, but of not accomplishing it. No matter what this individual may dread, or that party may object. If a thing be right, do it; if a principle be good, adhere to it. The machinery of Presbyterianism will not accomplish it. It is too cumbrous, and too expensive. There must be more vitality than it exhibits. I never thought highly of that form of Church government. I think still less of it now. When it is efficient, it is a despotism; when it lacks power, it is a hinderance and a clog. An association might indeed spring from the three affiliated bodies, the Munster Synod, the Presbytery of Antrim, and the Remonstrant Synod of Ulster, that would in very truth lift up a standard for the people, herald the emancipation of the popular mind from religious error and superstition, by founding Scriptural knowledge on rational education, and establish the liberties and happiness of the inhabitants of Ireland on their moral and social elevation. May this be the result of the approaching meeting in Dublin, and then indeed will it be blessed.

I left Belfast, for Glasgow, on Thursday, May 21, and reached home on the following morning, after an absence of nine weeks, having travelled nearly fourteen hundred miles, and having abundant causes of thankfulness and gratulation. Nor can I close this account of my visit, without again expressing my gratitude to the ministers and friends I have already named, for their kindness and attention, and recording my warmest acknowledgments to all in every place, who so generously contributed to the object of my mission, and rendered my sojourn in Ireland, by their private hospitality and public honours, at once instructive and delightful. In every relation of life, may they be prosperous and happy.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

<i>Belfast.</i>				Alex. M'Laine, Esq. £1	0	0	
Collection at the Meeting-				Mr. Thos. M'Cammon,	1	0	0
house of the Second				R. J. Tennant, Esq.	0	10	0
Presbyterian Congre-				Mr. M. Murphy,	0	5	0
gation, Rev. J. Porter,				Mr. Clotworthy Dobbin,	1	0	0
minister, March 22, £70				R. M'Dowall, Esq.	1	0	0
Rev. Dr. Bruce,	1	0	0	Miss M'Tear,	0	10	0
Rev. Dr. Hincks,	1	0	0	Mr. T. Yelton,	0	7	6
Misses Montgomery,				Mr. John Connor,	0	5	0
Queen-Street,	1	0	0	R. Montgomery, Esq.	1	0	0
Rev. J. Scott Porter,	0	10	6	James Barnett, Esq.	0	10	0
W. Boyd, Jun. Esq.	1	0	0	Mr. Alexander Arthur,	0	10	0
Dr. Burden,	1	0	0	Mr. William Arthur,	0	10	0
John Kane, Esq.	1	0	0	Mr. Blackiston,	1	0	0
William Martin, Esq.	1	0	0	A. Mulholland, Esq.	1	0	0
James Bristow, Esq.	1	0	0	Mr. P. M'Lernon,	1	0	0
William Pirrie, Esq.	1	0	0	Mr. Byrne,	0	10	0
Dr. Thomson,	1	0	0	J. H. Houston, Esq.	2	0	0
Dr. Marshall,	0	10	0	Mr. Luke Byrne,	0	10	0
Misses Burden,	1	0	0	Mr. C. M'Alister,	0	10	0
Michael Andrews, Esq.	2	0	0	Mr. James Duncan,	1	0	0
Most Rev. Archbishop				Mr. Alex. Mitchell,	0	10	0
Croll, Catholic Pri-							
mate of all Ireland,	1	0	0	<i>Larne.</i>			
Mr. P. Hamill,	0	5	0	Rev. Classon Porter,	0	10	6
Mr. John M'Adam,	1	0	0	Mr. Barklie,	1	0	0
Mr. James M'Cleery,	0	10	0	Mr. M. M'Neill,	0	10	0
Mr. M'Namara,	0	10	0	Mr. Atkinson,	0	5	0
Messrs. E. & S. Campbell,	0	10	0	Mr. John Smyllie,	0	5	0
J. O. N. Falls, Esq.	0	10	0	Mr. James Smith,	0	10	0
Robert Arthur, Esq.	0	10	0	Mr. R. M'Alister,	0	2	6
Messrs. T. & F. Hardy,	0	10	0	Mr. H. Magee,	0	5	0
Mr. H. Magill,	0	10	0	Mr. T. Hill, Isle Magee,	0	2	6
Rev. William Bruce,	0	10	0	Mr. A. R. Burke,	0	10	0
Mr. T. Cunningham,	0	10	0	Miss Apsley,	0	10	0
Mr. A. M'Donnell,	0	10	0	Mr. Nelson,	0	10	0
Mr. M'Loughlin,	0	5	0	Mr. C. Stewart,	0	10	0
Mr. Alexander Finlay,	0	5	0				
John Dunn, Esq.	1	0	0	<i>Ballyclare.</i>			
M. Ferrar, Esq.	1	0	0	Collection at the Meeting-			
Samuel Bruce, Esq.	0	10	0	house, Rev. W. Heron,			
Messrs. G. T. & J. M'Tear	1	0	0	minister, March 29,	10	0	0
Valentine Whitla, Esq.	1	0	0				
Mr. Edmund Getty,	0	10	0	<i>Ballee.</i>			
Mr. Arthur Taylor,	0	2	6	Collection at the Meeting-			
Mr. John Lennon,	0	5	0	house, Rev. D. Whyte,			
Mr. Samuel Boyle,	0	2	6	minister, April 5,	6	8	0½

Downpatrick.

J. Hastings, Esq.	£1	0	0
Mr. Rowan,	1	0	0
Mrs. Bingham,	0	5	0
Mr. Johnston,	0	10	0
H. Wallace, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. H. Porter,	0	5	0
Rev. S. C. Nelson,	0	10	6

Comber.

James Andrews, Esq.	1	0	0
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Cork.

Rev. W. J. Hort,	1	0	0
William Crawford, Esq.	5	0	0
Mr. Isaac Varian,	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Olden,	1	0	0
Mr. M. Morley,	1	0	0
Mr. William Dowden,	3	0	0
Misses King,	1	0	0
Mr. George Osborne,	0	10	6
Mr. I. S. Varian,	0	5	0
Mr. Walter Osborne,	0	10	0
Thomas Jennings, Esq.	3	0	0
Mrs. Osborne,	0	10	6
Mr. Feath,	1	0	0
Mr. John Osborne,	1	0	0
George Crawford, Esq.	3	0	0
Mr. R. M'Clise,	0	5	0
Mrs. Richard Lane,	1	0	0
Rev. M. B. O'Shea,	1	0	0
Messrs J. Murphy & Co.	3	0	0
James Daly, Esq.	1	0	0
Joseph Hayes, Esq.	1	0	0
Edward Hackett, Esq.	1	0	0
Dr. Lyons,	1	0	0
George Mazon, Esq.	1	0	0
Paul M'Swiney, Esq.	1	0	0
John E. Finn, Esq.	0	10	0
James Minhear, Esq.	0	10	0
Mr. Richard Dowden,	0	10	0

Bandon.

Collection at the Meeting-house, Rev. W. Hunter, minister, April 20,	5	0	0
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Clonmell.

Collection at the Meeting-house, Rev. James Orr, minister, April 23,	8	1	0
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Dublin.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong,	1	0	0
J. S. Armstrong, Esq.	1	0	0
Joseph Hone, Esq.	2	0	0
Robert Andrews, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Hayes,	0	10	0
Rev. Dr. Drummond,	1	10	0

Irish Unitarian Christian

Society,	£5	0	0
Rev. Joseph Hutton,	1	0	0
Mr. Daniel Hutton,	0	10	0
Henry Bruce, Esq.	1	0	0
D. O'Connell, Esq. M. P.	1	0	0
Mr. Jamieson,	2	10	0
Mr. John Classon,	1	0	0
Mr. William Porter,	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Nelson,	1	0	0
Messrs. Hayes & Drummond,	1	0	0
F. Whitla, Esq.	1	0	0
Solicitor-Gen. O'Loughlin, M. P.	1	0	0
Halliday Bruce, Esq.	1	0	0
James Moody, Esq.	1	0	0
Rev. Dr. Ledlie,	0	10	0
Mr. James Haughton,	1	0	0
Mr. William Haughton,	1	0	0
W. Fletcher, Esq.	1	10	0
Dr. Ferguson,	0	10	0
Mr. Carmichael,	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Glenney,	0	10	0
Mr. Edward Hutton,	1	0	0
Mr. Radford,	1	0	0
Mr. G. Radford,	1	0	0
J. F. Kennedy, Esq.	2	0	0
Most Rev. Archbishop Murray, Catholic Primate of Ireland,	2	0	0
Mr. John Barton,	1	0	0
W. Curry, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. Greville,	0	5	0
Mr. Dunn,	1	0	0
Mr. John Kennedy,	0	10	0
Mrs. Litton,	1	0	0
Maurice King, Esq.	1	0	0
Rev. George Armstrong of Drogheda,	1	1	0

Dunmurry.

Collection at the Meeting-house, Rev. Dr. Montgomery, minister, May,	17	13	8½
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Holywood.

Collection at the Meeting-house, Rev. C. M'Alister, minister, May 3,	4	2	6
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Moneyree.

Collection at the Meeting-house, Rev. F. Blakely, minister, May 10,	9	10	0
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Newtonards.

Collection at the Meeting-house, Rev. H. Moore, minister, May 10,	18	0	0
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<i>Newry.</i>				Mr. Davidson,	£0	5	0
Right Rev. Dr. Blake,				Mr. Mollan,	0	5	0
Catholic Bishop,	£1	0	0	Mr. Francis Carvill,	0	5	0
J. H. Quinn, Esq.	1	1	0	Mr. J. G. Quinn,	0	10	0
Mr. M ^c Parlan,	0	10	0	Mr. Charles Quinn,	0	2	6
Mr. John Reid,	0	10	0	Mr. Halyday,	0	10	0
Mr. John Caraher,	0	10	0	Mr. William Glenny,	0	10	0
Mr. Constantine Maguire,	0	10	0	Mr. James Quinn,	0	10	0
Mr. P. C. Byrne,	0	10	0	Mr. Godfrey,	0	10	6
Mr. Darcy,	1	0	0	Dr. Connor,	0	5	0
Mr. Greer,	0	10	0				
Rev. John Mitchell,	1	0	0	<i>Dromore.</i>			
Mr. Jennings,	0	10	0	Collection at the Meeting-			
I. W. Glenny, Esq.	1	0	0	house, May 17,	12	0	0
Mr. Maguire,	1	0	0	Sent by a Friend unable			
Mr. Thomas Peden,	1	0	0	to attend,	0	10	0
Mr. George Scott,	1	0	0				
Tho. Montgomery, Esq.				<i>Banbridge.</i>			
Aughnacloy, Tyrone,	1	0	0	Collection at the Meeting-			
Mr. Hancock,	1	0	0	house, Rev. J. Davis,			
Mr. Alexander Postley,	0	10	0	minister, May 17,	12	11	7½
Mr. David Scott,	0	10	0				
Mr. Spence,	0	5	0	Interest of Subscriptions			
Mr. P. Quinn,	0	5	0	whilst in the hands of			
Mr. Isaac Davidson,	0	5	0	Mr. Clotworthy Dob-			
Mr. M ^c Naghten,	0	10	0	bin, Belfast,	1	3	11

At a very numerous meeting of the Christian Unitarian Congregation of Glasgow, held on Sunday afternoon, May 24, 1835, Mr. Harris having detailed the particulars of his late visit to Ireland, it was moved, seconded, and unanimously resolved,

“That the cordial thanks of this Congregation are due, and are now respectfully and sincerely given to the ministers, congregations, and individuals, among the Presbyterians of Ireland, who have so kindly and generously contributed in aid of the fund for the liquidation of the debt on this place of worship.”

“That we should do violence to our feelings, did we separate without particularly expressing our warmest thanks to the Catholic clergy and people, as also to those members of other religious communions, who have lent their willing aid to the subscription.”

GEORGE HARRIS, Chairman.

IRISH UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

[Speech of Mr. JOHN ARMSTRONG, delivered at the Annual Meeting in Dublin, April 27, 1835, on moving a Resolution respecting the Church of Geneva.—See our last Number, p. 256.]

Mr. Armstrong said, “We rejoice in the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity in many places upon the continent of Europe, not only because, in the words of this resolution, we believe it to be the pure and primitive religion of the Gospel; not only because we believe it to be an indisputable evidence of increasing mental enlightenment; but also because it has ever been either the harbinger or the inseparable companion of civil as well as of religious liberty.

“Unitarian Christianity and civil liberty always go hand in hand; their progress is mutual—their diffusion is proportional—their operations on the human mind are similar; wherever one is to be found, there we may reasonably expect to find the other.

“Were I disposed to theorise, sir, I might detail to you the manner in which Christian Unitarianism, by the expanding influence it exercises upon the mental faculties—by the healthy developement of the reasoning powers which it demands—by the utter rejection of all undue authority in matters of conscience which it inculcates, predisposes the mind to recognise the independence and the rights of our nature, and to embrace those great leading principles upon which civil liberty is founded—principles resulting solely from a just, rational, and dignified view of the nature and state of man, and of his glorious and immortal destinies. And I might show how, on the other hand, the possession of this liberty, which is only restricted as far as the interests of the social union demand, but which finds the ‘sun too bright and the sky too blue,’ to wear the chains of despotism—impels the soul to burst the bonds of ignorance and superstition—to soar far above the fretted vault and gilded spire—to shake off the dark and clogging dews of intolerance, and at length to wave her unsullied pinions in the radiant atmosphere of Christian truth, in the unclouded heaven of universal charity.

“But, sir, I shall decline the speculative discussion of this subject upon the present occasion, and appeal for the truth of what I have asserted, to facts alone. In England, which possesses a free and happy constitution, it is an undoubted fact, that Unitarianism prevails to a much greater extent than on the continent of Europe. In Switzerland, in the virtuous republic of Geneva, it musters stronger and is spreading more rapidly than under despotic and oppressive governments. But it is in the United States of America, that freest of all the constitutions of the world, that Unitarianism has taken the deepest root. In that country more than two thousand Unitarian congregations have sprung up within

less than a century, while there is every prospect that in a very few years a considerable bulk of the entire population will have become Unitarian. Do not these facts, sir, selected from a multitude of similar ones, prove satisfactorily, that wherever civil liberty is enjoyed, wherever its blessings are duly felt and appreciated, there Christian Unitarianism proportionably prevails. And, on the other hand, do not the manly exertions of the English Dissenters to remove the *civil* disabilities by which they were galled, and under which it was intended to crush them,—does not the abolition of Negro slavery throughout the whole extent of the British dominions, a measure in which Unitarian Christians have joined heartily and devotedly,—do not the mighty efforts at present making in the United States to effect a similar emancipation—to wipe away the only stain upon their national consistency—to remove the only drawback upon our sympathies with that noble and high-minded people—to shake off that incubus which oppresses them, that vampire which lulls their watchfulness while it sucks their life-blood, draining their energies and withering their strength; and when these facts are corroborated by this most striking one, that it is by the *Society of Friends* in America (more than one-half of which numerous and highly respectable body has lately declared itself *Unitarian*), that the cause of injured and degraded humanity has been most nobly and disinterestedly advocated; do not all these facts, I say, prove incontestibly, that wherever Christian Unitarianism prevails, there civil liberty unveils her benignant aspect, or at least is invoked with that trumpet-tongued and spirit-stirring cry, which cannot long fail to wake her from her slumbers.

“It is therefore, sir, that we ought to rejoice in the diffusion of primitive Christianity upon the continent of Europe. I hail it as the precursor of the downfall of tyranny and oppression. I hail it as the omen of peace upon earth. I am persuaded that it will ‘cut the bow, break the spear, and cast the chariot into the fire.’ Under its regenerating, invigorating influence, the Austrian peasant will no longer be trampled in the dust by his haughty feudal lord. Siberia will no longer be the bastille of a ruthless despot, the gloomy dungeon of fettered virtue. Her barren regions will no longer imprison the most noble, the most devoted patriotism that ever thrilled responsive to the cry of an oppressed and injured country. The Russian Eagle will no longer flap his unhallowed wings over the ruined liberties of bleeding Poland. Yes,—it is for these reasons that I rejoice in the spread of Christian Unitarianism, fully as much as because it is the sun of *religious* truth—a luminary which, though it has not yet burst in all its brightness upon Europe, though it has hitherto cast its rays only athwart the horizon of ignorance, though it is still obscured by the very mists and exhalations

which its own heat and its own beams have drawn up from the fens and the marshes of bigotry and error, will, I trust, by the all-wise dispensations of a merciful Providence, rapidly culminate to the same meridian splendour to which it is approaching in the Western World.

“But the resolution, sir, declares more than our sympathy with such a state of things as this. It has a retrospective as well as a prospective view; for, regarding every effort, however feeble, that has contributed to rescue the immortal mind from the debasing trammels of human authority, as entitled to our warm approbation and sympathy, it calls upon us to unite with the Genevese in celebrating the approaching centenary of Calvin’s reformation in their city.

“It is only, sir, upon the broad and universal principle, whereby we acknowledge and respect what is good and useful in every system, whereby we sink all sectarian feelings and individual partialities, in an ardent longing for the general good, and whereby we recognise in every exertion for the destruction of religious tyranny, a spark, an emanation from the same ethereal fire by which we believe our own peculiar views are nurtured and sustained, that I dare to come forward and claim the sympathy of this meeting, of this Unitarian Christian Society, with the reformation commenced by Calvin.

“In the phenomena both of the moral and the physical world, when disturbance has crept in, when disorder and confusion have increased so far that we might reasonably dread the repeal of some great law of nature, or the extinction of some leading moral principle; we often find a renovating spirit commencing its operations, slowly developing itself at first, but gaining power rapidly as it advances, until at length every tumult is hushed, every aberration is rectified, every discord is harmonised, and all things brought back again to a state of order and symmetry. Thus, in the natural world, though the earthquake rends the flowery plain, and desolates the smiling valley; though it cuts off the hopes of the shepherd, and blasts the resources of the husbandman; though it shatters the foundations of the city, and buries the father beneath his own roof-tree, and the worshipper amid the broken columns of the temple; yet its fury is soon spent; it carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction; as soon as its purpose has been accomplished, which advancing science has shown to be a beneficent one, a reaction takes place; the warring elements become reconciled; the plain and the valley smile once more; the city is rebuilt; the hearth brightens with domestic joy and happiness, and the marble dome resounds again with the aspirations of the pious.

“Thus, also, in the moral world, superstition, bigotry, and religious intolerance (permitted, no doubt, like the earthquake in the natural world, for some benevolent purpose, though concealed from the weakness of finite humanity) exert their bane-

ful influence with appalling success. First, *civil liberty* is infringed and crushed; then mental independence becomes an easy prey, and is fastened upon with eager and relentless fangs; pure religion and undefiled is scared away by the rack and the torch of persecution; the regions of mind are enveloped in Egyptian darkness, and creeds and traditions, articles and confessions of faith, rule in undisputed sovereignty. But, thank heaven! when this disastrous stage *has* been reached, the powers of darkness can advance no farther; they droop, exhausted by the efforts they have made; the tide of mental oppression begins to ebb; light after light glimmers through the impending obscurity; the mental faculties shake off their unnatural stupor; they burn with shame at their past degradation; they are eager to retrieve; by their very violence, like the lightning and the tempest, they too purify the surrounding pollution, and they are prompt to lay down life itself in the defence of conscience and of truth! It is then, sir, because I consider the Reformation in Geneva as one of those stars that broke upon the gloom of the 15th century; as one of the manifestations of that regenerating spirit which was brooding over the troubled waters of bigotry and mental slavery; that I call upon this Society to rejoice with the Genevese in their commemoration of that event; even though reviving religious freedom did not, I must allow, shine as brightly, purely, and steadily, as is consistent with our present wishes, and the superior enlightenment of the present age.

“If, then, we might, without compromising our principles, join a rigid Calvinist in celebrating that reformation as far as it went, how much more should we unite with the Genevese in its recognition, regarding it, as they do, not as the halting-place—not as the barrier of religious knowledge and liberality of sentiment—but only as the first step, the passing of the Rubicon, the auspicious harbinger of their present complete emancipation from religious trammels, and the forerunner of that pure and consolatory belief, whose soul-elevating influence they now enjoy, and without which, as a support and foundation, all the hopes, prospects, and promises of revealed religion appear (to my mind at least) unstable and wavering; need I mention the *belief in the unity of the Supreme Being*?

“The councils of Basil and Constance, by electing and deposing Popes, had taught the world that there existed a jurisdiction superior to the Papal power, long held to be supreme. This step gained, Luther raised his voice against many of the most palpable errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome; but he still retained much both of the tyranny of discipline, and of the tyranny of doctrine. Calvin went farther—he rejected the tyranny of discipline, but he unfortunately retained the tyranny of doctrine;—he rejected,

indeed, deans and arch-deans, bishops and archbishops, and all the other corruptions of the apostolical model; but he established creeds and confessions, and formulas of belief. By this procedure, he endeavoured to force conviction, and to fetter private judgment, and thus to remove or annul the inalienable privileges, the birth-right of man as a reasoning being. And what was the consequence? The poison of his error was but too fatally evinced in the persecuting spirit it gave birth to,—in the burning of the injured, innocent Servetus—that indelible blood-spot upon Calvin's history!

“But, sir, let us, in all charity, hope that he was indeed misled by a misgoverned zeal; that, like the apostle Paul when he persecuted the Christians, he believed he was doing God service; that neither spiritual pride, nor ambition, nor jealousy were rankling in his bosom; let us make due allowance for the unripeness of the age he lived in—let us not on account of one fatal error, deny him praise where praise is due, or refuse to celebrate that reformation which he actually introduced. That reformation, which was unquestionably an improvement upon Luther's, certainly paved the way to still farther advances in religious freedom; till in 1706, Vial de Beaumont, on being called to perform the duties of pastor in the Church of Geneva, refused to subscribe the profession of faith which was required—a refusal which led, in its consequences, to the total abolition in Geneva, of creeds, confessions, articles, and subscriptions of faith.

“I shall now, sir, read an extract from an authentic document, confirmatory of this interesting fact. [Here Mr. Armstrong read an account, of some length, from the *Christian Reformer*, relative to the history of non-subscription in Geneva; after a few comments upon which, he thus proceeded:]

“Nor, sir, is the rapid spread of religious liberty among the Swiss, to be regarded as surprising, dwelling as they do, amidst scenery calculated to call forth the energies both of mind and body, and to inspire the highest and noblest sentiments of our nature. Could any one of us, I ask, raised as the Swiss often is, upon the brow of some lofty mountain, above the less purified atmosphere, into radiant and transparent regions, while the clouds and mists of earth roll far beneath him, and the blue vault of heaven, in all its undimmed loveliness is canopied over his head—could he, I ask, in the thrilling excitement of the finer feelings and emotions of his nature at that moment, which are but a type of the purer enjoyment felt in morally receding from earth and drawing nearer to heaven, recognise, in monstrous contradiction to the voice which speaks from the inmost recesses of his soul, the impious dogma—that “the human heart is utterly corrupt—that he is incapable of thinking a good thought, or of doing a good action”?

“When, in the evening at milking-time, the Swiss peasant

hears from his native chalet, the melody of the *ranz des vaches* waking the mountain-echoes, with its simple and cheerful strains—would he not start with incredulous horror at the idea, that in all the tide of domestic joy, and peace, and contentment, and overflowing gratitude to the Author of all good, that gushes upon his soul, there is not one virtuous feeling;—but that all is wicked, hopelessly, inveterately corrupt?

“When the Genevese looks down upon lake Lemman slumbering with majestic calmness in the arms of its wood-fringed hills, and marks the “blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,” through its pure and limpid crystal; or when he turns to gaze upon the rosy sunset, lingering with lovely tints upon the snow-topped Alpine barriers around, which guard his rock-embosomed home in all its happiness and innocence,—could he believe for an instant that nature is under the curse and the ban of her Creator—that millions of rational beings, the inhabitants of so fair and glorious a world, are predestined to everlasting destruction?—No, Mr. Chairman; for such a lovely country as Switzerland, for such a happy and contented people, Unitarian Christianity is well suited;—a Christianity that cannot be broken by the violence, or melted by the allurements of the world—that has ever been accompanied by liberty, truth, reason, and charity. Such a religion must ever flourish among a free, a brave, and a virtuous people.

“Well then, sir, now that Unitarianism *has* triumphed in Geneva; now that the monstrous doctrines of the Calvinistic confession have been prostrated; now that the chains of religious tyranny have been snapped asunder, there is surely no reason to forbid our union with the Genevese in celebrating the dawn of their reformation, even though many may consider it to have been oftentimes a dangerous light, obscured by the spirit of the age, and flickering under the blast of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. We should recollect that the baneful and explosive fire-damp does not always lead to ruin and destruction; but, under the guidance of philosophy, it has sometimes flashed upon the precious ore, and kindled the sparklings of the hidden gem. Even so, the light of Calvinism, when guided by reason and piety, has led the Genevese to the profession of that which is far above the purest gold and the richest gem—that pearl which is above all price—the recognition of the pure, simple, and primitive doctrines of the Bible, and the consequent practice of the Christian virtues and duties.

“For these reasons, sir, I conceive that a resolution of the nature I have just proposed, will meet with the approbation of the present assembly. I have been induced to take upon myself the moving of this resolution, from some feelings of a more private nature, which I cannot dwell upon at this time, but which interest me much in any measure

that tends to show a fellow-feeling between the Irish Unitarian Christian Society and the Church of Geneva; a church which Calvin and Beza rendered illustrious by their teaching and their learning, but which has since rendered itself still more illustrious by its noble rejection of all human interference in matters of faith, and by its unflinching recognition of those great and indispensable principles, which must ever bind all Unitarian Christians together,—*That the Bible is the only rule of faith and practice, and that sincerity of conscientious conviction is the only test of its interpretation.*"

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

THOMAS EMLYN.—(Continued from p. 191.)

IN the year 1701, a member of Mr. Emlyn's congregation, after having listened eleven years with great delight and approbation to his preaching, began to suspect the orthodoxy of his creed, in regard to the common notions of the Trinity, and revealing his suspicion to Mr. Boyse, it was agreed that they would call on him together, and make inquiry as to this particular. Mr. Emlyn answered them with the utmost readiness, and explained his views at large, in which he professed it to be his faith, that God the Father is the only supreme God, and that the Son is subordinate and inferior, deriving all his excellence and authority from the Father. He added, at the same time, that, if the people were not satisfied with these terms of his faith, and any ill feelings were likely to be created among them on this account, he was ready to resign his charge, and at all events was anxious to preserve peace and good will, whatever might be the sacrifice to him.

Mr. Boyse would not listen to this suggestion, but insisted that the case ought first to be brought before the Dublin ministers, and their opinion ascertained. Emlyn, knowing from experience the narrow spirit and heated zeal of these men, and knowing also that they had really no concern in the affair, was not disposed to have them consulted, but wished the whole matter to be settled, according to the true principles of Christian liberty, by a mutual agreement between the people and their pastor. To gratify his associate and friend, however, he yielded to his proposition, and met the ministers at the time appointed. The result proved but too truly, that he was not deceived in his presentiment of what he had to expect at the hands of his brethren, with whom he had been for many years on terms of strong and cordial intimacy. After a conference with him of two hours, without attempting to convince him of his error, or confute the arguments by which his faith was supported, without consulting his congregation, or waiting for any formal complaint from them, and even without giving him notice of their intended

proceedings, this self-constituted assembly of ministers passed an order, that Mr. Emlyn should no longer execute the office of a preacher. At this crisis he called several of the leading members of his society together, explained to them what had happened, and recommended that, to avoid further difficulties and animosity, a separation should take place. To this proposal they were not willing to assent, but thought it preferable that he should desist from preaching for a season, till a longer space should be given to deliberate, and some mode of reconciling differences devised. To this plan, for good reasons, he declined acceding.

It was finally concluded, that he should make a journey to England; but here another difficulty arose. The Dublin ministers seemed now to consider Mr. Emlyn a sort of state prisoner, subject to their power and command. They assumed the liberty of consulting on his intended visit to England, and after suitable deliberation, finally agreed that he should be permitted to go, enjoining it on him, however, in a special charge, that "he should not preach anywhere." This decision was communicated to him by two of their number in person, and in allusion to it Mr. Emlyn speaks thus in his *Narrative*. "To this imperious message, so full of affectation of authority, and expressive of rigid Presbyterian tyranny, which was yet attended by an Independent minister as one of the messengers, I answered to this effect: that I did not design to preach on the matters in debate where I went, if that would satisfy them; but that they assumed too much in forbidding me to preach, who had no authority from them, nor owned any in them; that I had as much authority to forbid them to preach, as they to forbid me, and should pay no regard to them herein. Upon which they said they would then write to the London ministers about it. I bid them use their discretion, and I should use mine." In this spirited reply to the extraordinary presumption of the Dublin ministers, we find a perfect consistency in the principles and conduct of the author; he discovers himself to be a thorough advocate for liberty and justice, defending with equal pertinacity the rights and freedom of Christians, both in regulating the forms of church government, and in adopting modes of faith.

He went to England, but not to find peace, or escape the poison of slander and the arrows of persecution. His kind-hearted brethren made the pulpits of Dublin resound with the cry of his apostacy, and the loud clamour of heretic and infidel became so familiar to the ear of the public, that even the wise and considerate were fain to believe what they so often heard repeated from the highest authority. The persons who recommended his leaving the country, that his case might cause as little excitement as possible, were the first to proclaim it abroad, and call down indignation on its

enormity. He had been absent but ten weeks, when he thought his presence in Dublin necessary, both that he might attend to the concerns of his family, and defend his character against the calumnies, which mistaken zeal and industrious malice had scattered so freely. While in London he was received kindly by his brethren, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Dublin ministers to make him odious wherever he appeared. In the period of his absence he wrote a short account of his case, which he published, and which has been usually printed in his works as a sequel to his Narrative.

On his arrival in Dublin, he was greatly afflicted at the conduct of those, who had for many years professed to be his friends, in whose intercourse he had enjoyed much, and from whom he felt that he deserved not bitterness and reproach. "I had not been of so unsocial a nature," says he, "as not to relish the society and love of my dear friends, nor was I insensible to the pangs of a violent separation; nor yet so mortified to the world, as not to feel some difference between contempt and respect; but still, my convictions of truth were so clear, that these things never staggered my resolutions of adhering to it, in the midst of all discouragements." This declaration speaks as much for the warmth of his feelings, as for the strength of his constancy, and it was nobly verified under circumstances of heavy trial.

As soon as Mr. Emlyn found himself again in Dublin, learning the extent of the misrepresentations and false sentiments which prevailed concerning his religious opinions, he resolved to draw up and publish an ample exposition of his views. This resolution he executed in a treatise entitled *An Humble Inquiry into the Scripture Account of the Lord Jesus Christ*. Hardly a copy of this work had gone abroad, when certain very zealous persons among the Dissenters, determined to have the author prosecuted. It was first contemplated to pursue the process of a presentment by the grand jury, but this was likely to be attended with so much delay, that it was abandoned. A special warrant was therefore obtained, and Mr. Emlyn's rooms were entered by the keeper of Newgate, who seized him and several copies of his work, and took him before the Lord Chief Justice. Bail was at first refused, but it was finally received through the consent of the Attorney-General, in the amount of eight hundred pounds for appearance at the time of trial.

When the expected time arrived, the case was not brought up, and he was bound over to another term. Even when this came round no further progress was made, than the finding a bill by the grand jury, in which an indictment of *blasphemy* was brought against the author. So rashly had this indictment been made out, however, and with so wanton and malignant a design, that it contained many expressions which the author had never used. This was afterwards detected,

and the bill thrown aside as defective, so that when the author appeared to take his trial, a new bill was to be made out, and the trial was put over to another term. Thus was he kept in suspense while his enemies were plotting his ruin, and devising means for carrying their purpose into effect, under the artful guise of a legal prosecution; and thus was the arm of law turned aside from its appropriate task of protecting right, innocence, and virtue, to the disgraceful work of crushing a man, whose only offence was an open avowal of what he believed to be the true faith of the Gospel, and this in an English court of justice, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the age of Newton, Locke, and Clarke!

Four months after the prosecution, the trial came on before the Lord Chief Justice. There were also seated on the judges' bench, six or seven bishops of the established church, among whom were the archbishops of Armagh and of Dublin. The indictment set forth, that Thomas Emlyn "being wholly moved by the instigation of the devil," was guilty of "writing and causing to be printed a certain infamous and scandalous libel," in which "he impiously, blasphemously, falsely, and maliciously asserted," that Jesus was not the supreme God, nor equal to him, and that this libel was published "with intention to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the kingdom."* Emlyn soon found, that he had neither favour nor justice to expect from any quarter; and, in fact, it had already been declared to him by a gentleman of the bar, that he would not be allowed to speak in his own behalf, and that there was a design "to run him down like a wolf without law or game." The Chief Justice had been free in expressing his opinions; and the jury was composed of persons from the illiterate classes of society, who had no knowledge of ecclesiastical subjects.

The first step in the trial was to prove that Mr. Emlyn

* The work referred to here is the *Humble Inquiry*, and the words quoted into the indictment, as the foundation of the charge of an "infamous and scandalous libel," were the following:—

"I see no reason there will be to oppose those Unitarians, who think him to be a sufficient Saviour and Prince, though he be not the only Supreme God; nor can any with reason attempt to prove him to be such, from his works and office as king of his church, since 'tis implied, that as such he must do homage to God the Father, in delivering up his kingdom to him. And this very expression, *to God the Father*, makes it plain that there is no God the Son in the same sense, or in the same supreme essence with the Father.—So, then, Jesus Christ in his highest capacity being inferior to the Father, how can he be the same God to which he is subject, or of the same rank and dignity?—So that I may safely say thus much, that the blessed Jesus has declared himself not to be the Supreme God, or equal to the Father, as plainly as words could speak, or in brief express."—See Emlyn's Narrative, in his Works, vol. i. p. 27.

These are all the passages which were quoted to sustain the indictment for a libel and blasphemy.

was the author of the book, in which the libel was said to be contained. No evidence of the fact appeared; a printer made oath that he received one half-sheet from him, but that he knew not who wrote it; and Mr. Boyse testified, that in the private conference with the ministers, Mr. Emlyn expressed sentiments similar to those contained in the book. On this testimony, which did not amount to a shadow of evidence, the Queen's counsel raised an argument, which was urged with heat and vehemence; and it was decided that the evidence, although presumptive, was sufficient to convict him. "This, then, was the method used against me," says Mr. Emlyn, "first to prove what my opinions were from private discourses, at the instigation of friends, who treated with me on the foot of conscience and religion; and in the next place to raise, or at least thence to strengthen the presumption, that I wrote the book, which was agreeable to such opinions; and lastly, to make this presumption serve the turn of full evidence; and this in a case, where the charge was no less than wilful and malicious blasphemy and sedition; and this, too, gathered only from speculative opinions."

As to the main point of the indictment, namely, whether what was written could justly be called blasphemy, the question was not discussed at all. Mr. Emlyn desired much to speak on this point, and to show the extreme absurdity of the charge, on the ground both of law and the principles of Christian faith and charity; and particularly to make it appear, that if his language could be branded with blasphemy, the same imputation would rest on some of the greatest and best divines in every age of the church, those even who had been accounted in the fullest measure orthodox. But the Chief Justice refused to hear him on the subject, quoting a single precedent as the law in the case, and telling the jury at the close of his charge, that "if they acquitted him, the lords bishops were there," thus intimidating them with the weight of authority possessed by the persons under whose inspection they were acting. The precedent adduced by the Chief Justice, was one of a very flagrant character, in which the wicked intention of the person accused could not be doubted, and which was not in the remotest degree analogous to the case in hand, as being in no way concerned with religious faith or opinion. The worst construction which Mr. Emlyn's language could possibly admit, with any show of justice, would have been to call it heresy; but then the prosecution must have been abandoned, as heresy was not cognisable as a crime at common law. And here it may be remarked, that the indictment designated the offence to be a *libel*, because no crime by the name of blasphemy was known in the English law; hence the use of the phrase "blasphemous libel," in the indictment.

From what has been said, it is easy to imagine that the

jury would return the verdict of *guilty*. Mr. Emlyn was immediately committed to the common jail, where he remained till he was called up to receive sentence from the Lord Chief Justice. It was ordered, that he should "suffer a year's imprisonment, pay a thousand pounds fine to the Queen, and lie in prison till paid; and find security for good behaviour during life." This sentence was accompanied with the consoling assurance of the Chief Justice, that the pillory was the punishment which he deserved, but in consequence of his being a "man of letters," he had been treated with lenity. To carry the farce still further, and expose the mockery of the whole proceeding, the Queen's counsel moved that he should retract, and thus escape the punishment. With this proposal, for a good reason, he would not comply, as his conscience bore him out in all he had done. This suggestion on the part of the counsel, however, proved the bare-faced injustice with which the whole affair had been conducted, for how was the nature of the offence to be changed in the eye of the law by retracting? When the sentence was passed, a piece of paper was fastened on his breast, and he was led round the rooms of the court, by way of making his disgrace the more conspicuous, and his affliction the more severe and cruel.

In speaking of himself, Emlyn observes, "after sentence I was committed to the sheriffs of Dublin, and was a close prisoner for something more than a quarter of a year in the sub-sheriff's house; but upon complaint, I was hastily hurried away to the common jail, where I lay among the prisoners in a close room, filled with six beds, for about five or six weeks; and then, by a *habeas corpus*, I was, upon my petition, removed into the Marshalsea for my health." As it was impossible for him to pay the fine demanded in his sentence, he remained here a prisoner for more than two years, visited by none of his former brethren among the clergy of Dublin, except Mr. Boyse. This gentleman was always his friend, although by the popular voice and influence, he was moved sometimes to act with less discretion and firmness, than could have been desired.

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF DISTINGUISHED CATHOLICS.

Extract from a Lecture delivered at St. Peter's Chapel, Birmingham, by the Rev. Mr. M'Donnell, the Catholic Clergyman of that Town.

I have been not unfrequently reproached, in public and private, by word of mouth, and in print, for admitting the claim of the Unitarians to the name of Christians. These lectures, which have occupied your attention during the evenings of six Sundays, have, I trust, sufficiently proved

the vast importance which I attach to that fundamental article of Christianity, which they reject. But it becomes quite a distinct question, whether by that rejection they forfeit the name of Christian. In proceeding to the consideration of this question, I must premise, that it appears to me that much greater stress is laid upon the subject of dispute than it deserves. It can be, in reality, of little consequence to that body of our separated brethren, whether others admit their claim or not. They are not made Christians by our assent, nor are they excluded from Christianity by our dissent. Entertaining, then, those sentiments, which every Catholic cannot but entertain, upon the all-important doctrine of the Divinity of our ever-blessed Redeemer, I have yet asked myself, whether the cause of truth requires that I wound the feelings of my fellow-creatures, by an odious imputation?

I ask, then, what is the meaning of the word Christian? By what doctrinal authority is it defined? I cannot discover such an authority. The Holy Scripture is silent. That sacred volume, indeed, states that at Antioch the disciples were first named Christians; but it clearly leaves the meaning of either term to the ordinary interpretation of language. The church of God has pronounced no doctrinal decision upon the subject. Hence it is not a question of doctrine at all. It is a mere question of language.

According, then, to the ordinary rules of language, what is the meaning of the word Christian? In interpreting the word we follow the analogy of similar interpretations. A Pythagorean is a follower of Pythagorus, a Platonist of Plato, an Epicurean of Epicurus, an Arian of Arius, a Lutheran of Luther, a Calvinist of Calvin, and a Wesleyan of Wesley; in like manner, a Christian I interpret a follower of Christ.

But if this be correct, the question arises—In order to be styled a Christian must a person believe all the doctrines taught by Christ? If any one answer yes, I respect that answer. It is perfectly intelligible; and, at first sight, it might appear the correct answer. But see to what consequences it leads. Not only do we reject the poor Unitarian, but a Catholic must reject the Protestant of every denomination, and the member of the Greek, or of any other of the Oriental sects. A Protestant of one denomination must reject the Protestant of another, the Catholic, and the rest. Yet this rule is not, and never has been adopted. A distinction has always been recognised between one who errs in rejecting any particular doctrine of Christianity, and one who errs in rejecting Christianity itself. While the latter has been styled an infidel, the former has been called a heretic. To apply this reasoning to the case before us, a Unitarian is said not to be a Christian, because he denies the divinity of Christ. Now, have the impugnors of the divinity of Christ been classed among infidels, or heretics? He

who is acquainted with the doctrinal history of Christianity, knows that they have invariably been classed among the latter, and by that very fact, they have been always recognised by Christians. The Cerinthians, the Ebionites, the Arians, are examples of this truth. They have always been considered heretics, not infidels.

Again, when we calculate the numbers of the inhabitants of the globe, and class them according to religious distinctions, we are accustomed to divide them into Pagans, Mahometans, Jews, and Christians. Now, where, I ask, do we put the Unitarians? The answer is obvious—among the Christians. Hence, when the objector comes to reduce his objection to practical exemplification, he shrinks from the obvious consequence of his own reasoning. But in this practical exemplification, by what principle is he guided? Evidently by that which I have adopted, which is to leave the heart of my brother to that Divine Being, who alone beholds it, and who will judge it, and to accept his own profession. I call, therefore, every man a Christian who calls himself one.

I have long and seriously reflected upon this point. At one time led by feeling and zeal for that sacred article which is impugned by Unitarians, I was disposed to yield to the very common declamation: but, upon reflection, I have arrived at a different conclusion; and I rejoice in the conviction, that truth does not exact that we should hold language, which, not required by the stern demands of faith, is painful to the feelings of our brethren, and therefore at variance with charity.

Letter of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin,
to the Right Hon. Viscount Melbourne.

Mountjoy-Square, Dublin, 2d July, 1835.

MY LORD,—I would hardly venture to claim one moment of that time which is so valuable to the public, if the subject on which I presume to address your Lordship, though in a great degree personal to myself, did not acquire some importance, by its reference to a measure of much public interest.

It appears, my Lord, that an attempt has been made to injure, through me, an institution of great value, I mean the Commission which his Majesty's Government has so wisely established, for the purpose of promoting, in Ireland, a system of National Education.

With this view, if I can credit the public journals, a statement has been made in your Lordship's House of Parliament, attributing to me certain doctrines contained in a theological work of Dens, on the ground that I directed the publication of that work, and appointed it as a text-book for the Conferences of the Catholic Clergy.

What was really said, on that occasion, I have no means

of knowing, and, perhaps, have no right to inquire. But I distinctly aver, that those imputations, from whatever quarter they have found their way into the newspapers, *are wholly devoid of any foundation in fact.*

I do not entertain the doctrines thus attributed to me,—my solemn oath attests the contrary.

I did not direct the work of Dens to be published; it was undertaken by a respectable bookseller, as a speculation in trade, entirely at his own risk, as a work which comprises a large mass of very valuable matter, though containing, too, some obsolete opinions, wholly unconnected with any article of Catholic faith, and which opinions, it was known, that hardly any one at the present day would think of defending.

Finally, I did not make it the text-book for our Theological Conferences; for, on such occasions, we have no such book; if, by this expression, we are to understand the work of any writer, whose opinions (when not already defined by the Church, as articles of faith) the Clergy are required, or in any manner whatever expected, to maintain. In fact, our Clergy are too well instructed to have the least notion of submitting to such a restriction. The questions proposed, in Conference, are brought forward for the very purpose of being freely discussed on their own merits; and the decisions, which, after due examination, are approved of, rest entirely, not on the individual opinions of this writer, or of that, but on those arguments which seem best calculated to carry conviction to the mind.

The opinions of Dens, regarding the right of Temporal States to compel their subjects, by confiscation and other punishments, to embrace religious doctrines of which their conscience could not approve, were, unfortunately, too prevalent throughout Europe, at the time he lived; and, I must add, no where more prevalent than where the Reformation was established. And, why are the Catholics of Ireland now forced, by this unprovoked taunt, to remember, that those desolating opinions were but too deeply imbibed, and too cruelly acted on by their Protestant Rulers, during those centuries of religious persecution, from which they are but just recovering, and the horrors of which they are desirous to forget?

Blessed be God! those doctrines are now little more than the record of by-gone intolerance. They are yielding, everywhere, to that better and more scriptural spirit of mutual forbearance, which has grown up, and is spreading through all Christian communities; and they seem to have found almost their last resting-place, in the minds of those misguided, though otherwise (let me hope) respectable individuals, who lately exhibited such a miserable display of fanaticism in Exeter Hall; and a few, (let me again hope,) very few fiery zealots, who have allowed themselves to be so far blinded by passion, as to participate in their anti-social opinions.

As to the Irish Catholics, their doctrine on this subject is thus solemnly attested:—"I, A. B. swear that I do abjure, condemn, and detest, as unchristian and impious, the principle, that it is lawful to murder, destroy, or in any wise injure any person whatsoever, for, or under the pretence of being a heretic."

I have the honour to be, with the most profound respect,
my Lord, your Lordship's faithful humble servant,

D. MURRAY.

Speech of the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, Catholic Primate of all Ireland, at a public breakfast, given at Belfast, to the Rev. Mr. Carlile of Dublin, for his labours as a member of the Board of National Education.

ARCHBISHOP CROLLY said, that, looking on himself, as, in some manner, the representative of the Roman Catholics of Belfast, he felt he ought to make one or two observations, in consequence of what had fallen from Mr. Carlile. That gentleman has clearly established, that we have one common principle, by which we can all be guided. He has shown, that there are things about which we *can* agree, and he has powerfully argued against contending uselessly about those things respecting which we *cannot* agree.—When we have settled about the roots of a good and liberal system of public instruction, we need not fall out about the branches of it. Education is an act of goodness towards mankind; and educating on liberal principles, without prejudice to the consciences of others, is a principle of equity; and, so long as goodness and equity are united for the purpose of diffusing knowledge, nine-tenths of mankind will stand up for it. He (Dr. C.) had been for thirty years engaged in the management of the Frederick-street School; and, during all that time, he never felt greater pleasure, than in joining hand in hand with the Protestant Minister, in binding the laurels round the brows of the young aspirants to educational honours and distinction. From all I have known of Mr. Carlile, I have reason to look on him with great respect; and, in his public conduct, we have a sure token, that nothing in this country is wanting, but that a system of literary and moral instruction should be established, free from all sectarian distinctions, or political influence, to secure a mutual co-operation in the spread of an extensive and liberal system of education among the people: then, but not till then, will bigotry be obliged to hide its face, and superstition and darkness to fly the land. He (Dr. C.) was ready to subscribe to every thing that had been said by Mr. Carlile. He was, with his reverend friend, equally the friend of Bible instruction. It had been charged against the Catholic clergy of Ireland, that they were opposed to the circulation of the Scriptures. The accusation was, in every way, untrue.

From their peculiar and unfortunate situation, the Catholic people of Ireland were unable to purchase Bibles; but this obstacle was fast being removed, by means of cheaper editions. For himself, he could say, that he (Dr. C.) had circulated more copies of the Old and New Testament, than any man in Ireland. He had got an edition printed entirely at his own expense. The Bible which formerly cost 18s. was now sold at 6s.; and Mr. Smyth and Mr. Mairs (Belfast printers) could testify to the extent of copies which he had circulated. To Mr. Mairs alone, within a very short period, he had paid upwards of £1000. The Catholic Prelates of Ireland have not been fairly represented, in regard to Biblical instruction. They are men, who will never allow the serpent of bigotry to coil itself round the tree of knowledge; they are the sincere friends of an extensive and extended system of public instruction; and they will never be satisfied, till the seeds of knowledge, and the principles of charity and good will to all men, shall spread over the whole land, fertilising the human mind, and producing the fruits of knowledge and power.



TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. VII.

So, the Comet is coming. And is it not curious that we know? Suppose it should not come; then the calculations will be proved to have been wrong. But this will no more affect the movement of the comet than the stoppage of a wooden clock in the night influences the rising of the sun. The calculation has been made upon the supposition, that a comet that appeared one hundred and thirty years before the birth of Christ, is the same which appeared in 1759, having in that period made twenty-five revolutions round the sun; or, in other words, that it is about 76 of our years in completing one revolution. Its appearances in 323, 399, 550, 930, 1230, 1456, 1531, 1607, and 1682, are on record. Allowances being made for the perturbations occasioned by the attractions of the planets, the comet's time of attaining its perihelion point, or its nearest approach to the sun, is fixed for the morning of November the 14th in the present year. But about three months before that time, it is expected to become visible to the inhabitants of this earth; some time in August, then, this wanderer to distant regions of space, will, it is concluded, pay us one of his sparing visits. And, after exhibiting himself to our gaze for ten or a dozen weeks, he will take his leave on a long journey, not to return again till the year 1911, when all the present generation, with the exception of a few who are now children, and will then be old men and women, will lie mouldering in the dust.

Here, then, is another index of time. Here is another

teacher of truth. Here is another aid in theology. Seventy-six of our years pass away while this body completes a single journey round the sun. Thus it furnishes proof that time is relative. Thus it leads to useful reflections on the upholding and directing power of God. But not of this use could the comet be, if man looked on it in quailing wonderment, and horrified anticipations of some awful events of which it was imagined to be the harbinger and sign. Knowledge is needed to clear the mental eye. Science must be the telescope through which the aspect of this body must be viewed. Then will it be seen that it moves, and appears and disappears, in obedience to the very same laws which carry the planets around their great central luminary, and produce to us the day and night, and changing year. The fact of its approach being calculated and predicted, is demonstration that its period is known; and if it comes round once in about seventy-six years, then it is as regular as the planets. Then it is no more likely to be sent as a messenger of evil to man, than is the monthly full-moon. Ignorance of physical arrangements, and mistaken views of the Divine Government, alone could have impressed upon the human mind, the belief that comets were evil agents portending the pouring out of some vials of wrath upon the world. In this ignorance and mistake, it was fancied that a comet was formed and exhibited for the special occasion, as men make use of fire-works; only with this difference, that the latter are displayed for amusement, and the former for terror. Wars, pestilences, and famine, were the terrible things indicated by the appearance of a comet. But then it was not known that the comet was a permanent part of our great system. It was not understood that it was still travelling on, faithfully obedient to the fixed laws of the Creator, as well when not seen by man as when moving full in his view. Men gazed on a comet as the very young village children look upon the mail-coach, as a thing that is of no use but just to whirl by and make them get out of the road, and as neither moving nor existing when not within the range of their sight. And even among the learned it was sometimes imagined, that our world would be burned by the head, or drowned by the tail of the comet.

Some there were who considered comets to be bodies that travelled away into space, and accumulated combustible matter, which they came back and delivered as fuel to the sun. Then, when it was ascertained that a comet is a body that moves around the sun in a given period, through an oval orbit so elongated, that the body in one part of its path is a great many times as far off from the sun as it is in another point of its course,—it was by some very seriously concluded, that a comet must be a place of torment for the wicked, where the sufferers are sometimes brought so near the sun, as to be heated two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron, and

then carried away so far from the source of light and heat, as to be involved in thickest darkness, and be exposed to a cold two thousand times more intense than that which freezes water. Never did it occur to those architects of prisons for lost souls, that if the soul was any material substance, it would be dissipated by this heat; and that if it was purely immaterial—a spirit, it could then be no more affected by heat and cold than can the Deity himself. Only think of what is involved in the idea of melting or freezing a spirit! Heat and cold can operate only upon that which is material. To say, then, that the soul can be subjected to the influences of heat and cold, is tantamount to affirming that the soul is matter. Consequently, those who believe that the soul is not mere matter—a compound of certain gasses and metals—cannot consistently believe that the soul will be susceptible of heat and cold. But then the comet may not be exposed to these imagined vicissitudes. The sun is now known not to be a body of fire. The degree of heat derived from the sun does not depend on being nearer to it, but upon the composition and arrangements of the body heated by the sun. Alter the quality or quantity of our atmosphere, and although the distance from the sun remain exactly the same, yet the heat experienced will be correspondingly raised or lowered. If the comets are inhabited, no doubt they are adapted to the constitution of the beings who dwell on them; and the constitution of the beings will of course be suited to the nature of the world in which they are placed.

There is, indeed, a great difficulty in the way of this conclusion, arising out of the fact, that although it is supposed that there are nearly five hundred comets belonging to the solar system, they all travel in orbits so eccentric, that they are at one time very near the sun, and at another, extremely distant from him. Then, for the most part, comets present a curious appendage designated a tail. This appendage elongates as the comet approaches the sun, and contracts as it recedes from that body. Various have been the conjectures as to what these tails are. Some have deemed them water. Some have thought them the atmosphere of the comet; and that as it got nearer to the sun, this atmosphere was expanded and thrown back from the body of the comet into space, so that the heat might thereby be reduced; and then, as the comet approached its greatest distance from the sun, this atmosphere would be gathered in compactly and closely around the body, that the heat might thereby be augmented. Others, again, have pronounced the tails a mass of matter accumulated by the comet in its travels, for the purpose of being in due time concentrated upon its own surface to augment its own bulk. In the present infant state of the theory of comets, it is not easy to solve all the questions that may be proposed respecting them. But one thing

is certain, and that is, that comets travel around the sun in fixed periods, some in a few years, and some, it is supposed, in not less than several centuries. The periods of only a few of the comets are at present known. The reason is, that they are, during the most part of their journey, entirely out of the range of our observation; and besides, are so long between their visits, that the life of man is as inadequate to trace out and verify the exact periodic times of these bodies, as that of the ephemeron fly is for observing the seasons of the year. But then, as generations pass away, and the record of cometary visits swells, men will know still more and more respecting these bodies, and when that record is complete, a table of the returns of the whole of the comets can then be given in the Almanac, which shall be as infallible as that which predicts the phenomena of the planets.

But if we may thus speak of comets, as bodies that obey the laws which regulate the motions of our earth, and the planets generally, then it must be quite unphilosophical to view them as messengers of malignity, whose appearance is ominous, and whose sole errand and use are to terrify the nations, and announce approaching unusual calamities. And still less are we at liberty to suppose that they are sent for the express purpose of foretelling dreadful events, without giving any intimation what those events are to be, what has occasioned them, and whether any means that man could employ would avert them. Such a notion of the dealings of God, is wholly out of place in a rational mind. Nor could it ever obtain admittance, were the mind fortified by true theology. Were every mental avenue illumined by celestial light, and every recess occupied by some one of the great principles connected with the paternal character, and boundless, changeless benignity of the Universal Governor, the unsightly idea would never obtrude its monstrous form. Absurd notions seek a congenial resting-place in a dark and confused mind, as bad characters look for a disorderly house. And as the dissolute shun the dwellings of temperance and propriety, so unworthy notions of the Deity avoid that mind in which exalted views of his dispensations have their abode. Think of him as a Father—consider human beings his offspring—believe that this world is a school, in which a wise and good parent has placed his children, to be trained up for a future condition—and admit that all his ways are worthy of himself, and all his dealings the best possible for man; and then the opinion, that he sends comets to beget undefinable alarms and fears in the breasts of men, will be avoided as irrational, and resisted as profane. To the approaching Comet, no one who thus meditates upon the Divine dispensations, can look forward with superstitious dread. He whose almighty hand guides along this great globe through its orbit, and the still larger Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, through their wider range,

guides every one of the comets through its path. Not one of them is permitted to run lawless through the sky. And although they are moving in various directions, and present the appearance of disorder, unless we can doubt the Creator's wisdom, we cannot doubt that the great machine, of which suns and planets and comets are all parts, is so wisely constructed, as to preclude the possibility of its movements leading to a catastrophe. No, no, unless Omniscience has miscalculated, this earth and a comet will never rush against and destroy one another. As innocuous to earth's inhabitants as are the movements of Venus, will be the flight of comets, although their speed is sometimes two hundred thousand miles an hour. But the speed of a comet and the progress of a worm are alike to Omnipotence; and he could as easily arrest the one as the other.

To tremble before the comet when it makes its appearance, and to indulge in gloomy forebodings on the awful calamities which it will usher into this world—may, perhaps, well suit some systems of theology. With that system which represents the Deity capricious, it might accord. With that which supposes him vindictive, it might agree. Those who can receive, as articles of religion, the positions—that God was angry with them before they were born, that he burned with fury against them, ages before they had a being; that he had decreed the perdition of countless millions before he created the world; and that the pains of the endlessly punished, afford him exquisite pleasure—may admit into their theology the belief that comets are instruments employed by such a Being for tormenting his creatures, and amusing himself. Those whose distorted vision can see reflected from the broad mirror of nature, a measureless image of malignity, may descry the lineaments of this image impressed on the face of the comet. Those who can draw aside the curtains of heaven, and discover the Almighty engaged intently and laboriously in augmenting his stores of thunder, lightning, and tempest, and enlarging the chambers which hold the treasures of his wrath, and multiplying the number and increasing the power of the instruments of anguish, woe, and destruction, may, without difficulty, determine that a comet is a bolt to be shot at the peace and happiness of man.

But for that system of theology which represents the Deity as taking no pleasure in pain, and as delighting only in doing good, this view of cometary influences is not adapted. With that which holds him to be unchanging, it will not accord. With that which declares him to be love, it will not agree. Those whose religious faith is, that God made the world to bless it, and formed man to render him happy, cannot admit into their theology the belief that such a Being could employ comets to torment his creatures, much

less to amuse himself with their sufferings. Those who look upon the grand speculum of the universe only to see it converging rays of divine benignity, to form an image of surpassing loveliness and ineffable glory, can see a miniature of that image impressed upon a comet. And those whose strengthened eye can look through the veil of nature, and discover an omnipotent Father engaged in preparing for the wants of his children, and arranging for their defence, their training, and their highest good, will perceive that comets work his sovereign will, and in his hands contribute to universal well-being. Once convinced that one of these bodies may be seventy, or seven hundred years in performing one revolution, and yet, that during that long period, it has not for a single moment been neglected by that eye which watches over all things and beings; and, that through the whole length of its amazing journey, it has not been permitted to deviate a hairbreadth from the tract assigned it, nor to move one iota faster or slower than the speed appointed for it, and then the mind is convinced that a comet is a token for good. It becomes evidence of the unchanging regularity, the exact uniformity with which from age to age the great superintending Mind manages the affairs of the universe. Thus looking upon a comet, and reflecting that it is brought back to our gaze at the precise moment that has stood written for thousands of ages in the calendar of Heaven, strengthens our confidence in God. He cannot, in all these ages, have changed his mind or altered his plans, or men could not calculate the return of comets. Their times, too, are in the Father's hands. And with a system of true theology, the people will raise their eyes to the visitant with rejoicing hearts and confiding minds.

D. D.

PHRENOLOGY, No. VI.

ITS RECENT PROGRESS IN BRITAIN.

"But sense survived, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last."—*Pope.*

AMONG the earliest intimations of the existence of Phrenology received by the British public, was an article in the third number of the *Edinburgh Review* (April 1803), from the pen of Dr. Thomas Brown. This article is a review of Villers' Letter to Cuvier "On a New Theory of the Brain," &c., published at Metz in 1802; and phrenology is throughout unsparingly derided. Villers' account of Dr. Gall's opinions was inaccurate and incomplete, his information having been derived not from Gall himself, but from some one who had attended his lectures; so that Dr. Brown was misled into a war chiefly with shadows. Even had the case been otherwise, however, it is doubtful whether a judgment essen-

tially more favourable would have been pronounced; for at that time phrenology was in a very crude state, and liable to objections which are quite inapplicable to it in its present condition. At a considerably later period, Dr. Brown held the opinion "that the principle that the primitive feelings of the mind are connected with particular parts of the brain, was a subject worthy of investigation, as there was nothing *a priori* against such an idea. At the same time, he conceived that Drs. Gall and Spurzheim had proceeded farther than they were warranted by facts; and he conceived that a comparison between the developement and manifestations of the lower animals should be especially attended to, because in them the motives were less mixed." Professor Welsh, to whom these views were expressed, adds the observation, that if Dr. Brown "had been acquainted with the views that are now entertained, some of the facts that appeared to him inconsistent with the system would have presented no difficulty. His own head afforded a striking confirmation of the system."*

In the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal for July 1806, Dr. Gall's anatomical discoveries are spoken of in a tolerably respectful tone, but his physiological opinions and personal character are coarsely ridiculed. The following is a sample of the spirit in which the article is written. "High-German doctors are not so much in fashion in this country as formerly; yet such exhibitions as Gall's, and such talking, with the aid of a pea-green coat, a gold-laced hat, and a hand-organ, might do something even at this day, perhaps, in country-towns, and at Bartholomew fair. In other respects, there is no danger of Gall's theory making much progress in this quarter of the world. It seems probable that he has observed some hitherto unnoticed parts in the brain, and detected some eminences and depressions on the bones of the head among men and animals: he seems to have discovered also some curious instances of structure corresponding with the manners and habits of different animals; and, by the aid of a fertile imagination, he has worked these insulated facts into a sort of system, intended at first merely to amuse a circle of friends, but found at last sufficiently attractive to gain money and fame. 'Mundus vult decipi; decipiatur,' seems to have been Gall's motto, and with this he has travelled about Germany with great success. Considering the doctrine as a good quiz, we readily accede a due portion of praise to the ingenuity of Dr. Gall. As to his observations on the structure of the brain, we must suspend our judgment till farther investigations and more impartial inquiries are made."

Phrenology seems to have excited very little attention in

* Welsh's Life of Dr. Thomas Brown, p. 521.

Britain till 1815, when the publication of Dr. Spurzheim's "Physiognomical System" gave occasion to the virulent attack of Dr. Gordon in the 49th number of the *Edinburgh Review*, already noticed in our fourth paper. So effective was this assault, that phrenology was for a time universally regarded as an impudent and quackish imposture, and, till the year 1820, the sale of Dr. Spurzheim's English works was completely suspended. At length, however, his lectures and demonstrations in different parts of the United Kingdom, in conjunction with his published answer to Dr. Gordon, began to convince not a few that phrenology had been unfairly dealt with. Among the earliest converts in this country was Mr. George Combe of Edinburgh, who has since been so prominent a supporter of the science. This gentleman published, in 1819, "Essays on Phrenology," which were extensively read, and contributed much to draw attention to phrenology and make its real merits known. The following account of his conversion is given by himself in the preface to his "System of Phrenology." "My first information," says he, "concerning the system of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, was derived from No. 49 of the *Edinburgh Review*. Led away by the boldness of that piece of criticism, I regarded their doctrines as contemptibly absurd, and the authors as the most disingenuous of men. In 1816, however, shortly after the publication of the Review, my friend Mr. Brownlee invited me to attend a private dissection of a recent brain, to be performed in his house by Dr. Spurzheim. The subject was not altogether new, as I had previously attended a course of demonstrative lectures on anatomy by Dr. Barclay. Dr. Spurzheim exhibited the structure of the brain to all present, among whom were several gentlemen of the medical profession, and contrasted it with the bold averments of the reviewer. The result was, a complete conviction in the minds of the observers, that the assertions of the reviewer were refuted by physical demonstration. The faith placed in the review being thus shaken, I attended the next course of Dr. Spurzheim's lectures, for the purpose of hearing from himself a correct account of his doctrines. The lectures satisfied me that the system was widely different from the representations given of it by the reviewer, and that, if true, it would prove highly important; but the evidence was not conclusive. I therefore appealed to nature by observation, and at last arrived at complete conviction of the truth of phrenology."

The principal works of this writer are, "A System of Phrenology," 8vo. 3d edition, 1830; "Elements of Phrenology," 12mo, 4th edition, 1833; "Outlines of Phrenology," 8vo, 5th edition, 1835; "The Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External objects," 12mo, 2d edition, 1835; and "Lectures on Popular Education," 8vo, 1833. His brother Dr. Andrew Combe, also one of the earliest

phrenologists in Britain, is well known as the author of "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education," 12mo, 3d edition, 1835; and "Observations on Mental Derangement: being an application of the Principles of Phrenology to the Elucidation of the Causes, Symptoms, Nature, and Treatment of Insanity," 12mo, 1831. In the Introduction to the latter work, Dr. Combe gives an interesting account of his slow and gradual conversion to phrenology.

It is due to an eminent physiologist, Mr. Lawrence, to mention, what seems to have escaped the observation of our leading phrenologists, that so early as 1819, he boldly and candidly published an opinion as favourable to phrenology as the extent of his information was sufficient to authorise. "I consider," says he, "the differences between man and animals in propensities, feelings, and intellectual faculties, to be the result of the same cause as that which we assign for the variations in other functions, viz. difference of organization; and that the superiority of man in rational endowments is not greater than the more exquisite, complicated, and perfectly developed structure of his brain, and particularly of his ample cerebral hemispheres,—to which the rest of the animal kingdom offers no parallel, nor even any near approximation,—is sufficient to account for. That the senses of man and of other animals will not explain all their varied and wonderful mental phenomena, and that the superiority of man can by no means be deduced from any pre-eminence in this part of his construction, are truths too obvious to require farther notice. Some modern inquirers have gone beyond this general statement, and have ventured to particularise, in the brains of animals and of men, the organ or residence of each propensity, feeling, and intellectual power. I cannot pronounce on the accuracy and completeness of the mental and cerebral survey executed by Messrs. Gall and Spurzheim, nor pretend to judge of the exactness and fidelity with which the numerous positions are marked down in their very complete and well-filled map of the brain. They appeal to observation for the confirmation or refutation of their statements; but my observations are not numerous or varied enough for these purposes. No one can refuse to them the merit of patient inquiry, careful observation, and unprejudiced reflection. They have performed the useful service of rescuing us from the trammels of doctrines and authorities, and directing our attention to nature. Her instructions cannot deceive us: whether the views of Gall and Spurzheim may be verified or not, our labours in this direction must be productive, must bring with them collateral advantages."* It will be remarked that when Mr. Law-

* Lawrence's Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man, chap. vii. p. 237. From this work, various pas-

rence's Lectures were published, Gall and Spurzheim were generally regarded by the public,—in accordance with what had been said of them four years previously in the *Edinburgh Review*,—as peripatetic quacks and mountebanks, and “cunning craniologers” to whose character “the suspicion of *mala fides*” was “inseparably attached.”

In 1820, Sir George S. Mackenzie's “*Illustrations of Phrenology*,” 8vo. were published in Edinburgh. Sir George was originally a scoffer, but during the last twenty years has been a steady and ardent prosecutor of the study. He is the author of another work, in some measure based on phrenology, entitled “*An Essay on some Subjects connected with Taste*,” 8vo. Edin. 1817. In this he successfully combats Mr. Alison's views upon Taste.

Another early defender of the phrenological system appeared in 1820, in the person of Dr. John Elliotson, now Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the London University. In one of the notes to the third edition of his translation of Blumenbach's *Physiology*, published in that year, he thus expresses himself on the subject:—“Much disgraceful invective but no argument has been written against the doctrine. We are presented with a simple statement—that strength of certain parts of the mind is accompanied by strong developement of certain parts of the brain, and, consequently, of the skull. The truth must be ascertained, not by fancying, quibbling, and abusing, but by observing whether this is the case; and every one has it in his power to make the necessary observations. I had heard of a religious bump, a thievish bump, and a murderous bump, and was as lavish of my ridicule and contempt of Dr. Gall's doctrine as any one, till I heard Dr. Spurzheim's lectures in the Medico Chirurgical Society; his modesty, candour, and sound sense, struck me powerfully; his anatomical facts were demonstrated; his metaphysics were simple and natural, and the truth of his craniology was evidently to be ascertained by personal observation only. I commenced observation; and so satisfied was I of its correctness, that, whilst the storm was yet raging violently against the German physicians, I wrote an anonymous defence of them in the only review that declared itself their friend. Three years have now elapsed, and my observations have been much extended, but they all confirm Dr. Spurzheim's statements. Of the accuracy of his general division of the organs, and of the situation of many particular ones, I am quite certain. Upon some organs I have not yet made sufficient observations, and I have no doubt that our views of the functions of many organs will be much modified and improved. The wonder is, that so much has been already done, and that by only sages more completely phrenological than the above might easily be quoted.

two individuals. The whole praise of discovery belongs to Dr. Gall; but Dr. Spurzheim has made such advances and improvements as to have almost equal merit." In his lectures at the London University, Dr. Elliotson teaches phrenology to the medical students, many of whom have been imbued with a sense of its value and importance, and will unquestionably spring up as its defenders in different parts of the country. In the 487th number of the *Lancet*, published about two years ago, Dr. Elliotson thus alludes to his phrenological labours:—"My sole merit, if I have any, is to have studied the subject carefully before I either condemned or defended it, and, when satisfied of its truth, to have avowed my conviction in spite of the pity and contempt of those of my own profession and others, who might formerly have been of assistance to me in a worldly point of view, and who, with others less influential, contributed for a time, through their expressions of regret, to the slowness of my progress, although they never had qualified themselves to entertain any opinion upon the matter."

On 22d February 1820, there was founded, in Edinburgh, the first association for improving and disseminating phrenology—"THE PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY." Its projector, as we formerly noticed, was the Rev. David Welsh, now Dr. Welsh, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. At first the members were only six in number, but a considerable increase shortly afterwards took place. In 1824, when a volume of Transactions was published, there were 56 ordinary members, of whom 9 were physicians or surgeons, 4 clergymen, 21 lawyers, and 5 artists. The volume of Transactions alluded to was of great service in diffusing correct views of phrenology and its applications. No subsequent volume has appeared under the same title; several of the leading members having commenced, in December 1824, an 8vo. quarterly publication, "The Phrenological Journal and Miscellany," which has now attained its 44th number, and is the chief organ of the British phrenologists. "Its object," say the conductors, "is to advance and diffuse a knowledge of the true Philosophy of Mind, and to draw attention to the numerous applications of which it is susceptible in improving and directing the moral, intellectual, and physical powers of man. The principles which it unfolds are still unknown to a large proportion of the British public, who would be deeply interested by the subject if they were acquainted with its nature and tendencies. The conductors of the Journal are warranted in making this statement by the experience of those who, having overcome their prejudices, have fairly examined the work. Impressed with a conviction of the advantages which Phrenology affords in its applications, they devote much of its space to the communication of useful and practical knowledge connected with

the various departments of human affairs. The subject of Education, in particular, occupies a large share of attention; and every endeavour is made to spread among the people clear and intelligible information regarding the effects of bodily and mental Exercise, and of the different occupations of mankind, on the welfare and happiness of individuals; the means of improving the Institutions, Manners, and Customs of society; the principles of Criminal Legislation; and the nature and treatment of Insanity." We may add, that the Phrenological Journal is decidedly hostile to the dogma of the inherent corruption and depravity of human nature.

In the year 1821, the celebrated Mr. Abernethy published "Reflections on Gall and Spurzheim's System of Physiognomy and Phrenology," 8vo. wherein the subject is treated with unusual candour and respect. As to the physiognomical part of the system, he professes himself "incompetent to give an opinion"—and for this strange reason, that, "when I first heard Dr. Spurzheim's lectures, I candidly told him, that though I admitted his opinions might be true, yet I would never inquire whether they were so or not; because I believed the proposed mode of judging of one another to be unjust, and likely to be frequently productive of erroneous and injurious conclusions."—p. 5. It is difficult to perceive how phrenology, *if* true, should be capable of leading to injurious results: if such fears be well-founded, there must be something very anomalous about the system—it must form a remarkable exception to the general rule, that from truth no evil consequences can ensue. But though unwilling to admit the accuracy of the *physiognomical* views of Gall and Spurzheim, Mr. Abernethy expresses unqualified approbation of their *philosophy*. "The views," he says, "which Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have taken of the nature of the dispositions and faculties of man and animals, appear to me, however, both new and philosophical, and these admit of being surveyed without any reference to organization or its supposed situation."—p. 11. He then proceeds to give a summary of the mental faculties described by phrenologists, and subjoins these remarks:—"The foregoing representation of human nature, when viewed in its proper light and with due attention, must, I think, please every one; for it is not like others heretofore presented to us, which appear in comparison but as mere diagrams, the result of study and imagination; whilst this seems like a portrait from life by masterly hands."—p. 47. "In short, I readily acknowledge my inability to offer any rational objection to Gall's and Spurzheim's system of Phrenology, as affording a satisfactory explanation of the motives of human actions."—p. 48. On this admission we would observe, that in bestowing such commendation on the *philosophy* of Gall and Spurzheim, Mr. Abernethy affords very strong grounds for presuming that the

organology, from which that philosophy sprung, is equally worthy of acceptance. For it is evident, that, unless the *organology* be true, we must ascribe to Gall and Spurzheim an amount of talent, penetration, and knowledge, sufficient for the *invention* of the harmonious philosophical system described by Mr. Abernethy; the possession of which qualifications is certainly more incredible than the entire body of phrenological science.

In March 1823, the Medico-Chirurgical Review stood forward in defence of phrenology, and has ever since befriended it. This Review is well known as the leading medical journal in Britain. "Many persons, no doubt," it is said, "regard the doctrine as too ridiculous to merit a serious refutation, but we cannot subscribe to this opinion. The writings of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim themselves are worthy of a calm and philosophical refutation if they contain erroneous views; but when other men of judgment, and not destitute of talent, come forward as supporters of their opinions,—and not only so, but when societies are formed for their cultivation,—we suspect that the tide of ridicule will soon begin to flow in an opposite direction, if those who patronise the established system persevere in this supercilious treatment of their opponents. The contempt of the Chinese for the science and literature of Europe, does not arise from a more enlarged and comprehensive understanding in that nation, but it marks the extent to which ignorance and prejudice possess the mastery over their minds." In October 1826, the following opinions were expressed in the same periodical:—"Phrenology is more intimately connected with the applications of medical knowledge than may at first sight be apparent: on this account, therefore, we recognise in the science of its principles a legitimate and useful subject of professional inquiry. We must acknowledge at the same time, that we feel impelled, by the pure force of multifarious and unquestionable evidence, to regard this as the most intelligible and self-consistent system of mental philosophy that has ever yet been presented to the contemplation of inquisitive men."

The London Phrenological Society was founded by Dr. Elliotson in 1824; and two years afterwards, as was mentioned at the conclusion of our fourth paper, Dr. Spurzheim fixed his residence in England. Towards the end of 1826, Dr. S. visited Cambridge, at the university of which he was received with much respect. The use of one of the public lecture-rooms was granted to him by license of the Vice-Chancellor; and his audience, which comprised men of the first name and influence in the university, was upwards of one hundred in number. He lectured on a dissection of the brain more than once in the lecture-room of the anatomical professor, and was feasted in the college-halls every day he was there. Soon afterwards he lectured in Bath and Bristol, where

unusually numerous audiences were attracted; and in April 1827 he gave a course at the London Institution, which was attended by upwards of seven hundred persons. In the course of this year he published a small work entitled "Outlines of Phrenology; being also a Manual of Reference for the Marked Busts." Having been invited by the Hull "Society for Phrenological Inquiry" to lecture in that town, he complied with their request in December 1827, and immediately afterwards proceeded to Edinburgh, where he delivered a course of popular lectures to two hundred auditors, besides a course on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the brain to eighty medical gentlemen. On 25th January 1828, the Phrenological Society gave him a public dinner, on which occasion he expressed his delight at the unlooked for rapidity with which phrenology had made its way:—"Dr. Gall and myself," said he, "often conversed together about the future admission of our doctrines: though we relied with confidence on the invariable laws of the Creator, we however never expected to see them in our lifetime admitted to such a degree as they really are."* The present writer met him in Edinburgh on the occasion of this visit, and had the pleasure of attending some of his lectures.

After visiting Glasgow, where he lectured to a class of 250, and also to 60 medical practitioners and others, Dr. Spurzheim returned to London, where he soon afterwards published his "Sketch of the Natural Laws of Man," 12mo. 1828, a work full of important views, which Mr. Combe has more fully developed in his treatise on the Constitution of Man. In 1829, he lectured in Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, Bakewell, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, Wakefield, and Leeds; and in the following year at Dublin, where he was elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Irish Academy. He was also invited to a public dinner by the Christian Unitarian Congregations of Strand-street and Eustace-street, where his health was proposed by the Rev. Dr. Drummond, after some eloquent prefatory observations. The conclusion of Dr. Spurzheim's reply deserves to be quoted. "Genuine philosophy and genuine religion are very nearly akin. The one explores the elder volume of Nature; the other investigates the later volume of Divine Revelation. Both unite in their practical results—both promote the present improvement of man—both conduce to his ultimate felicity. Without attaching myself particularly to any of the religious denominations in the British Islands, I cannot but express my approbation of the liberal and enlightened views of that class to which the present meeting belongs. I admire their universal good will; I admire their fearless and zealous pursuit of truth; I admire their patient forbearance amidst calumny and misrepresentation. These must gain them the respect

* Phrenological Journal, vol. v. p. 108.

even of their opponents; these prove that they have caught the meek and generous spirit of Him whose religion it is their object and end to vindicate from all corruption and abuse. May you prosper and be happy!"*

Towards the end of 1830, Dr. Spurzheim went to Oxford with the intention of lecturing there; but he was not so fortunate as to obtain the requisite consent of the Vice-Chancellor. "How happy we are," he exclaims, in a letter published by Mr. Carmichael, "that priestcraft has no more power! Oxford does in 1830 what the Jesuits did in 1822, and the Austrian Government in 1802. The signs of the times, however, are strong; but the clergy will be satisfied only where they command."† It is proper to observe, that this refusal was the act of Vice-Chancellor Jenkins, and that lectures in Oxford by another phrenologist were shortly afterwards permitted by his successor.

In 1831, Dr. Spurzheim transferred his residence to Paris, where he lectured during the winter, and published in the beginning of 1832, a small "Manuel de Phrenologie," which is the last of his works. Having received pressing invitations from his friends in the United States of America, he formed the resolution of disseminating his views in the New World, and accordingly embarked at Havre on 20th June 1832.

R. C.

MONTHLY RECORD.

AUGUST 1, 1835.

TRACT DISTRIBUTION AT LYNN, NORFOLK.—With a hope that the following account may not be void of interest, and that, if desirable, it may lead to similar and enlarged attempts, and also with the intention of convincing those who have assisted us, that we have not neglected the assistance given, we, the undersigned tract distributors, request its insertion in the pages of the "Christian Pioneer."

ROBERT JOLLY.

WILLIAM SHENSTON.

HENRY INKSON.

W. S. WEEKLEY.

S. H. SMITH.

MARY ANN WESTWOOD.

GEORGE SELBY.

In the year 1833, some few members of the Unitarian Christian Congregation, King's Lynn, considered it very probable that the cause of truth and virtue might be promoted by a free distribution of tracts, a plan which they knew had been long adopted by other Christian bodies. Having made known their opinion, and their readiness to become distributors, a meeting of the congregation was called to take the

* Carmichael's Memoir of the Life and Philosophy of Spurzheim, p. 40.

† Id. p. 42.

subject into consideration; a sum was immediately raised for purchasing tracts, and seven young men commenced a weekly distribution, calling every Sunday morning for the tracts left the week before, and leaving another in exchange. The tracts, thus employed, are principally those printed in America, and by the "Christian Tract Society." Donations of books and tracts were presented on application, by the "Unitarian Association," and by the "Eastern Unitarian Society."

Such a proceeding in the present age could not be expected to pass unnoticed; and, in addition to many private exhortations not to read the tracts, of which we heard from time to time, they were at last publicly denounced from the pulpit by a minister of the Established Church. Urged on, no doubt, by the same cause, the same minister, by hand-bill, announced his intention to preach a sermon on Trinity Sunday 1834, in scriptural defence of the Trinity. That we might hear this sermon, the Unitarian chapel was closed; but instead of a scriptural defence of the Trinity, it proved an unscriptural attack on Unitarians and their doctrines.

A public examination of this sermon was entered into the following Sunday at the Unitarian place of worship, and the sermon being afterwards printed, an examination of it was also published; of which, either singly, or stitched up with the sermon, several hundreds of copies were sold.

From this time, the demand for our tracts increased; new readers were found every week; and we have no doubt that, with more distributors, and a proper supply of tracts, the number circulated might be more than doubled.

Considering the circumstances which have been stated, we think the "Lynn Unitarian Tract Society" may be appealed to as pointing out the means, by which a knowledge of the Unitarian doctrines may be considerably extended; and knowing the nature of those doctrines, it is not surely too much to encourage a hope, that the cause of genuine Christianity—including the enlightening of the mind and the purifying of the heart—will be thereby promoted.

In connection with the above, a party of about seventy assembled on Friday, 17th April last, to drink tea and pass the evening. Not having a vestry, or school-room, connected with the chapel, the meeting was held in the large room at the "Duke's Head Inn," and was composed, not only of both sexes, and of various ages, but what was yet more pleasing, of several of different denominations, and all seemed to feel considerable interest and pleasure in the proceedings. A hymn of thanks being sung at the end of the social meal, and the chair taken by the minister of the place, the evening was employed in submitting various resolutions to the meeting, connected with the utility of circulating tracts, preceded by such remarks as were thought

appropriate. In the course of the evening, the meeting was addressed by Mr. James Keed, and some of the tract distributors, who gave an account of their past proceedings; by which it appears that upwards of three hundred and sixty moral and religious tracts, illustrating and defending the Unitarian Christian doctrines, are weekly left at different houses; and stating, at the same time, their full conviction, that with more distributors, and a larger supply of tracts, this number might be very considerably enlarged.

In this manner, each person partaking of such refreshment as he pleased, was an evening passed, (the meeting not breaking up till ten o'clock, after a hymn of praise had been sung,) much to the apparent satisfaction of all assembled; and the recollection of which, we trust, will afford a pleasing conviction, that the *union* of the social and religious is suited to the gratification and improvement of the mind.

CHRISTIAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of this Society was held in Worship-street Chapel, London, on Thursday, May 7th—J. A. Yates, Esq. in the chair. From the statement presented by the Treasurer, it appeared that the receipts for the year had been £119 : 5s. 11d. and expenditure, £114 : 14s. leaving a balance of £4 : 11s. 11d.—the tracts circulated during last year, 11,651, making a total of 500,336 since the formation of the Society. The assets of the property of the Society, together with arrears of subscription, were £578 : 6s. 10d. and debts due, £72 : 4s. 6d. The Committee's report was then read, and after expressing their hope that some successful attempts had been made, by means of this Society, towards the diffusion of pure morality, through the circulation of upwards of half a million of tracts tending, as they hoped, towards that object, —they proceed to say, in reference to a resolution passed at the last annual meeting, authorising them to drop such tracts in the series as they might deem of inferior merit, and thus compress the series into fewer volumes,—that although they have not been called to act definitively upon it, they are persuaded that its operation cannot but be beneficial to the Society. The report proceeds to say, that during the last year two new parts of Cottage Sermons had been published, and that two parts more will in all probability complete the volume. Upwards of 2,500 copies of the parts already published have been disposed of; and the volume when completed, the Committee trust will be of real service to the cause which all must agree in upholding—the inculcating of the divine precepts of Gospel morality. The Committee have also published a new edition of Robinson's Morning Exercises, a work of acknowledged merit, and they hope it will prove acceptable to the subscribers. The Committee also allude to the introduction of tracts, published by other individuals, of

a moral character, into their catalogue; but trust that such extension will not be carried so far as to interfere with the publication of tracts more under the immediate superintendence of the Society. The Committee conclude their report by noticing the loss the Society has sustained during the past year, by the death of several of the old subscribers; and urging upon those that remain, continued and increased exertions. If such exertions be not made, the Committee fear that their successors in office will be much impeded in their endeavours to extend the influence of pure Christian principles. Most earnestly, therefore, would they call upon all those who value that object, to come forward to aid an institution which has now laboured in this cause more than twenty-five years.

Thanks being voted to the chairman, who, previous to the meeting, gave an additional donation of £10 to the Society, the meeting adjourned. Communications are requested to be addressed to the Secretary, Hackney; or at the office of the Society, 23 Threadneedle-street.

THE Annual Meeting of the Kent and Sussex Unitarian Association was held at the General Baptist Chapel, Chatham, June 23. Mr. Saint of Headcorn gave out the hymns; Mr. Squier of Deptford prayed; and Mr. Kenrick of Hampstead preached a highly interesting discourse from Mat. xxiii. 24. He replied in a forcible and masterly manner to the arguments in favour of Church Establishments drawn from the Levitical law, explained the amount of tithe received by the Levites, and the manner in which it was proportioned, and contrasted it with the practice of the present day. The business of the Association was transacted in the chapel, Mr. Robert Cooper of Maidstone in the chair. At dinner, Mr. Carter of Chatham ably presided. Several excellent and interesting speeches were made by Messrs. Kenrick, Thomas, Howorth of Bury, Lancashire, Prentis, Mardon, and others. The friends took tea together in the Chapel; one hundred and seventy being present. Several pieces of sacred music were performed. Mr. Kenrick spoke on family prayer; Mr. Squier on city missions; Mr. Saint on Sunday schools; and Mr. Mardon on the study of the Scriptures.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Some strange exhibitions of inconsistency and intolerance, to use no stronger term, were made at the late meeting of this ecclesiastical body. They refused to fraternise with the Genevese, in celebrating the tri-centenary of the Reformation, on the 23d August—because they assert them to hold “fatal, soul-destroying doctrines;” and they appoint a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, for themselves—because of their own “multiplied and aggravated transgressions”—and in order

“to turn away” “the threatened judgments” of the Almighty. And much need have they for “*fasting*,” if that would atone for their “multiplied and aggravated transgressions.” Was it not stated by one of the leading members of the General Assembly, Dr. Cook, that he knew one parish of *three thousand* souls, in which there were only *twenty* communicants? and that “there were parts of Scotland, where the condition of the people was more deplorable even than this”? Are we not asked to believe, on the same authority, that there are “many ministers of this Church exceedingly ignorant of her statutes”? Did not an occurrence at this very Assembly prove also ignorance of a more fearful kind—ignorance of the statutes of Christianity, the natural sentiments of right and wrong? Did not Mr. M‘Clellan, in his place in the Assembly, state the “*fact* of a member of this House being *feloniously* personated,” in order to carry the vote on a particular subject? Truly, brotherhood with such parties would have added nothing, either to the dignity or purity of the Church of Geneva. The *doctrines* of the Genevese may be “fatal, soul-destroying;” but their *practice* cannot lead to grosser violations of the principles and precepts of the Gospel, than are acknowledged to have occurred among the members—ay, and in the General Assembly of the divines of the Church of Scotland.

And yet, in the face of all this, Principal M‘Farlan could venture to say, “If once they allowed the *voluntary principle* to creep in among them, it would sink them to the level of their opponents.” *Their opponents!*—the Dissenters we presume are meant. Can the Principal point out the Dissenting congregation of three thousand souls, in which only twenty individuals adhere to a Christian ordinance? Can he adduce an instance, among the Dissenters of Scotland, of language and conduct such as that which marked the *elevation* of principle and practice so honourable to the last General Assembly? “*Sink to the level!*” The phrase is as inappropriate as would be that of “the purity and perfection of the University of Glasgow.” The voluntary principle will not “*creep in*” to the Church of Scotland;—with bold and unsparing hand it will expose the delinquencies both of Hierarchies and Universities, and found the religious independence of the people on the practice of honesty, justice, and truth.

“Threatened judgments” of the Almighty! Where are they declared? To whom have they been communicated? There are declarations of the evil consequences which shall follow the violations of duty—falsehood, oppression, malice, uncharitableness; but these are rules for universal obedience, not enactments for a particular people, not visitations to an individual church. There is too—blessed be God!—a universal Providence, guiding the onward progress of man, mani-

festing, both in past history and by present fact, that every thing alien to the improvement, liberty, and happiness of the human family, must be overturned—destroyed. These “threatened judgments,” it may be, the Church of Scotland fears;—but no fasting will avert them,—they are proofs that verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth—they are pledges of man’s meliorated condition here—they are signs of his ultimate salvation.

There was a time when the commandment for a Fast by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland would have filled the land with men of a sad countenance. That time, we rejoice to say, is numbered with the days of old. This Fast-day has been a feast-day to many, of business to some, of pleasure to more. The avocations and aspect of the people have given a reproof to hypocrisy, bigotry, and cant. The “power of the keys” is waning—the triumph of Christian liberty over Presbyterianism, and Christian truth over Calvinism, draweth nigh.

DIED at his house near Stirling, on the 16th April, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, Mr. William Morrison. This respected individual will be remembered by many of our readers both in Scotland and England, as having carried on the business of manufacturer and hosier for a long period in this city. Possessed of a vigorous and inquiring mind, Mr. Morrison attended the religious services conducted by Dr. Spencer of Bristol, and Thomas Fyshe Palmer in Glasgow; and in 1789, avowed himself a Christian Unitarian. These principles guided him through life, and imparted to him peace in death. For many years he was the Treasurer of the Glasgow Unitarian Congregation, and cheerfully contributed his time and means to the promotion of its interests. The last years of his life were passed free from the bustle and cares of business in a peaceful village in the neighbourhood of Stirling. There, by the promptitude with which he responded to the claims of charity and usefulness, he endeared himself to the inhabitants; and in grateful expressions, that he had reached a good old age—had no fear of death—was free from pain,—he waited with cheerful resignation the summons of the One eternal Father he had rejoiced to worship and serve in Christ Jesus; and his departure was in peace.

THE Fifth Anniversary, since its re-establishment, of the Scottish Unitarian Christian Association, will be held at the Unitarian Chapel, PAISLEY, on the last Sunday of this month, August 30. The Rev. Charles Wicksteed, B. A. of the Park Chapel, Liverpool, and the Rev. B. T. Stannus of Edinburgh, will preach; and the Revds. H. Clarke of Dundee, H. Giles of Greenock, James Forrest, M. A. of Paisley, and George Harris, will take part in the services of the day.

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. VIII.

“TIME and tide wait for no man,” says a current adage. And why should they? Incalculable mischief, with but small benefit, would be the result of their halting. The cessation of the ocean’s roll and the earth’s whirl, might for the moment please some peevish complainer, but would soon ruin the world. Stop nature’s machine, and destruction to man and beast is the effect. Let the globe remain in space just where it is this day and hour, September the 1st, at ten o’clock at night, and all the waters be immoveably fixed where they now are, and let this state of things be preserved for what would otherwise be called a year, and what are the consequences? The sun’s direct rays then continue to fall upon the central portion of the Pacific Ocean, and it boils; and the Atlantic Ocean, the Mediterranean Sea, the Indian Ocean, and most of the waters in the old world, are left to freeze. Europe, except a small part of the north; Asia, with the exception of its eastern extremity, and the whole of Africa, are consigned to a long and cheerless night. In such a state of things, man could not long exist. And yet how often in sad repinings, as if at something wrong, is sighed forth the truism, “Time and tide wait for no man.” But in this, as in numberless other cases, men are sad and complaining, when they should be glad and grateful. Too much like children, they whine, and pout, and storm over that which does not suit them for the moment, heedless of what would be the consequences, to themselves and others, of the gratification of their present wish. They grant that the Father of all, doubtless always does that for his children which is best; but then, they would occasionally have him alter his plan. They will not, at least in plain words, tax his wisdom, nor question his goodness. But they can think of something at times, that would be wiser and better: your way may be best, but we should like to have our own. It may be most beneficial in the end, as well as upon the whole, that the system of things should go on as it does, but there are cases, not unfrequently occurring, in which we would have it altered. The weather, the seasons, the action of the sun and wind, the irregularities of the earth, the restlessness of the sea, and the succession of periods and events, are, all in turn, subjects of bitter complaint—all spoken of as arrangements that might be very considerably improved.

Thus is very extensively evinced, a strong inclination to “teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule.” Nor is this feeling confined to the profane. No little of what is termed religious worship, is scarcely any thing better than demurring to Heaven’s dealings, and dictating to the Universal Sovereign. In the very act of adoring the Deity, owning that He is unerringly wise, resistlessly powerful, boundlessly good, and

always does that which is best; and has created all beings and things, from angels to worms, from the universe to the grain of sand, according to his pleasure, and made them all good; in the act of humbly professing acquiescence in his will, and submission to his appointments and dispensations; in the act of giving him thanks for creation and preservation, for powers of body and faculties of mind; in the act of seeking aid for human weakness, enlightenment of human ignorance, and the correction of human error;—the worshipper not unfrequently, as if by way of renouncing all these acknowledgments and professions, tells the Deity, at large, how he would have all things managed; speaks to him of failures that have taken place in the plans of the Eternal; reminds the Most High, that human nature is not what he intended it to be; informs Him, that the Church is in danger, and unless he take more care of it, wicked men will destroy it; instructs Him, how to deal with the various classes of society, and the different sections of the world; taxes, not indeed the Deity himself, but the whole system of things as radically wrong, and proposes to the Creator, a multitude of amendments! And this abuse of self and nature; this profession of the grossest ignorance, and assumption of the most unerring wisdom; this acknowledgment, that every thing is good, and denouncing every thing bad; this glorying and grumbling; thanking and repining; imploring blessings upon all men; and pronouncing nine-tenths of them irremediably accursed, is termed religious humility, and dignified by the appellations—evangelical, orthodox!—How strangely men delude themselves and one another, with names! The single word “fashion,” has often done more mischief than an invading army. Just say, this system of theology is *orthodox*, but that is *heterodox*; and this short sentence will often have a more powerful effect in persuading the multitude to espouse and befriend that which is styled orthodox, and denounce and persecute that which is named heterodox, than a thousand of the wisest and most philanthropic works that were ever written.

The great bane of society is want of reflection and consistency. Men are not consistent, because they do not reflect. No one who fully considered, and clearly perceived that words cannot change things, and acted consistently with the knowledge, would allow himself to be enslaved by a phrase. Nor would any one who believes that the Creator is all-wise, all-powerful, all love, and reflects upon the inevitable consequences of these divine attributes, and desires to be consistent, ever permit himself to demur to the arrangements of nature, or presume to ask, especially in prayer, to have them altered. If time and tide wait not for man, it must be because it is better for man that they unceasingly pursue their wonted course. The tides must ebb and flow, while the moon moves.

According to the generally received doctrines of Newton, the phenomena of the tides are the result of attraction. Every particle of matter is attracted by every other particle; and this law extends to the sun, moon, and stars; with only these two qualifications, that the power of attraction is less and less, as the distance between the bodies increases, and that the relative bulks of the bodies will, when added to their distance from each other, determine the amount of attractive force that the one will exert upon the other. Thus, the moon attracts the earth towards herself, and the earth attracts the moon; and as the earth is about fifty times the bulk of the moon, the earth is understood to have an attractive power, as much greater than that of the moon, as the size of the former exceeds that of the latter. This influence would soon bring these bodies together, were not that issue prevented by a counteracting power. This power is the tendency of each body to fly off from the orbit along which it is moving, into a straight line, stretching away into boundless space. These two forces eventually balance each other, as do equal weights in opposite scales; and they find a point which determines the distance from one another that they shall preserve. This is also the case with the sun and earth; only the tendency to fly off is here limited to the latter body; still the final result is the same.

The bodies thus balanced by contrary forces, take up certain positions in space, and there being no opposition, not the least impediment to the onward movement of the earth and moon, they continually wheel round the sun; the moon also turning round the earth as they journey on together. Were this globe a solid mass, these forces would either not change its form at all, or an alteration having been once made, the new form would be permanently retained. But about two-thirds of the earth's surface is spread over with water. From the yielding nature and mobility of this element, it necessarily gives way to the slightest impression. That property in this fluid which allows the majestic vessel to move over its surface, and permits myriads of the finny tribes to disport them in its bosom, is the very property that answers to the influences of the sun and moon. The attraction of these bodies is exerted upon the entire globe of the earth; but that portion immediately opposite either of these luminaries, must of course be acted upon more directly and powerfully. When that portion so acted upon is water, it yields to the attraction within certain limits, and the fluid in that place is raised into a heap.

As the earth turns round on its axis, it presents all parts of its equatorial regions in succession to the moon and sun. Suppose it new moon; and then, as the sun and moon attract together, the heap of water raised will now be greatest, and this is found to be about a dozen feet in height in the

open sea. Now, as there is but a given quantity of water connected with our globe, an extra accumulation in one place must necessarily abstract from some other place, and leave there a deficiency. But as the earth turns round in twenty-four hours, this heap and this deficiency will in that period visit the whole circumference of the globe. This would occasion one high water and one low to every coast washed by the sea. But then, it is found that if the sun and moon attract the water into a heap on one side of the earth, the water on exactly the opposite side of the globe drops down, so to speak, and forms a corresponding heap there. Thus, then, there are always two heaps, and consequently two depressions on the earth; and therefore there will be two high tides and two low ones to every part of the ocean in the twenty-four hours, if the sun and moon remain in this position so long. But the moon rapidly changes her place; and at the first, and again at the last quarter of her age, she pulls, as it were, in opposition to the sun, that is, she tends to elevate the waters where the sun would depress them, and to lower them where the sun would raise them. Of course, at full moon the effect will be the same as at the new moon. The heaps, then, will be highest at the new and full moon, and lowest at the first and last quarters, or rather some hours after these joint or opposing influences have begun to operate.

The attraction of the moon is, on account of its proximity to our earth, about five times that of the sun, or, in other words, she raises the waters nearly five feet for the sun's one. The tides, therefore, stand intimately connected with the movements of the moon, just as if the sea always rejoicingly lifted itself up to embrace the queen of night. This up-raising of the ocean from the spaces upon which Luna looks down, causes a swinging to and fro of the entire mass of waters, like an enormous pendulum that requires more than six hours to make one oscillation, and each swing is a tide. These vibrations cannot be expected to be suspended, that some benighted traveller on the sands may escape drowning. The tide cannot wait for him, unless the moon will stand still, and the earth cease to move. But the traveller is a very religious and a very orthodox man, who has been preaching at a neighbouring village, and collecting money towards the support of missionaries to the heathens. He has been proclaiming the sound doctrine, that man is hateful in the sight of his Maker—that earth, and sea, and air, and sky, are charged to very repletion with the frowns and maledictions of the Deity—and that only an elect few can be saved! And now, surely, Divine Providence should interpose between the merciless waves and this faithful servant of God! Let those who think that there should be exceptions to general laws to suit such special cases, try to furnish rational answers to these questions of the gifted Pope:—

“ Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder and recal her fires?
 On air, or sea, new motions be impress’d,
 O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease if you go by?”

Gravitation must cease, if the minister is to have the tide arrested till he has gained the distant side of the estuary; and daily, hourly, innumerable interruptions of the laws of creation must occur, if the strange and conflicting requests of even the religious community were granted. But “time and tide wait for no man;” and thanksgiving, and praise, and honour, and glory be unto Him who appointed the times and the seasons, and enacted nature’s laws, and rules the raging sea, and conducts the planets along their paths, that he does not change his plans, and suspend the movements of this mighty machine, and the advance of events, to gratify the waywardness of morbid mortals’ fitful fancies. Oh, what a wretched world would this be, if time and tide were under the command of man! What inconceivable miseries would be entailed upon our race, if an assembly of divines could, by the appointment of a fast, prevail with the unchanging God to alter his appointments, and become a partizan, and enter into their narrow views, and become actuated by their exclusive spirit! Another assembly of divines, having other objects in view, might then, by the appointment of another fast, induce the Most High to alter his appointments again!—and that imagination which possesses a creating energy adequate to the task of forming millions of ideal worlds, would droop and die, under the labour of bodying forth only a thousandth part of the evils resulting from the instability of the Divine government, which would be superinduced by the Universal Governor’s adoption of the plans recommended to him by these divines. But He, in goodness, wisdom, and impartiality, legislates for all and for each; and it is for each and for all, to trust, adore, and serve him.

D. D.

SONNET.

THE day far spent, I’ll welcome letter’d ease,
 To pass the evening hour; yet ever mine
 To cherish, even till nature’s last decline,
 The wish, that virtue prompts, to serve and please.
 And now, Amanda! gayer thoughts than these
 Awake, or ere thy natal morning shine,
 And still to trace, through devious life,—be thine
 The ways of WISDOM, pleasantness, and peace.
 Her votary thou, from youth to latest age,
 Own her bland influence, her delights possess:
 Each human ill her presence can assuage,
 Or lend prosperity the liveliest glow,
 As blessing others, thou thyself shalt bless:
 That priceless good may favouring Heaven bestow.

SENILIUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

THOMAS EMLYN.—(Concluded from p. 276.)

Emlyn's friends in England and Ireland interceded to have his fine reduced; at first, there appeared no hope of success, but after a petition to the lord chancellor, he decided that "such exorbitant fines were against law," and the thousand pounds were in the end reduced to seventy, which sum was paid into the Queen's treasury. This was not all, however, for the Archbishop of Dublin demanded in addition, a shilling on the pound as the Queen's almoner, and he insisted that this amount should be paid on the *original fine*. He relaxed a little at last, after much altercation, and consented to take twenty pounds as a compromise for the whole. Emlyn was then released from prison, having given bonds for his good behaviour through life. This was on the 21st of July 1705, and he went immediately to England, never again returning to the country where he had endured such unparalleled scenes of trial, suffering, and danger.

During his imprisonment, he occupied himself with writing some of the pieces which have since been published, and also in preaching on the Sabbath in a large room, hired by him for the purpose. His audience consisted of such of the prisoners as were allowed to attend him, and a few persons of his former congregation, who were willing to brave the popular odium, that they might profit by his instructions, and prove the affection with which they still regarded their former spiritual guide, even in the midst of his bonds.

Arrived in London, he was soon employed to preach to a small congregation collected for this object. To this service he was devoted several years, receiving very little compensation, till by death and other incidents the congregation was dissolved. His being suffered to preach in London, gave offence to a few, who made extraordinary professions of orthodoxy, and a formal complaint was carried to Dr. Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury. But he knew the character of Emlyn, and was too wise and too charitable to molest him, notwithstanding the lower house of convocation represented it to the Queen as a grievance, that "weekly sermons were preached in defence of the Unitarian principles." Mr. Charles Leslie attacked Emlyn in a public manner, and complained that he should be permitted to preach. A controversy on certain theological points, was for a time kept up between them, in which our author was particularly successful in elucidating and defending his sentiments. Leslie had talents, but a slender stock of theological knowledge; he had a furious zeal, and dogmatical temper; he was boisterous and sarcastic; but he had little of the meekness of a Christian, and less of those moral refinements of character, so necessary in a fair and serious disputant.

Being thus retired from his ministerial charge, Emlyn preached no more except occasionally by invitation to a Baptist society at Barbican. He lived cheerfully and contentedly in retirement, deriving a sufficient income from his small fortune to supply his wants, and make him independent of the world. On the death of the celebrated Mr. Pierce of Exeter, about the year 1726, it was in agitation by the people of his society, to ask Mr. Emlyn to become his successor; but when our author heard of this movement, he requested them not to proceed, as there were weighty reasons, considering his advancing age and infirm health, why it would not be expedient for him to accept their invitation.

He formed an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Samuel Clarke, who, as soon as he learned the purity and disinterestedness of his character, treated him with marked kindness, and as a most confidential friend. For many years he seldom undertook or meditated any important project, without consulting Mr. Emlyn, and asking his advice. Our author has rendered a just and affectionate tribute for these acts of friendship and confidence, in a short memoir of Dr. Clarke, in which he has explained and triumphantly defended some points in the character of this truly pious, great, and learned man, against the suspicions of jealousy, and the calumnies of open hostility. Among the great and the good, who adorned the age in which he lived, few can be placed on a higher eminence than Dr. Clarke.

In the latter stages of his life, Emlyn felt severely the burden of declining years, but his mind continued vigorous, his spirit cheerful, and his religious affections lively and ardent. He wrote and studied, till this exercise became a weariness, and then his hours were passed, at the intervals of bodily pain, either in the conversation of friends, or in drawing materials for pious and grateful reflection from the inexhaustible resources of his own mind. He always spoke with the greatest satisfaction of the joy he felt in his religious opinions, and to his last hour praised God, that he had been pleased to open his mind to those truths, which the Saviour came into the world to reveal and publish for the good of man, and which he believed were the only true grounds of the sinner's hope. The last day of his life was serene and happy; not one lingering desire clung to the world; the hour had come and he was ready; full of gratitude for the past, and of humble confidence in the future, he looked forward with an eye of faith, that brightened and caught new beams of joy, as the taper of life faded, decayed, and expired. His spirit departed on the 30th of May, 1741, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The narrative of the persecutions suffered by this excellent man, is not without its benefit, even in our age; not that the recurrence of such a scene needs be apprehended; but it is of

eminent use for us to know the value of our religious privileges, and, what is more, to be prepared to maintain them against the usurpation of power, and the lawless ravings of fanaticism; for power will always usurp, bigotry will always rule with a tyrant's rod, and while the sun shall last, and the stars shine in the firmament, fanaticism will burn, and blast, and destroy. The reviving spirit of human improvement will do something to temper the rage of false zeal, and make religion worthy of the God who gave, and of the rational beings who profess it. How much, indeed, has it not done since the trial of Emlyn? Where is the dark corner of the civilised protestant world, in which such a blot on the face of society, such an insult to the majesty of law, and such violence to the rights of nature, would now be endured? The spirit, however, which prompts to an outrage like this, is not easily extinguished; when public sentiment makes it ashamed to appear in open day, and the stern sway of justice shortens the arm of its power, then it works in secret, it whispers of heresies that are abroad, and taints the passing breezes with the poison of slander. It is not changed in its nature, but only in the mode of its operation; it does not imprison, gibbet, and burn the body; it resorts to a different, but not less certain mode of ruining its victim; it seeks to undermine reputation, and to fix a stigma on character, and to stamp honest opinion with crime, by sounding the trumpet of alarm with the loud, harsh, ominous notes of heresy, infidelity, and irreligion, in the ears of the credulous multitude, till their minds are shocked at the fearful discord, and every good feeling is banished from the heart to make room for lurking suspicion, or to wake from their slumbers the devouring fires of passion.

Now, under whatever forms this spirit, so hostile to truth, virtue, and religion, may show itself, whether it aims to devour the body and substance, or blast the character, it equally behoves every friend of the public good and of true Christianity, to be on his guard against it. When the Chief Justice sentenced Emlyn to imprisonment and fine, for no other offence than that of conscientious opinion, he represented to him the mercy of this sentence, by telling him, that if he had been in Portugal or Spain, his mildest punishment would have been burning. Persecution may always use this argument. Unhappily, examples will not be wanting to sanction any enormity. Let the examples be forgotten, or cast off as a reproach to the history of man; let this presumption, which assumes authority over another's faith, be resisted, till it shall no longer have the power, if it have the will, to meddle, usurp, and oppress; let every Christian feel, that he has no dearer right than the liberty of conscience, and let him be at least as ready to show the purity of his faith, by the convincing argument of a good life, as by the tenacity with which he holds to the dark, intricate, and unintelligible dog-

mas of a long and ancient creed, woven in the web of a semi-barbarous philosophy, and perverted metaphysics, when

“For dubious meanings learn’d polemics strove,
And wars on faith prevented works of love;
The brands of discord far around were hurl’d,
And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world.”

Bishop Hoadly’s remarks in reference to the case of Emlyn, written ten or twelve years after the event, may with propriety be quoted here. They are contained in his ironical Dedication to the Pope, which was prefixed to Sir Richard Steele’s *Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion*. Hoadly tells the Pope, with what facility the Protestants could manage to set up a prosecution of their brethren, who differ from them, notwithstanding they have abjured the authority exercised by his Holiness’ Church in passing judgment on others in matters of faith; and this, he adds, is not confined to the national Church of England, but is equally the delight of Dissenters, when a proper occasion offers. He then goes on to say,

“This hath been experienced, particularly in Ireland, by one who could not see exactly what they saw about the nature of Christ, before his appearance in the world. For, as with you, a man had better blaspheme Almighty God, than not magnify the blessed Virgin, so with many of us, it is much more innocent and less hazardous to take from the glory of the Father, than of his Son. Nay, to bring down the Father to a level with his own Son is a commendable work, and the applauded labour of many learned men of leisure; but to place the Son below his own Father in any degree of real perfection, this is an unpardonable error; so unpardonable that all hands were united against that unhappy man; and he found, at length, that he had much better have violated all God’s commandments, than have interpreted some passages of Scripture differently from his brethren. The Nonconformists accused him, the Conformists condemned him, the Secular Power was called in, and the cause ended in an imprisonment and a very great fine; two methods of conviction about which the Gospel is silent.”

The writings of Emlyn were collected and published in three volumes octavo, a fourth edition of which appeared in the year 1746. The first volume contains a memoir of the life of the author, written by Sollom Emlyn, to which is added an appendix, comprising Emlyn’s own narrative of the proceedings against him at Dublin. In this volume are also found the Humble Inquiry, five other Tracts chiefly of a controversial nature in reply to Mr. Boyse, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Sherlock, Dr. Willis, and others, and also a treatise on Baptism. In the second volume, are the remarks on Leslie’s writings against Unitarians, an inquiry into the authenticity of the celebrated text of the three heavenly witnesses in John,

together with an answer to Mr. Martin's dissertation on this subject, and also four other tracts, and a brief memoir of the life and sentiments of Dr. Samuel Clarke. The third volume is composed wholly of sermons.

The "Humble Inquiry" is a fair specimen of Mr. Emlyn's mode of thinking, his powers of reasoning, and style of composition. To explain and convince is in every part the obvious purpose of the author, and his main effort is to come to the argument with the fewest words, and by the shortest course. A clearer exposition of his opinions, and a more natural and connected chain of reasoning to support them, could not well be imagined.

His examination of Leslie's dialogue relating to the "Satisfaction of Jesus Christ," is one of the best treatises on this subject, which has been written. The difficulties of the satisfaction scheme are set forth in their proper dimensions, and pressed with a powerful weight of argument drawn from the nature of rewards and punishments, the Scriptures, and the character of the Supreme Being.

The "Inquiry into the Original Authority of the Text, 1 John, v. 7," concerning the three heavenly witnesses, is a performance of very great merit, considering the time in which it was produced. It was among the first which appeared on that side of the question, for although Sir Isaac Newton's great argument had been written, and sent in manuscript to Le Clerc in Holland some time before, yet it was not known to the public till nearly thirty years afterwards. Emlyn proves himself thoroughly master of the subject, as far as the means of knowledge were then within his reach, and although he does not discover the same profound logic as Sir Isaac Newton, nor the same astonishing compass of learning and exuberance of wit as the gigantic Porson in his reply to Travis, yet he selects and combines his materials with a skilful hand, and reasons closely and conclusively. Mr. Martin, minister of the French church at Utrecht, wrote in defence of the Text, and a controversy ensued between him and Mr. Emlyn.

The "Sermons" of our author, are chiefly remarkable for their plainness of style, vigour of thought and expression, clearness of method, directness of manner, and their strictly practical tendency. One sermon in the volume, entitled "Funeral Consolations," written immediately after the death of his wife in Dublin, has been often commended as one of the rarest examples of this species of composition in the language, showing the happy union of deep feeling at a most afflictive loss, with the calm resignation of a firm and pious mind to the will of Providence.

The other tracts in these volumes, are of more or less value, according to the subjects on which they treat. Some of them had a temporary object, and consequently a temporary in-

terest; but there are very few from which instruction may not be derived to the student in theology at the present day. It was the author's fortune to be driven into controversy, but he never lost his temper, nor descended to recrimination; his retorts were not pointed with sarcasm, nor his pleasantry with malice; his victory was that of argument; his triumph was the conviction of an honest mind, resolved to defend itself against the assaults of hardened injustice, and in all seasons to be the unwearied champion of truth, right, liberty, and religion.

PHRENOLOGY, No. VII.

CONCLUSION OF ITS HISTORY.

"Let truth and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"—*Milton*.

It was the intention of Dr. Spurzheim to spend three years in the United States, to lecture in the principal towns, then to visit the different tribes of Indians in that part of America, and finally to return to Paris. He landed at New-York on the 6th of August 1832, and soon afterwards went to Boston, with some of whose citizens he had become acquainted in Europe. There he delivered a course of lectures on the anatomy of the brain, and commenced a popular course on phrenology; which latter was attended by a class varying in number from 300 to 600, according to the state of the weather. At the same time he lectured on alternate days at Harvard University, Cambridge, to a class of about seventy persons. Phrenology having met with a most favourable reception, he laboured with great earnestness to elucidate its principles; and as he was personally admired by the citizens, his company was in constant demand. "Added to these continued engagements," writes Mr. Nahum Capen of Boston, "our peculiarly changeable climate had an unfavourable influence on his constitution. Sudden changes exposed him to cold; and an incautious transition from a warm lecture-room to the evening air was attended with debilitating effects. This variety of causes brought on at first slight indisposition, which, if it had been attended to, might have been easily checked. Regarding his illness as of less consequence than the delivery of his lectures, he exerted himself for several days, when prudence required an entire cessation from labour."* The consequence was, an attack of fever, which, by confining him to bed, put a stop to his lectures. Declining to avail himself of remedies, he gradually became worse, till at length, on 10th November 1832, he expired. A meeting of his friends was held next morning—the Hon. Josiah Quincy, President of Har-

* Phrenological Journal, vol. viii. p. 127.

vard University, in the chair; when three committees were appointed—one to make arrangements for a public funeral; another to examine and embalm his body; and the third to take charge of his papers, casts, and other property.* At a special meeting of the Boston Medical Association, held on 14th November, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published:—

“The Boston Medical Association having received with great satisfaction the visit of the late Dr. G. Spurzheim; and their acquaintance with him having inspired them with high respect for his researches in anatomy and physiology, and a deep interest in his opinions on the moral and physical improvement of man; therefore,

“Resolved, That we view the decease of Dr. Spurzheim, and the termination of his labours, as a calamity to mankind, and, in an especial manner, to this country.

“Resolved, That a respectful letter be addressed to his friends in Europe, by the Secretary of this Association, detailing an account of his labours, his illness, and death, and the expression of public respect paid to his memory.

“Resolved, That this Association, as a body, will attend the funeral obsequies of the deceased.

“Resolved, That we recommend to our fellow-citizens the opinions of the deceased, on the improvement of our systems of education, and especially what relates to the developement of the physical powers and moral dispositions; and as they can no more expect to hear them from the lips of our lamented friend, that they lose no time in making a practical application of them to the existing state of our institutions for the culture of the human mind.”†

On 17th November, Dr. Spurzheim's remains were interred in presence of a large assemblage of the citizens of Boston, before whom an eloquent and impressive funeral oration was delivered by Dr. Charles Follen, Professor of German literature in Harvard University.‡ The following beautiful and affecting ode was written for the occasion, by the Rev. John Pierpont:—

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet;
All our stricken hearts deplore thee:
Who, that knew thee, can forget?

Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye—thy noble frame?
But that golden bowl is broken
In the greatness of thy fame.

* See Report of Proceedings, &c. in the *Phrenological Journal*, vol. viii. p. 203.

† *Phrenological Journal*, vol. viii. p. 205.

‡ See this Oration, *Id.* p. 317.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither
 On the spot where thou shalt rest;
 'Tis in love we bear thee thither,
 To thy mourning mother's breast.
 For the stores of science brought us,
 For the charm thy goodness gave
 To the lessons thou hast taught us,
 Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's priest, how pure and fervent
 Was thy worship at her shrine!
 Friend of man—of God the servant,
 Advocate of truths divine,—
 Taught and charmed as by no other,
 We have been, and hoped to be;
 But while waiting round thee, brother,
 For thy light, 'tis dark with thee!—

Dark with thee!—no; thy Creator,
 All whose creatures and whose laws
 Thou did'st love,—shall give thee greater
 Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
 To thy God thy godlike spirit
 Back we give in filial trust:
 Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
 To its chamber—but we must!

The conduct of the citizens of Boston towards Dr. Spurzheim redounds infinitely to their credit, and offers a striking contrast to the contumelious and neglectful treatment which he experienced so abundantly in Europe. His residence in America, though unhappily so brief, has excited a deep and wide-spreading interest in phrenology among our transatlantic brethren. On 31st December 1832, being his birth-day, the Boston Phrenological Society was established; and two months afterwards the number of its members had increased to about seventy-five. All Dr. Spurzheim's works, as well as those of Messrs. Combe, have been reprinted in Boston, and extensively circulated throughout the States. In October 1833 was published the first number of the "Annals of Phrenology," conducted by members of the Boston Phrenological Society. Five numbers of this periodical have appeared; and a series of duodecimo volumes, entitled "The Phrenological Library," has been announced by the same publishers. Societies have been instituted for the cultivation of the science in various parts of New England, and also in the State of New-York. A monthly periodical called "The Phrenological Magazine and New-York Literary Review" has been commenced at Utica, New-York; and a semi-monthly Phrenological Journal is announced at Poughkeepsie in the same State. In Philadelphia and Washington, the number of phrenologists may be presumed considerable, a Phrenological Society having been established in the former city so long ago as 1824, and another in the latter in 1826. In the eighth volume of "The Philadelphia Journal of the

Medical and Physical Sciences," edited by Professor Chapman (May 1824), there is a long and able exposition and defence of phrenology. "We feel ourselves," says the writer with exemplary candour, "more peculiarly called upon to the frequent and open avowal of our conviction of the truth of this science, as a kind of atonement for having so long and so wilfully declined inquiring into its merits, and for having spoken of it with a warmth of intolerance which we fear may have been regarded as an infringement on the rules of politeness, and a breach of courtesy. We may still farther confess, and in so doing speak for many of our friends, that accident, more than any fixed intention of making ourselves acquainted with the philosophy of the human mind, first led to our knowledge of phrenology. Months had elapsed without even inquiring after Gall or Spurzheim, though living in the same city with them—and we might have left Paris, but for an introduction to one of those good easy men whose probity we are more apt to admire than their talent. This gentleman, in the course of conversation, alluded to Dr. Spurzheim's lectures on phrenology, which were to commence on the following day, and spoke of them and the science in terms approbation. In reply to our expressions of ridicule, he of merely remarked, that before he heard the Doctor lecture, he thought as the present company then did on the subject, but he would add in conclusion, that if we took the same trouble, our conviction of the excellent tendency of the system would be as strong as his own. The proposition implied in this opinion was so reasonable, that we could make no answer, and determined to avail ourselves of the opportunity thus offered, without, however, an expectation of our sentiments undergoing any change. We attended Dr. Spurzheim's lectures to gain fresh matter for ridicule, rather than with a hope to add to our stock of useful knowledge. The duration of the course was short, and the vogue in which the new doctrines were, seemed to justify the sacrifice of a few days. The first hour was sufficient to dispel the prejudices arising from preconceived notions of Dr. Spurzheim's manner. We did not, as we expected, see a charlatan of the *quai*, with all his hurried utterance and vehement gestures, but a man calm and dispassionate in the delivery of his opinions, which, though advanced with philosophic caution, were supported by positive testimony, and occasionally embellished by a variety of analogical illustrations. Determined henceforth to listen to the Doctor dispassionately, we soon experienced a revolution in our mind, and felt that conviction of the truth of the great outlines of phrenology had superseded prejudice and disbelief. We found, now, something more practical and important in this method of studying the philosophy of the human mind, than by those which we had formerly essayed. We had not possession of words so harmonious in sound, or

poetically collocated in writing; but we obtained more definite and precise ideas of human nature, and a certain facility of analysing the operations of the human mind, and tracing the motives of conduct." pp. 180, 181.

We cannot conclude this account of the progress of phrenology in America without offering a tribute of admiration to Dr. Charles Caldwell, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice in Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky. By this gentleman, who is one of the most vigorous thinkers and writers in America, phrenology has, during the last ten years, been taught, elucidated, and defended, with untiring zeal. He is truly the Jupiter Tonans of phrenology in the United States, and its opponents have repeatedly experienced how fearful a thing it was to fall into his hands. The phrenological publications of Dr. Caldwell, mostly in the form of pamphlets, bear the following titles;—"Elements of Phrenology," Lexington, 1824; "New Views of Penitentiary Discipline," Philadelphia, 1829; "Essays on Malaria and Temperament," Lexington, 1831; "Thoughts on the Pathology, Prevention, and Treatment of Intemperance, as a Form of Mental Derangement," in the *Transylvania Journal of Medicine* for September 1832; "Thoughts on the True Mode of Improving the Condition of Man," Lexington, 1833; and "Thoughts on Physical Education," Boston, 1834. Considerable portions of these treatises will be found reprinted in the seventh and eighth volumes of the *Phrenological Journal*. R. C.

(No. VII. to be concluded in our next.)

THE FUTURE LIFE,

A Sermon preached on Easter Sunday, 1834, in the Federal-Street Church, Boston, by William E. Channing, D. D.

"He raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places."—Ephes. i. 20.

THIS day is set apart by the Christian world to the commemoration of Christ's resurrection. Many uses may be made of this event; but it is particularly fitted to confirm the doctrine of another life, and to turn our thoughts, desires, hopes towards another world. I shall employ it to give this direction to our minds.

There is one method in which Christ's resurrection gives aid to our faith in another life, which is not often dwelt on, and which seems to me worthy of attention. Our chief doubts and difficulties in regard to that state, spring chiefly from the senses and the imagination, and not from the reason. The eye, fixed on the lifeless body, on the wan features and the motionless limbs—and the imagination, following the frame into the dark tomb, and representing to

itself the stages of decay and ruin, are apt to fill and oppress the mind with discouraging and appalling thoughts. The senses can detect in the pale corpse, not a trace of the activity of that spirit which lately moved it. Death seems to have achieved an entire victory; and when reason and revelation speak of continued and a higher life, the senses and imagination, pointing to the disfigured and mouldering body, obscure by their sad forebodings the light which reason and revelation strive to kindle in the bereaved soul.

Now the resurrection of Christ meets, if I may so say, the senses and imagination on their own ground, contends with them with their own weapons. It shows us the very frame on which death, in its most humiliating form, had set its seal, and which had been committed in utter hopelessness to the tomb, rising, breathing, moving with new life; and rising not to return again to the earth, but, after a short sojourn, to ascend from the earth to a purer region, and thus to attest man's destination to a higher life. These facts, submitted to the very senses, and almost necessarily kindling the imagination to explore the unseen world, seem to me particularly suited to overcome the main difficulties in the way of Christian faith. Reason is not left to struggle alone with the horrors of the tomb. The assurance that Jesus Christ—who lived on the earth, who died on the cross, and was committed a mutilated, bleeding frame to the receptacle of the dead—rose uninjured, and then exchanged an earthly for a heavenly life, puts to flight the sad auguries, which rise like spectres from the grave, and help us to conceive, as in our present weakness we could not otherwise conceive, of man's appointed triumph over death.

Such is one of the aids given by the resurrection to faith in immortality. Still this faith is lamentably weak in the multitude of men. To multitudes, heaven is almost a world of fancy. It wants substance. The idea of a world, in which beings exist without these gross bodies, exist as pure spirits, or clothed with refined and spiritual frames, strikes them as a fiction. What cannot be seen or touched, appears unreal. This is mournful, but not wonderful; for how can men, who immerse themselves in the body and its interests, and cultivate no acquaintance with their own souls and spiritual powers, comprehend a higher, spiritual life? There are multitudes who pronounce a man a visionary, who speaks distinctly and joyfully of his future being, and of the triumph of the mind over bodily decay.

This scepticism as to things spiritual and celestial, is as irrational and unphilosophical as it is degrading. We have more evidence that we have souls or spirits, than that we have bodies. We are surer that we think, and feel, and will, than that we have solid and extended limbs and organs. Philosophers have said much to disprove the existence of

matter and motion; but they have not tried to disprove the existence of thought, for it is by thought that they attempt to set aside the reality of material nature.

Farther, how irrational is it to imagine, that there are no worlds but this, and no higher mode of existence than our own. Who that sends his eye through this immense creation, can doubt that there are orders of beings superior to ourselves, or can see any thing unreasonable in the doctrine, that there are states in which mind exists less circumscribed and clogged by matter than on earth—in other words, that there is a spiritual world? It is childish to make this infant life of ours the model of existence in all other worlds. The philosopher, especially, who sees a vast chain of beings, and an infinite variety of life on this single globe, which is but a point in creation, should be ashamed of that narrowness of mind, which can anticipate nothing nobler in the universe of God than his present mode of being.

How, now, shall the doctrine of a future higher life, the doctrine both of reason and revelation, be brought to bear more powerfully on the mind, to become more real and effectual? Various methods might be given;—I shall confine myself to one. This method is, to seek some clearer, more definite conception of the future state. That world seems less real, for want of some distinctness in its features. We should all believe it more firmly, if we conceived of it more vividly. It seems unsubstantial, from its vagueness and dimness. I think it right, then, to use the aids of Scripture and reason in forming to ourselves something like a sketch of the life to come. The Scriptures, indeed, give not many materials for such a delineation; but the few they furnish are invaluable, especially when we add to these the lights thrown over futurity by the knowledge of our own spiritual nature. Every new law of the mind which we discover, helps us to comprehend its destiny; for its future life must correspond to its great laws and essential powers.

These aids we should employ to give distinctness to the spiritual state; and it is particularly useful so to do, when excellent beings, whom we have known and loved, pass from earth into that world. Nature prompts us to follow them to their new abode—to inquire into their new life—to represent to ourselves their new happiness; and perhaps the spiritual world never becomes so near and real to us, as when we follow into it dear friends, and sympathise with them in the improvements and enjoyments of that blessed life. Do not say that there is a danger here of substituting imagination for truth. There is no danger if we confine ourselves to the spiritual views of heaven given us in the New Testament, and interpret them by the principles and powers of our own souls. To me the subject is too dear and sacred to allow me to indulge myself in dreams. I want reality—

I want truth; and this I find in God's Word and in the human soul.

When our virtuous friends leave the world, we know not the place where they go. We can turn our eyes to no spot in the universe, and say they are there. Nor is our ignorance here of any moment. It is unimportant what region of space contains them. Whilst we know not to what place they go, we know what is infinitely more interesting—to what Beings they go. We know not where heaven is, but we know Whom it contains; and this knowledge opens us an infinite field for contemplation and inquiry.

1st, Our virtuous friends at death, go to Jesus Christ. This is taught in the text, "God raised him from the dead, and exalted him to heaven." The New Testament always speaks of Jesus as existing now in the spiritual world; and Paul tells us, that it is the happiness of the holy, when absent from the body, to be present with the Lord. Here is one great fact in regard to futurity. The good, on leaving us here, meet their Saviour; and this view alone assures us of their unutterable happiness. In this world they had cherished acquaintance with Jesus through the records of the Evangelists. They had followed him through his eventful life with veneration and love; had treasured in their memories his words, works, and life-giving promises; and, by receiving his spirit, had learned something of the virtues and happiness of a higher world. Now they meet him, they see him. He is no longer a faint object to their mind, obscured by distance, and by the mists of sense and the world. He is present to them; and more intimately present, than we are to each other. Of this we are sure; for whilst the present mode of our future existence is unknown, we do know, that spiritual beings in that higher state must approach and commune with each other more and more intimately in proportion to their progress. Those who are newly born into heaven meet Jesus, and meet from him the kindest welcome. The happiness of the Saviour, in receiving to a higher life a human being who has been redeemed, purified, inspired with immortal goodness by his influence, we can but imperfectly comprehend. You can conceive what would be your feelings, on welcoming to shore your best friend, who had been tossed on a perilous sea; but the raptures of earthly reunion are faint compared with the happiness of Jesus in receiving the spirit for which he died, and which under his guidance has passed with an improving virtue through a world of sore temptation. We on earth meet, after our long separations, to suffer as well as enjoy, and soon to part again. Jesus meets those who ascend from earth to heaven, with the consciousness that their trial is past, their race is run, that death is conquered. With his far-reaching prophetic eye, he sees them entering a career of joy and glory never to end. And

his benevolent welcome is expressed with a power which belongs only to the utterance of heaven, and which communicates to them an immediate, confiding, overflowing joy. You know that on earth we sometimes meet human beings, whose countenances at the first view scatter all distrust, and win from us something like the reliance of a long tried friendship. One smile is enough to let us into their hearts, to reveal to us a goodness on which we may repose. That smile with which Jesus will meet the new-born inhabitant of heaven, that joyful greeting, that beaming of love from him who bled for us, that tone of welcome,—all these I can faintly conceive, but no language can utter them. The joys of centuries will be crowded into that meeting. This is not fiction. It is truth founded on the essential laws of the mind.

Our friends, when they enter heaven, meet Jesus Christ, and their intercourse with him will be of the most affectionate and ennobling character. There will be nothing of distance in it. Jesus is indeed sometimes spoken of as reigning in the future world, and sometimes imagination places him on a real and elevated throne. Strange that such conceptions can enter the minds of Christians. Jesus will indeed reign in heaven; and so he reigned on earth. He reigned in the fishing-boat, from which he taught; in the humble dwelling, where he gathered round him listening and confiding disciples. His reign is not the vulgar dominion of this world. It is the empire of a great, godlike, disinterested being, over minds capable of comprehending and loving. In heaven, nothing like what we call government on earth can exist, for government here is founded in human weakness and guilt. The voice of command is never heard among the spirits of the just. Even on earth, the most perfect government is that of a family, where parents employ no tone but that of affectionate counsel, where filial affection reads its duty in the mild look, and finds its law and motive in its own pure impulse. Christ will not be raised on a throne above his followers. On earth he sat at the same table with the publican and sinner. Will he recede from the excellent whom he has fitted for celestial mansions? How minds will communicate with one another in that world, we know not; but we know that our closest embraces are but types of the spiritual nearness which will then be enjoyed; and to this intimacy with Jesus, the new-born inhabitant of heaven is admitted.

But we have not yet exhausted this source of future happiness. The excellent go from earth not only to receive a joyful welcome and assurances of eternal love from the Lord. There is a still higher view. They are brought by this new intercourse to a new comprehension of his mind, and to a new reception of his spirit. It is indeed a happiness to

know that we are objects of interest and love to an illustrious being; but it is a greater happiness, to know deeply the sublime and beautiful character of this being, to sympathise with him, to enter into his vast thoughts and pure designs, and to become associated with him in the great ends for which he lives. Even here in our infant and dim state of being, we learn enough of Jesus, of his divine philanthropy triumphant over injuries and agonies, to thrill us with affectionate admiration. But those in heaven look into that vast, godlike soul, as we have never done. They approach it, as we cannot approach the soul of the most confiding friend; and this nearness to the mind of Jesus awakens in themselves a power of love and virtue, which they little suspected during their earthly being. I trust I speak to those, who, if they have ever been brought into connection with a noble human being, have felt, as it were a new spirit, and almost new capacities of thought and life, expanded within them. We all know, how a man of mighty genius and of heroic feeling, can impart himself to other minds, and raise them for a time to something like his own energy; and in this we have a faint delineation of the power to be exerted on the minds of those who approach Jesus after death. As nature at this season springs to a new life under the beams of the sun, so will the human soul be warmed and expanded under the influence of Jesus Christ. It will then become truly conscious of the immortal power treasured up in itself. His greatness will not overwhelm it, but will awaken a corresponding grandeur.

Nor is this topic yet exhausted. The good, on approaching Jesus, will not only sympathise with his spirit, but will become joint workers, active, efficient ministers, in accomplishing his great work of spreading virtue and happiness. We must never think of heaven as a state of inactive contemplation, or of unproductive feeling. Even here on earth, the influence of Christ's character is seen in awakening an active, self-sacrificing goodness. It sends the true disciples to the abodes of the suffering. It binds them by new ties to their race. It gives them a new consciousness of being created for a ministry of beneficence; and can they, when they approach more nearly this divine Philanthropist, and learn, by a new alliance with him, the fulness of his love, can they fail to consecrate themselves to his work and to kindred labours with an energy of will unknown on earth? In truth, our sympathy with Christ could not be perfect, did we not act with him. Nothing so unites beings as co-operation in the same glorious cause, and to this union with Christ, the excellent above are received.

There is another very interesting view of the future state, which seems to me to be a necessary consequence of the connexion to be formed there with Jesus Christ. Those who go there from among us, must retain the deepest interest in

this world. Their ties to those they have left are not dissolved, but only refined. On this point, indeed, I want not the evidence of revelation; I want no other evidence than the essential principles and laws of the soul. If the future state is to be an improvement on the present, if intellect is to be invigorated and love expanded there, then memory, the fundamental power of the intellect, must act with new energy on the past, and all the benevolent affections, which have been cherished here, must be quickened into a higher life. To suppose the present state blotted out hereafter from the mind, would be to destroy its use, would cut off all connexion between the two worlds, and would subvert responsibility; for how can retribution be awarded for a forgotten existence? No; we must carry the present with us, whether we enter the world of happiness or woe. The good will indeed form new, holier, stronger ties above; but under the expanding influence of that better world, the human heart will be capacious enough to retain the old whilst it receives the new, to remember its birth-place with tenderness, whilst enjoying a maturer and happier being. Did I think of those who are gone, as dying to those they left, I should honour and love them less. The man who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their brethren on earth in their new abode, were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father, could we think of them as improved by the change?

All this I am compelled to infer from the nature of the human mind. But when I add to this, that the new-born heirs of heaven go to Jesus Christ, the great lover of the human family, who dwelt here, suffered here, who moistened our earth with his tears and blood, who has gone not to break off but to continue and perfect his beneficent labours for mankind, whose mind never for a moment turns from our race, whose interest in the progress of his truth and the salvation of the tempted soul has been growing more and more intense ever since he left our world, and who has thus bound up our race with his very being,—when I think of all this, I am sure that they cannot forget our world. Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us that they never truly loved the race before; never before knew what it is to sympathise with human sorrow, to rejoice in human virtue, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. They now see, what before dimly gleamed on them, the capacities, the mysteries of a human soul. The significance of that word immortality is now apprehended, and every being destined to it rises into unutterable importance. They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized as above all price.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GLASGOW UNITARIAN CONGREGATION.

TRIBUTE of *Esteem and Affection* to the REV. GEORGE HARRIS.

To the Editor of the *Christian Pioneer*.

DEAR SIR,—You will greatly oblige the Committee and Congregation of Unitarian Christians of this City, by inserting the following account of the proceedings at a Congregational Meeting held in the Chapel, on the 27th July, for the purpose of presenting their respected friend and minister, with a Testimonial of their esteem and affection.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

THRUSHGROVE COTTAGE, }
Glasgow, 28th July, 1835. }

SAMUEL SOUTHERDEN,
Chairman of Committee.

On Monday evening, July 27, the members and friends of the congregation assembled in the chapel, at eight o'clock. Mr. BRYSON was unanimously called to the chair. Having opened the meeting by a few remarks on the object for which they were assembled, Mr. SOUTHERDEN rose to present the Address. He thanked the Congregation, in the name of the Committee, for the zealous co-operation they had given them—for the warmth which they had exhibited in doing honour to their minister and friend. He thanked the Committee, too, for their earnestness. Of many a committee had he been a member, but never before had he witnessed one like this, of one heart and soul; and that cheerfully, enthusiastically devoted to effect the object they had in view. Where all pressed forward so heartily to do honour to their beloved pastor, it would be invidious to select an individual instance of devotedness. And yet it would be doing violence to his feelings not to mention an instance which had delighted the Committee. It was that of a wife, a mother, a daughter, one who was labouring for her daily bread, who out of her earnings was treasuring up a small sum for her aged father. She felt delight in performing a moral duty by contributing to her minister; it would sanctify her labours for her children and parent, and God's blessing would be her's.

Other individuals besides members of the congregation, of various communions, had joined in the tribute of respect to Mr. Harris. Amongst these, he must notice the Roman Catholic Bishop of this City. Bishop Murdoch had said,—From the worldly condition of my people, I have on principle refrained from joining in any subscription, except for the relief of their wants. But this is a case in which I should commit a flagrant wrong, were I not to contribute. Never did I give a subscription so cheerfully as this, I give it not as to the Unitarian minister, but to the advocate of Catholic emancipation—the friend of the injured and oppressed—the preacher of pure morality—and who exhibits in his life the morality he inculcates.

This very day (continued Mr. Southerden) a gentleman called, who had heard of the testimonial, and was desirous of joining in it. His reason for doing so must be most gratifying to our friend—I have only lately heard Mr. Harris, said he, but I walk the street with firmer step since I did so, for he has taught me to reverence my nature.

This is a proud evening for Mr. Harris. It is the triumph of attachment to the great principles of civil and religious liberty, of Christian righteousness, charity, and truth. Above all, it is the triumph of moral worth. I bless the day when I and my family were led to this place of worship, and when from conviction we embraced the simple and beneficent principles of Unitarianism. I beseech you, my friends, never to depart from them—to cling to them in prosperity and adversity, in life and in death.

Mr. Southerden then read the following Address:—

“To the Rev. George Harris.

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—The Committee, chosen by the Congregation, of which you are the esteemed and honoured Pastor, to carry into effect the unanimous Resolution of the Congregation, at their meeting of the 7th June, have the satisfaction of addressing you on the termination of their labours, under circumstances of success, as gratifying to themselves as they are honourable to the Congregation, and doubly honourable to you—their Minister and Friend.

“In the name, and on behalf of the Subscribers, and the Society at large, we have the pleasure of stating, that the object of that Resolution, was to convey to you, in a manner which could not be mistaken, the estimation in which your character and conduct, as a man and a minister, are held by those who are witnesses of your labours, and who rejoice in your devotedness to the great objects of human improvement, happiness, and salvation. We bear our cheerful and admiring testimony to the powerful and eloquent manner in which you are accustomed to enforce the great truths of Christianity, and especially that pure and perfect morality which is its glory; and to practice which, is the noblest privilege and highest felicity of man. Those truths, and that morality, we gladly acknowledge, have been impressed by you on our minds and hearts, in language, which, whilst it gave to our religious sentiments the powerful and glowing vitality of that Gospel with which we think them identified, left Truth nothing to regret, Ignorance nothing to misunderstand, Wisdom but little to seek, and Error in its various and meretricious garbs exposed and powerless.

“We should do injustice to our feelings of respect and gratitude, were we to omit the mention of your indefatigable efforts to reduce the debt on our Chapel, efforts so kindly responded to by our friends both in England and Ireland—the Sunday evening lectures, the means, through Heaven’s blessing, of emancipating many minds from the bondage of human creeds, and of exposing intolerance, mysticism, and superstition—the circulation of tracts, so admirably calculated to excite inquiry, and diffuse knowledge and charity—the conducting of the CHRISTIAN PIONEER through so many years, the precursor of intelligence and freedom—the labour, both mental and physical, connected with your office of Secretary and Treasurer to the Scottish Unitarian Christian Association—your readiness at all times to alleviate the sorrows, and promote the happiness, of every

individual of the congregation,—these unwearied exertions at once merit, and have secured to you our warmest esteem, gratitude, and affection.

“It is not, however, merely in connection with our Society, that we regard and value your exertions. Highly as we value them on this account, we value them still more on account of their relation to society generally. You have shown the moral influence, the unspeakable worth of Christianity, by advocating on all occasions the sacred rights of humanity—by inculcating the great truth, that nations as well as individuals, that rulers as well as people, are amenable to the commandments of Christ, and are right or wrong in their principles and practice, so far as these are consonant with his holy, benevolent, and perfect spirit. In you the Slave has always found a faithful, powerful, and uncompromising advocate—Civil Liberty, a persevering and unflinching champion—the oppressed and calumniated Catholics, a zealous and untiring friend. You were anxious for their emancipation from the civil disabilities with which bygone intolerance had fettered them; you are still more anxious for the emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland, from the oppressions of a bigoted and antinational Church, and the establishment in its stead of a truly enlightened and national system of Education. In your strenuous and varied labours for the advancement of these mighty objects, and particularly by your powerful and thrilling exposure of the Church of Ireland, as contrasted with Christianity, in its perpetration of the tithe murders at Rathcormac—you have called forth the admiration and gratitude, not only of ourselves, but of thousands who differ from you most widely in religious opinion. We hail the fact as indicative of the spread of more enlightened principles—the diffusion of the good will, so characteristic of the Gospel—the communion of heart, the fellowship in benevolent act, which is the end and object of the commandments of Christ.

“The crowning excellence which has led the Congregation to present to you this tribute of affectionate esteem, is, that as fathers and mothers, as husbands and wives, as children and men, they feel a conviction that you sincerely believe the great and blessed truths which you expound to them, and that you practise what you preach. They believe you do honour to your Christian profession, because, as a husband, a father, a friend, a citizen, a man, and a minister, your teaching and your conduct are in unison—the virtues of domestic and of social life, illustrating the doctrines and the morality inculcated in the House of God, and your integrity and benevolence, securing you the respect even of those who hold your religious sentiments to be erroneous.

“That a merciful Providence may long preserve your valuable life—a blessing to your family, your congregation, and the world—is the sincere and fervent prayer of, reverend and dear Sir, your faithful and affectionate Friends.

“Glasgow, July 27, 1835.”

Throughout Mr. Southerden's observations, and in reading the Address, he was repeatedly and warmly cheered. When at its conclusion, he placed the Address, and a purse containing One Hundred Guineas, into the hands of Mr. Harris, the acclamations were redoubled.

Mr HARRIS addressed the meeting in the following terms:

Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends,—I feel myself totally unable to give adequate expression to the varied

emotions that are struggling within me for utterance. Were I merely to say that you have my sincerest thanks, my heartfelt gratitude, I feel that it would be a cold return for the kindness and generosity with which you have overwhelmed me. I could breast—I have breasted every species of opposition which ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry in their mightiest panoply could bring to bear against the open and fearless promulgation of God's truth. I would not quail—I never have quailed, though persecution threatened me, and injury and oppression seemed about to revel in my wrongs. I could bear—I have borne unmoved the world's scorn, the sneer of the indifferentist, the averted eye of fashion and of mammon's worshipper. But friendship, kindness, gratitude, confidence, generosity, even when shown to others, at all times affect me deeply, and when conjoined towards myself, overpower, and almost unman me.

The sentiments and feelings embodied in your Address—the honest warmth which glowed in the expressions with which my excellent friend accompanied its presentation—the manner in which you have responded to those expressions and sentiments, are at once marks of your approbation, which to me is invaluable—which I prize more highly than all worldly rank or worldly title, and is likewise a full reward for every labour and every sacrifice. I have before, as you are aware, received addresses both from friends and strangers. Highly have I valued them. But never before have I felt as I feel now. For one act especially of my public ministry, the Catholics of Cork addressed me, and gratifying to me was it, that they did so; and the more gratifying, inasmuch as it proved that there is that in human nature which no sectarianism can overpower, which no earth-born creed can utterly destroy—that touch the common springs of humanity, of justice, and of truth, which vibrate in every human heart, and Catholic and Protestant, Christian and unbeliever, will be at one to uphold the right, and to cast down the spoiler. And you also have before addressed me; and great indeed was the encouragement which that testimony of your confidence and respect imparted to my mind and heart. But the Address which you have now presented, is more valuable than all. I have now occupied the honourable situation of your minister for nearly ten years. I have filled it amidst discouragements, difficulties, trial, obloquy, and anathema. But throughout I have been sustained by your friendship, and encouraged by your zealous co-operation. I have been upheld by the conviction that I was striving to do my duty, and assured that the blessing of God would follow its faithful performance; and you have now sealed my many obligations by your spontaneous and unanimous approval of my public labours, and of my private walk and conversation. Brethren, I thank God, and take courage.

And what shall I say of the munificent gift you have presented to me? Under the most favourable circumstances, and from any congregation, it would be a handsome offering. But when I consider what you have done during the last twelve months—the large subscription entered into for the enlargement of this place of worship, in addition to the heavy expenses incurred by the support of that worship—and also your contributions for the extension of our common cause, and for deeds of benevolence—I must regard it, as indeed it is, a proof which cannot be mistaken, of your friendship and affection to me, and of your own generous devotedness to that sacred and beneficent cause which has banded us together in the holy ties of fellowship and brotherhood. With honest pride do I gratefully accept the gift. No tithe-drivers have pounded the cattle of an impoverished people, in order to swell its amount. No ferocious dogs have accompanied the Committee to be hounded on the Congregation to force their contributions. No widow's tears have flowed; no Rachel has been seen mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not; no parents' imprecations have been poured forth over their offspring's mangled corpse, in consequence of your resolution. The money is not the price of blood, nor has blood been shed in consequence of its accumulation. Had it done so, sooner should this arm have fallen from the shoulder-blade, and this hand been broken from the bone, than I would have touched the wages of iniquity, or owed my pleasure to another's pang.

My friend has stated, that some members of other communions, both Catholic and Protestant, have joined in this tribute of respect. I rejoice in the fact. Whilst I sincerely thank them for their liberality, it is an additional proof, if any more were needed, that honesty in the expression of opinion, opposed though that opinion may be to the general sentiment, will always be respected by the truly conscientious of every faith—is another evidence that the rights of individual judgment are coming to be better understood, and more generally regarded—that men can differ in judgment and yet be united in feeling,—the precursor of that true millennium, when there shall be a unity of spirit in the bond of peace—another call on all public men, never to truckle to prejudice, never to bend principle to expediency, never to speak deceitfully for God; but always to remember, that he who walketh uprightly walketh surely.

The labours in which I have been from time to time engaged, for the promotion of the prosperity of this particular Congregation—for the diffusion of those principles which we think do honour to God, and confer peace and blessedness on man, have been prompted by a strong sense of duty. I knew—I had counted—the fearful odds which are hedged

up against every Christian reformer, by the advocates of ancient prejudices and sanctified intolerance. I knew the outcry wild that would be raised against any man who should attempt to persuade the people to worship God contrary to the law, the law of fashion, the law of custom, a nation's peculiar faith. I knew that strenuous and persevering must be the efforts which would stay the current of common opinion, which would rouse men to think, and even when excited to inquiry, would induce the manly and consistent profession of individual thought and conviction. But firm in the sense of right, I have never for an instant hesitated to declare what seemed to me to be the counsel of God. Persuaded that truth and goodness are naturally congenial to the human breast, I have never faltered in the belief, that when men can be made to hear their dictates, they will embrace and follow them. I have never ceased to be animated by the hope, that, despite every untoward and opposing influence, man will yet free himself from the thralldom of human creeds, vindicate the divinity of his nature, and soar towards the heaven of truth and liberty.

The efforts I have made, were prompted too by the feeling, that, placed in the situation I deem it my high privilege to occupy, I was not merely the minister of this individual Society, but bound, by obligations the most sacred, to consider myself the missionary, the advocate of despised and unpopular truth, wherever and whenever an opening could be found to declare the right and expose the wrong. I understand not, I have no fellowship whatever with the feeling that would plume itself on the fancied superiority conferred by its own possession of the true, the beautiful, and the good—which regards with supercilious contempt the ignorance it makes no effort to enlighten—which deems truth a jewel too glorious to be gazed on, except by a privileged class—or which, in its aristocratic indifference to the wants of the many, would conceal the blessing of mental enlightenment, of moral purity from a single fellow-creature. There is neither philosophy, Christianity, nor humanity, in such a feeling. Would that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would pour his spirit upon them, is the feeling much more consonant with that benevolence which led the Saviour to taste death for every man, and which should induce his followers gladly to devote themselves to human improvement, happiness, and salvation.

It is the same feeling which has led me cheerfully to join in every well-directed effort to diffuse a knowledge of the sacred and inalienable rights of humanity, and to secure to all men, be they black or white, the enjoyment of those rights. Theology has too long been dwarfed and stunted—it has yet scarcely outgrown the cell of the monk, or escaped the swaddling bands of priestcraft. But surely Christianity has

higher aims than the telling of beads or the mockery of fasting. It came from God; it was intended for the good of man. It is the harbinger of all improvement, the precursor of knowledge, virtue, freedom; it knows nothing of castes or of monopolies, it is the law of individual excellence, it is the guide to legislative enactment, it is the standard by which the actions of every man shall be tried; its commandments shall ultimately supersede all other laws, for when man proves his love of God by his love of his brother, when he does to his fellows as he wishes to be done by, violence will no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction witnessed on the earth, the despot will cast away his sceptre, the soldier his unchristian weapon, peace will diffuse her blessings, and God will be glorified.

The cant, therefore, that Christianity has nothing to do with politics, is as preposterous as witchcraft. There is nothing that will sooner tend to the realisation of all the great purposes for which society was framed, than the carrying out into public life the views we entertain of Christianity. Till man has a deep and practical reverence of his own nature, he has no adequate conception of his rights. If he believes that nature to be totally depraved, he is fit only to be a slave. Till man has a deep and practical conviction, that God is our Father, and has stamped his image on the mind and heart of his creatures, he has no proper feeling of the rights of his fellow-beings. If he believe the God who made him, to be a tyrant in heaven, it is his duty to submit to tyranny on earth. Till man entertains Christian views of the great objects of life, he cannot fulfil his duties either as an individual or a citizen. The progress of true civilization may therefore be measured by the acknowledgment of the genuine principles of Christianity; and their practical adoption would be at once the purification and enlightenment of the individual, and the perfection and blessedness of society.

It is impossible that any man imbued with these principles, can look to Ireland, and say that Christianity is there paramount in her influences. I blush for Britain, when I think of the multiplied wrongs of that injured land. I weep for humanity, when I hear the outrages which sacerdotal minions have perpetrated—when I know the atrocious falsehoods they have circulated respecting her oppressed inhabitants. You have heard, that one reverend defamer asserted, that every night fifty fires might be witnessed, and be certain, that in every fire a human victim was expiring! The fires I saw—the crackling I heard; but it was not of the bones of men; it was the blazing up of that furze which in its blossoming had adorned the land its ashes would tend to enrich and fructify. You have heard the statements of agents and friends of the Hibernian Society—of the Kildare-street Society. They have told you that Catholic

priests burked the Bible—nay, burned it. They are fond of fire, these Protestant zealots. I fear me, it is not the consecrated fire of God's holy altar, but the fire of intolerant passion, of Orange ferocity and vindictiveness. You have been told, the Catholics refused to have their children educated. They were right in that refusal. They might be educated, truly; but only if they acknowledged their parents to be idolators—their church a harlot! Such schools were only to kidnap young Catholics. But this I gladly testify, that never have I met with men more anxious that education may be the portion of every child—that the Bible may be the inmate, the blessing of every cottage, than among the Catholics of Ireland. And that education, despite of Protestant misrepresentation and bigotry, they will have, and the Book of books will be their guide.

I have detained you too long, but I could not altogether pass in silence these important topics. They are indeed worthy of deepest attention, for on the adoption of right views respecting them, depends the improvement and happiness of Ireland, of Britain, of the world.

I cannot conclude, however, without observing, that one cause of regret mingles in the otherwise unalloyed gratification of this meeting. The kind friend whom you appointed to present the Address to me, is about to leave us. Little can we afford to lose such a member from our communion. But there is one consolation mingled with our regret; though lost to our society, our common faith will still have his energetic aid. I know I only utter the sentiments and feelings of every individual in this assembly, when I say, May a kind Providence speed his passage, and that of his excellent partner in life, in safety across the broad waves of the Atlantic—may happiness be their future portion in life—and peaceful be their end.

Again I beg you all, my Christian Friends, to accept my most heartfelt good wishes for your individual improvement and happiness. May the peace of God be yours: may the blessing of God ever be on you.

Nothing could exceed the cordiality and enthusiasm which pervaded the meeting. Thanks were voted to the chairman by acclamation.

ON LOVE TO GOD.

WOULD that a love supreme of Thee,
Reign'd over all my soul;
That every thought and act might be
Under thy kind control.

Did such a love pervade my mind,
All would be sunshine there;

In deepest grief, we then should find,
We never could despair.

For, even an earthly friend has power
To soothe and cheer our hearts,
And in our dark and trying hour,
A partial peace imparts.

But did we even *faintly* feel
Thee, Father! ever near,
It would a "waking bliss" reveal,
'Twould banish every fear;

'Twould blessings make of griefs and cares,
For our improvement given;
'Twould gild the clouds, 'twould dry the tears,
'Twould make of earth—a heaven!

REVIEW.

SIX MORNING EXERCISES, addressed to Christian Assemblies in Villages near Cambridge. By the late ROBERT ROBINSON. London: CHRISTIAN TRACT SOCIETY, 2 Walbrook Buildings; SHERWOOD & Co. 23 Paternoster Row.

THE name of the author is a sufficient recommendation of the work. To praise a production of Robert Robinson of Cambridge, would be, as Robert Hall would say, beautifying the diamond and painting the rainbow. But although the book needs no praise to gain it favour with those who know who and what the writer was; yet the Christian Tract Society are deserving of high praise, for bringing out this little gem so well and so cheap.

RUDIMENTS OF ENGLISH HISTORY; from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest. By THOMAS BOWRING, Master of the Lewinsmead School, Bristol. London, J. MARDON; Bristol, BROWNE & REID.

THIS is the first part of a very useful little work for children, designed to be completed in three parts; and if the succeeding ones shall be found as good as their precursor, many a teacher will thank Mr. Bowring for the entertaining manner in which he has presented them an epitome of English history; and many a child will long remember the pleasure experienced in gaining a knowledge of that history by so excellent an aid.

ADDRESS delivered at the Opening of the Reading-Room, Colonnade, Grenville-Street, Brunswick-Square. By FRANCIS BOOTT, M. D. London, J. MARDON.

THIS is a good address, delivered and published for a good purpose. Its object is, to multiply Reading-Rooms, that shall be conducted on the cheapest and best plans—rooms

which shall by their attractions beget a taste for reading, and gratify that taste when excited. Even in this reading age, much remains to be done in this way; and the philanthropic will hail every attempt to forward the momentous work.

REPORT of the Teachers of the Old Jewry Sunday-School.

As no publisher's name is subjoined, it would seem that this excellent Report is meant for gratuitous distribution. Books, however, of much less real value, are sold every day. An admirable address to the friends of the education of the poor precedes the Report, and adds much to its value.

COTTAGE SERMONS, Parts IV. V.; published under the Superintendence of the Committee of the Christian Tract Society. London, SHERWOOD & Co. Paternoster-Row; and at the Office, 2 Walbrook Buildings.

So highly pleased were we with the first three numbers of this publication, as may be seen by a reference to a review of them in the Pioneer for May 1834, that we were desirous to be treated to a farther supply. Glad are we to see the fourth and fifth numbers. These present us with seven good sermons. Three of these are by H. H. Piper, "On True Religion adapted for the Poor"—"Happiness not dependent on Circumstances"—and "Usefulness not prevented by Poverty." One is by Mrs. Barbauld, "On being born again." One by J. C. Means, entitled "A Living Sacrifice acceptable to God." One by S. Wood, on "Idle Excuses;" and one by W. Gilpin, "On keeping Bad Company." As productions of various minds, they necessarily differ in style and modes of thinking; but in one very important respect they are all alike—they are plain and practical.

OBSERVATIONS to Prove that a Plain and Comprehensible Doctrine of the TRINITY is taught in the Scriptures. By a Gospel Trinitarian. London, R. HUNTER. 8vo. p. 98.

On the cover of this pamphlet, it is styled "A New Version of the Trinity;" and, to say the least of it, this version is quite as good as any one of the old, or any one of the modern versions of the Trinity; and it has besides the advantage of being a far more rational Trinity than nine-tenths of the many hundred Trinities that have been offered to men. But, respecting all of them, including those of the most recent and approved fashion, one simple, yet supremely important question should be proposed. Is there any thing about a Trinity in the Bible? To this question, it is mere trifling to reply, the Trinity *may* be, and *must* be inferred from the Sacred Record, for this is assuming the very thing to be proved. As puerile is it to say, that all the names, works, and perfections of Deity, are ascribed to three persons; and as there is but one God, these three persons

are the one God. First, this assertion is not true, for the Father is not called the Son; the Son is not called the Holy Ghost; and the Holy Ghost is not called the Father and the Son. Second, if it were true that all the names, works, and perfections of Deity are ascribed to what are termed three persons, that is, were each of these called Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and each said to be the performer of every act of Deity, this would demonstrate that there was but one person spoken of. And if there is nothing about any sort of Trinity in the Word of God, any version of such a doctrine is equally objectionable. The Gospel speaks of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; but it never hints that these are a Trinity in the Godhead. It is going beyond and against the authority of Scripture, to adopt such phraseology. He who is not satisfied with the plain language of the Sacred Volume, that there is one God, the Father; that Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, was the man who told us the truth which he heard from God; and the Holy Ghost was given and poured out upon Christ and his Apostles, by the Being whom we are taught to call our Father,—is replying against God, and attempting vainly to be wise above that which is written. Calvin was right, when he affirmed, that the word Trinity is barbarous; and Luther was right, when he said, it is better to call God, Almighty than Trinity. Christ and his Apostles did without a Trinity, at least without ever mentioning one; and if we imitate them, we shall never speak of a Trinity.

THREE QUESTIONS proposed and answered, concerning the Life forfeited by Adam, and Eternal Punishment. By the Rev. DAVID THOM. Second Edition. London, SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL. 8vo. p. 203.

THIS is one of those books which make us feel most sensibly the want of room in our small work, to devote that length of remark to them which we could wish. Very much should we like to quote from Mr. Thom's volume; and still more should we, with a good conscience, and great pleasure, mark with the best sign of our praise, did our limits allow. Some exceptions we should be compelled by our convictions, to take. But we are sure our laudatory lines would very far outnumber those of an opposite complexion. That such would be the case, will be seen by a reference to our remarks upon the first edition of Mr. Thom's questions, in the *Pioneer* for April 1828. This second is an enlarged and improved view of the subject.

Mr. T.'s three questions are briefly these:—1. What was the death incurred by Adam? 2. What is the cause of the resurrection of the dead? 3. Is there any authority in Scripture for the ordinary doctrine of eternal (endless) punishment of the wicked? The answers supplied may be thus given:—The death incurred by Adam was the loss of the

life of the natural mind, and immediate liability to the loss of the life of the natural body. The cause of the resurrection is not any natural immortality in human beings, but the resurrection of Christ. There is no authority in Scripture for the ordinary doctrine of eternal (endless) future punishment. The leading trait in Mr. T.'s book, is a spreading, soaring, vital benevolence. He clearly wishes well to every creature of God. He desires all men to be finally happy; and he feels perfectly assured that they will.

MONTHLY RECORD.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1835.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, CARMARTHEN.—On Wednesday and Thursday, the 24th and 25th of June, was held the annual examination of the students at this college. The examiners were the Rev. R. Aspland of Hackney, and the Rev. D. Davison, M. A. of London. After a very minute and rigid examination, the college prizes were adjudged to the following students for their exemplary conduct, diligence, and general proficiency in the different branches of their studies. Mr. W. Williams, Mr. W. Jones, Mr. Joshua Lewis, all in their first year. Several others acquitted themselves with great credit, and received particular marks of approbation from the examiners, who pronounced the examination highly satisfactory.

THE annual meeting of the South Wales Unitarian Book Society, was held on Thursday, the 1st of July, at Aberdâr, Glamorganshire. The introductory parts of the service were conducted by the Rev. J. Jones of Bridgend, and the Rev. David Lloyd of Carmarthen preached in English. He was followed by the Rev. J. James of Gellionen, in Welsh, from Phil. ii. 5-7. Mr. James was eminently successful in elucidating this difficult and much controverted passage. His exposition of it is original, and strong hope is entertained, that a discourse characterised by so much research and sound reasoning, will soon be published. After the service and the usual business of the Society was concluded, the Rev. Rees Davies of Capel-y-groes, concluded with prayer. Two very able discourses were delivered the evening before, to a large and attentive audience, by the Rev. J. Davies of Neath, and Rees Davies of Capel-y-groes.

EASTERN UNITARIAN SOCIETY.—The twenty-third annual meeting of this Society, held at Bury, on the 24th and 25th of June last, derived more than usual interest from the discussion and cordial adoption of propositions towards the

establishment of a permanent *local mission*, by way of regular circuit among the Unitarians scattered throughout the district. On Wednesday evening, the Rev. John Chappell, of Yaxley, Hunts, introduced the service, and the Rev. Archibald Macdonald, of Royston, Herts, delivered a most animating discourse from Matthew, vi. 10, "Thy kingdom come"; in which he maintained that the reign of truth, holiness, and peace, here spoken of, must first be established in our own minds and hearts, before our prayer for its further extension can be answered; and that its progress will be co-extensive with the diffusion of sound moral and religious instruction to all classes of the community. After service, a large party of ladies and gentlemen (eighty-six in number) enjoyed a most agreeable social meeting at supper, and were gratified by many interesting sentiments and addresses from the ministers present, the Rev. R. M. Montgomery officiating as Chairman with great animation and address. On Thursday morning, the Rev. Joseph Ketley, of Ipswich, introduced the service, and (the Rev. James Yates having been prevented from attending, by severe illness) the Rev. Samuel Wood, of Newington Green, preached from Titus ii. 14, forcibly insisting upon the necessity and value of good works as evidence of a saving faith, and pointing out the Antinomian tendency of the prevalent opinions on this head. After service, Thomas Robinson, Esq. of Bury, was called to the chair. A very encouraging report of the Committees was read, and several important resolutions passed unanimously,—to the effect that local committees be appointed, to superintend the circulation of tracts, and otherwise further the objects of the society; that the ministers of the district be allowed sixpence per mile towards their expenses of attending the annual meeting, and be earnestly requested to call the attention of their respective congregations to the establishment of a local mission; also, that the Committee be authorised to treat with a missionary, and to apply to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association for aid; and that in the meantime an active canvass be made by the local committees for further subscriptions.—The members and friends of the society (thirty-six in number) dined together at the Six Bells Inn, when Sir Thomas B. Beever officiated as Chairman. After the cloth was removed, a large party of ladies was introduced, to partake of the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," elicited by the various toasts and sentiments given from the chair. The assembly was addressed by the Revds. Wood, Macdonald, Ketley, Montgomery, and Chapel, and Messrs. Robinson, Alexander, Arnold, and Dowson, on various topics connected with the progress of Unitarianism, as identified with genuine Christianity, and the most improved methods of religious instruction,—all concurring in the necessity and propriety of *missionary* exertions, in the

spirit of Christian truth, liberty, and love, to the permanent extension of our cause at home and abroad.—*Christian Reformer.*

DIED, on the 24th of June, the Rev. B. R. DAVIS, Minister, during the long period of forty-three years, of the Protestant Dissenting congregation at Chowbent, in Lancashire, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The character of Mr. Davis was the object of general respect. His Christian virtues endeared him, not only to the Christian society with which he was connected, and to the beloved inmates of his own family, but they gained and preserved the respect of his numerous acquaintance; and in particular, of the ministers of his denomination within the district. All justly regarded him as a man of a well-informed and cultivated understanding, of a sound and dispassionate judgment, of a liberal and Christian spirit, and of a charitable and disinterested disposition. He was far removed from pride and ostentation, and ever disliked the assumption of authority and consequence. He neither asserted nor conceded claims of predominance. He cherished Christian liberty and equality. He was clothed with the virtues of modesty and humility. He condescended to men of low estate; and he was ready to perform offices of humanity to the poorest. Though his means were never ample, he often devised liberal things; and the sick and needy in his neighbourhood, were frequently indebted to his kind attentions for aiding their physical as well as moral wants.

As a Christian minister, Mr. Davis was punctual and conscientious in the discharge of the duties of his office, and he acquired the full confidence and warm attachment of the various members of his congregation. He was educated for the ministry at the academy of Daventry, afterwards Northampton; and under the influence of the impartial system there pursued, which recognised the principle of private judgment and the duty of free inquiry, he, with many others, adopted liberal sentiments in religion, and subsequently professed and taught a rational Christianity. Indeed, few congregations have been more favoured than that lately under his ministerial care, having had a succession of zealous and liberal ministers during a century and a quarter, or more, distinguished for their early attachment to rational Christianity, and steady adherence to Christian liberty, truth, and righteousness. This was one of the first congregations in Lancashire, who freed themselves from the intolerant trammels of Trinitarian Calvinism. In the midst of such a people, the labours of the Christian ministry are no less agreeable than honourable and useful. Christian friends! maintain the character which you have so long borne. Your venerable ministers, being dead, yet speak: hear their voice.

It pertains not to this slight sketch, to attempt a personal history of Mr. Davis. In the comparative retiredness of his situation, little can have occurred of general interest. He was married early in life, and brought up a family of eight children; now, except one deceased, variously engaged in useful and respectable occupations. Mrs. Davis died about twelve years before her husband.

It is proper here to state, that Mr. Davis for many years took great interest in the management of that useful institution, the Widows' Fund. For this he was exceedingly well qualified, by his intimate local knowledge of the affairs of most of the congregations in the district. He was for many years the Secretary to the Fund, and the chief manager of its affairs in general; in which capacity, his services can scarcely be too highly estimated, and accordingly his loss will be greatly felt.

Mr. Davis's departure from this temporary scene of existence was tranquil and peaceful. For more than four years he had suffered long-continued and acute pain from the *tic dolooureux*. This superinduced other maladies, which were attended with great prostration of physical strength; but the energy and serenity of his mind continued unabated;—his spirit sustained his infirmity. He was always cheerful, and relied with tranquil hope on the essential goodness and mercy of God, in his Son Jesus Christ our Lord. He had risen, as usual, betimes in the morning of the day of his death, and had been attending on some ordinary concerns; nor were his family alarmed with any unusual symptoms. But some time before dinner, he went to take a little rest, as he had been accustomed, on the sofa; and one of his daughters, soon after coming to remind him of dinner-time, found him in the act of expiring, without a struggle or a groan!—*Christian Teacher*.

ON Sunday afternoon, August 23, a discourse was delivered by Mr. Harris, in the Unitarian Chapel, Glasgow, on the Principles of the Reformation, what they are, and what they are not; with special reference to the Church of Geneva, and in sympathy with their celebration on that day of the three hundredth Anniversary of the Reformation. In the course of the sermon, an address by the Unitarians of Scotland to the Church of Geneva, and the reply of the Venerable Company of Pastors, were read. The chapel was crowded to overflowing; pews, aisles, and vestries all filled by a most deeply attentive audience. In compliance with the earnest wishes expressed, the Discourse will be published in a few days.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

A Sermon preached on Easter Sunday, 1834, in the Federal-Street Church, Boston, by William E. Channing, D. D.

(Concluded from p. 321.)

Perhaps it may be asked, if those born into heaven, not only remember with interest, but have a present, immediate knowledge of those whom they left on earth? On this point neither Scripture, nor the principles of human nature, give us light, and we are of course left to uncertainty. I will only say, that I know nothing to prevent such knowledge. We are indeed accustomed to think of heaven as distant; but of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society of spiritual, higher beings. May not these fill the universe, so as to make heaven everywhere? Are such beings probably circumscribed, as we are, by material limits? Milton has said—

“Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep.”

It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh, which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world compassing us on every side.

But suppose heaven to be remote; still we on earth may be visible to its inhabitants; still in an important sense they may be present; for what do we mean by presence? Am not I present to those of you who are beyond the reach of my arm, but whom I distinctly see? And is it at all inconsistent with our knowledge of nature, to suppose that those in heaven, whatever be their abode, may have spiritual senses, organs, by which they may discern the remote, as clearly as we do the near? This little ball of sight can see the planets at the distance of miles; and by the aids of science, can distinguish the inequalities of their surfaces. And it is easy for us to conceive of an organ of vision so sensitive and piercing, that from our earth the inhabitants of those far-rolling worlds might be discerned. Why then may not they who have entered a higher state, and are clothed with spiritual frames, survey our earth as distinctly as when it was their abode?

This may be the truth; but if we receive it as such, let us not abuse it. It is liable to abuse. Let us not think of the departed, as looking on us with earthly, partial affections. They love us more than ever, but with a refined and spiritual love. They have now but one wish for us, which is, that we may fit ourselves to join them in their mansions of benevolence and piety. Their spiritual vision penetrates to our souls. Could we hear their voice, it would not be an utterance of personal attachment, so much as a quickening call to greater effort, to more resolute self-denial, to a wider charity, to a

meeker endurance, a more filial obedience of the will of God. Nor must we think of them as appropriated to ourselves. They are breathing now an atmosphere of divine benevolence. They are charged with a higher mission than when they trod the earth. And this thought of the enlargement of their love, should enlarge ours, and carry us beyond selfish regards, to a benevolence akin to that with which they are inspired.

It is objected, I know, to the view I have given of the connexion of the inhabitants of heaven with this world, that it is inconsistent with their happiness. It is said, that if they retain their knowledge of this state, they must suffer from the recollection or sight of our sins and woes. That to enjoy heaven, they must wean themselves from the earth. This objection is worse than superficial. It is a reproach to heaven and the good. It supposes, that the happiness of that world is founded in ignorance; that it is the happiness of the blind man, who, were he to open his eye on what exists around him, would be filled with horror. It makes heaven an Elysium, whose inhabitants perpetuate their joy by shutting themselves up in narrow bounds, and hiding themselves from the pains of their fellow-creatures. But the good, from their very nature, cannot thus be confined. Heaven would be a prison, did it cut them off from sympathy with the suffering. Their benevolence is too pure, too divine, to shrink from the sight of evil. Let me add, that the objection before us casts reproach on God. It supposes, that there are regions of his universe, which must be kept out of sight, which, if seen, would blight the happiness of the virtuous. But this cannot be true. There are no such regions, no secret places of woe which these pure spirits must not penetrate. There is impiety in the thought. In such a universe there could be no heaven.

Do you tell me that according to these views, suffering must exist in that blessed state? I reply, I do and must regard heaven as a world of sympathy. Nothing, I believe, has greater power to attract the regards of its benevolent inhabitants, than the misery into which any of their fellow-creatures may have fallen. The suffering which belongs to a virtuous sympathy, I cannot then separate from heaven. But that sympathy, though it has sorrow, is far from being misery. Even in this world, a disinterested compassion, when joined with power to minister to suffering, and with wisdom to comprehend its gracious purposes, is a spirit of peace, and often issues in the purest delight. Unalloyed as it will be in another world by our present infirmities, and enlightened by comprehensive views of God's perfect government, it will give a charm and a loveliness to the sublimer virtues of the blessed, and, like all other forms of excellence, will at length enhance their felicity.

2d, You see how much of heaven is taught us in the single truth, that they who enter it meet and are united to Jesus Christ. There are other interesting views at which I can only glance. The departed go not to Jesus only. They go to the great and blessed society which is gathered around him; to the redeemed from all regions of earth; "to the city of the living God; to an innumerable company of angels; to the church of the first born; to the spirits of the just made perfect." Into what a glorious community do they enter! And how they are received you can easily understand. We are told there is joy in heaven over the sinner who repenteth; and will not his ascension to the abode of perfect virtue communicate more fervent happiness? Our friends who leave us for that world, do not find themselves cast among strangers. No desolate feeling springs up of having exchanged their home for a foreign country. The tenderest accents of human friendship never approached in affectionateness the voice of congratulation which bids them welcome to their new and everlasting abode. In that world, where minds have surer means of revealing themselves than here, the newly arrived immediately see and feel themselves encompassed with virtue and goodness; and through this insight into the congenial spirits which surround them, intimacies stronger than years can cement on earth, may be created in a moment.

It seems to be accordant with all the principles of human nature, to suppose that the departed meet peculiar congratulation from friends who had gone before them to that better world; and especially to all who had in any way given aids to their virtue; from parents who had instilled into them the first lessons of love to God and man; from associates, whose examples had won them to goodness, whose faithful counsels deterred them from sin. The ties created by such benefits must be eternal. The grateful soul must bind itself with peculiar affection to such as guided it to immortality.

In regard to the happiness of the intercourse of the future state, all of you, I trust, can form some apprehensions of it. If we have ever known the enjoyments of friendship, of entire confidence, of co-operation in honourable and successful labours with those we love, we can comprehend something of the felicity of a world where souls, refined from selfishness, open as the day, thirsting for new truth and virtue, endued with new power of enjoying the beauty and grandeur of the universe, allied in the noblest works of benevolence, and continually discovering new mysteries of the Creator's power and goodness, communicate themselves to one another with the freedom of perfect love. The closest attachments of this life are cold, distant, stranger-like, compared with theirs. How they communicate themselves, by what language or organs, we know not. But this we know, that in the progress

of the mind, its power of imparting itself must improve. The eloquence, the thrilling, inspiring tones, in which the good and noble sometimes speak to us on earth, may help us to conceive the expressiveness, harmony, energy of the language in which superior beings reveal themselves above. Of what they converse we can better judge. They, who enter that world, meet beings, whose recollections extend through ages, who have met together perhaps from various worlds, who have been educated amidst infinite varieties of condition, each of whom has passed through his own discipline and reached his own peculiar form of perfection, and each of whom is a peculiar testimony to the providence of the Universal Father. What treasures of memory, observation, experience, imagery, illustration, must enrich the intercourse of heaven! One angel's history may be a volume of more various truth than all the records of our race. After all, how little can our present experience help us to understand the intercourse of heaven—a communion, marred by no passion, chilled by no reserve, depressed by no consciousness of sin, trustful as childhood, and overflowing with innocent joy—a communion, in which the noblest feelings spring fresh from the heart, in which pure beings give utterance to their divinest inspirations, to the wonder which perpetually springs up amidst this ever unfolding and ever mysterious universe, to the raptures of adoration and pious gratitude, and to the swellings of a sympathy which cannot be confined.

But it would be wrong to imagine that the inhabitants of heaven only converse. They who reach that world enter on a state of action, life, effort. We are apt to think of the future world as so happy that none need the aid of others; that effort ceases; that the good have nothing to do but to enjoy. The truth is, that all action on earth, even the intensest, is but the sport of childhood, compared with the energy and activity of that higher life. It must be so: for what principles are so active as intellect, benevolence, the love of truth, the thirst for perfection, sympathy with the suffering, and devotion to God's purposes; and these are the ever-expanding principles of the future life. It is true, the labours which are now laid on us for food, raiment, outward interests, cease at the grave; but far deeper wants than those of the body are developed in heaven. There it is that the spirit first becomes truly conscious of its capacities; that truth opens before us in its infinity; that the universe is seen to be a boundless sphere for discovery, for science, for the sense of beauty, for beneficence and for adoration. There, new objects to live for, which reduce to nothingness present interests, are constantly unfolded. We must not think of heaven as a stationary community. I think of it as a world of stupendous plans and efforts for its own improvement. I think of it, as a society passing through successive stages of

developement, virtue, knowledge, power, by the energy of its own members. Celestial genius is always active to explore the great laws of the creation, and the everlasting principles of the mind—to disclose the beautiful in the universe, and to discover the means by which every soul may be carried forward. In that world, as in this, there are diversities of intellect, and the highest minds find their happiness and progress in elevating the less improved. There the work of education, which began here, goes on without end; and a diviner philosophy than is taught on earth, reveals the spirit to itself, and awakens it to earnest, joyful efforts for its own perfection.

And not only will they who are born into heaven, enter a society full of life and action for its own developement. Heaven has connexion with other worlds. Its inhabitants are God's messengers through the creation. They have great trusts. In the progress of their endless being, they may have the care of other worlds. But I pause, lest to those unused to such speculations, I seem to exceed the bounds of calm anticipation. What I have spoken seems to me to rest on God's word, and the laws of the mind, and these laws are everlasting.

On one more topic I meant to enlarge, but I must forbear. They who are born into heaven, go not only to Jesus, and an innumerable company of pure beings. They go to God. They see Him with a new light in all his works. Still more, they see Him as the Scriptures teach, face to face, that is, by immediate communion. These new relations of the ascended spirit to the Universal Father, how near, how tender, how strong, how exalting! But this is too great a subject for the time which remains; and yet, it is the chief element of the felicity of heaven.

The views now given of the future state, should make it an object of deep interest, earnest hope, constant pursuit. Heaven is, in truth, a glorious reality. Its attraction should be felt perpetually.

It should overcome the force with which this world draws us to itself. Were there a country on earth, uniting all that is beautiful in nature, all that is great in virtue, genius, and the liberal arts, and numbering among its citizens the most illustrious patriots, poets, philosophers, philanthropists of our age, how eagerly should we cross the ocean to visit it! And how immeasurably greater is the attraction of heaven! There live the elder brethren of the creation, the sons of the morning, who sang for joy at the creation of our race; there the great and good of all ages and climes; the friends, benefactors, deliverers, ornaments of their race; the patriarch, prophet, apostle, and martyr; the true heroes of public and still more of private life; the father, mother, wife, husband, child, who, unrecorded by man, have walked before God in the

beauty of love and self-sacrificing virtue. There are all who have built up in our hearts the power of goodness and truth; the writers, from whose pages we have received the inspiration of pure and lofty sentiments; the friends whose countenances have shed light through our dwellings, and peace and strength through our hearts. There they are, gathered together, safe from every storm, triumphant over evil;—and they say to us, come and join us in our everlasting blessedness—come and bear part in our song of praise, share our adoration, friendship, progress, and works of love. They say to us, cherish now in your earthly life that spirit and virtue of Christ, which is the beginning and dawn of heaven, and we shall soon welcome you, with more than human friendship, to our own immortality. Shall that voice speak to us in vain? Shall our worldliness and unforsaken sins, separate us, by a gulf which cannot be passed, from the society of heaven?

PHRENOLOGY, No. VII.

CONCLUSION OF ITS HISTORY.

(Concluded from p. 315.)

The subjoined list of places in which, so far as we have been able to ascertain, phrenological societies have been instituted, shows, in a general way, in what quarters the science has been most extensively studied.

SCOTLAND.—1820; Ediuburgh.—1826; Glasgow, Dundee, Kilmarnock.—1828; Dunfermline.—1833; Greenock.—1834; Alyth, Stirling.

ENGLAND.—1824; London, Wakefield, Exeter.—1827; Hull.—1829; Liverpool.—1830; Manchester.—1832; Portsmouth.—1834; Warwick.

IRELAND.—1826; Belfast.—1829; Dublin.

FRANCE.—1831; Paris.

INDIA.—1825; Calcutta.

UNITED STATES.—1824; Philadelphia.—1826; Washington.—1832; Boston.—1834; Hingham, Nantucket, Brunswick, Andover, Amherst, Hanover, Reading, Leicester, Worcester, Providence, Hartford, Oneida.

Hitherto we have purposely avoided noticing the various phrenological controversies that have occurred during the last fifteen years, as it was impossible to give a sufficient account of them within the space at our command. For the guidance, however, of all who desire to study both sides of the question, we have been at considerable pains to compile the following list of the principal opponents, containing references to the works in which attacks and defences have from time to time appeared.

DR. JOHN GORDON. *Edinburgh Review*, No. 49; and *Observations on the structure of the Brain*, Edin. 1817.—

Answered by Dr. Spurzheim, Examination of the Objections made in Britain against the Doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, Edin. 1817; and by an anonymous writer in the Medico-Chirurgical Journal, 1817, vol. iv. p. 53, 116; see also vol. iii. p. 425.

DR. P. M. ROGET. Supp. to Encyc. Brit., Article *Craniology*.—Answered by Mr. G. Combe, Essays on Phrenology, Edin. 1819, p. 62; also by Dr. Andrew Combe, Phrenological Journal, i. 165.

MR. DUGALD STEWART.—Correspondence between him and Sir G. S. Mackenzie, in 1821, published in the Phren. Jour. vii. 303.

DR. JOHN BARCLAY. On Life and Organization, Edin. 1822, sect. 17.—Answered by Dr. A. Combe, Trans. of the Phren. Soc. Edin. 1824, p. 393.

DR. EDWARD MILLIGAN. Transl. of Magendie's Physiology.—Answered in Phren. Jour. i. 490.

PROFESSOR RUDOLPHI. Grundriss der Physiologie, Berlin, 1821–3.—Answered by Dr. A. Combe, Phren. Jour. i. 592.

DR. J. C. PRICHARD. On Nervous Diseases: also Cyclop. of Prac. Med., Article *Temperament*.—Answered by Dr. A. Combe, Phren. Jour. ii. 47, viii. 649, and ix. 48.

MR. FRANCIS JEFFREY. Edin. Rev. No. 88.—Answered by Mr. G. Combe, Letter to F. Jeffrey, Esq. Edin. 1826, reprinted in Phren. Jour. iv. 1; and Second Letter, id. p. 242: also by Mr. Richard Chenevix, For. Quart. Rev. No. 3.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON. Correspondence with Dr. Spurzheim, Mr. G. Combe, &c. Phren. Jour. iv. 377, and v. 1, 153, 163; also Experiments on the Brain, prefixed to Monro's Anat. of the Brain, Edin. 1831. The latter answered by Mr. H. C. Watson, Phren. Jour. vii. 434.

REV. R. W. HAMILTON, Leeds. Essay on Craniology, London, 1826.—Answered by Mr. William Wildsmith in An Inquiry concerning the Connexion between the Mind and the Brain, &c. London, 1828.

M. MAGENDIE. Physiology, p. 113, &c.—Answered by Dr. John Elliotson, Phren. Jour. v. 92.

DR. JOHN BOSTOCK. Physiology, iii. 263.—Answered by Dr. Elliotson, Phren. Jour. v. 96.

MR. T. STONE. Evidences against the system of Phrenology, Edin. 1828. Answered by Dr. James Kennedy of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, London Med. and Surg. Jour., i. 153, 249, 349, 435; ii. 46, 130, 507.—Obs. on the Phrenological Developement of Burke, Hare, &c., Edin. 1829. Answered by Mr. G. Combe, Phren. Jour. vi. 1; see also p. 93, 180, 232, 234, 317.

DR. JOHN WAYTE. Antiphrenology, London, 1829.—Answered anonymously in an Exposure of the Unphilosophical and Unchristian Expedients adopted by Antiphrenologists, &c. London, 1831.

SIR CHARLES BELL. *Anatomy*, 5th edition, i. 189; Answered in *Phren. Jour.* viii. 333.—Also *Phil. Trans.* cviii. 306. Answered by Dr. Spurzheim, *App. to Anat. of Brain*, or *Phren. Jour.* vi. 606.

FOREIGN REVIEW, No. 8, 1829.—Answered by Mr. G. Combe, *Phren. Jour.* vi. 222.

MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY, Sheffield. *Essay on the Phrenology of the Hindoos and Negroes*, London, 1829.—Answered by Dr. Corden Thompson, Sheffield, in *Strictures on Mr. Montgomery's Essay*, annexed thereto.

EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL, 1829.—Answered by Mr. G. Combe, *Letter on the Prejudices of the Great in Science and Philosophy against Phrenology*; *Phren. Jour.* vi. 14, 215.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. 80, July 1833.—Answered in the *Phren. Jour.* viii. 638; also by Dr. Caldwell, *Annals of Phren.* i. 1.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, Boston, Nov. 1834; Article *Pretensions of Phrenology Examined*.—Answered in *Annals of Phren.* ii. 1, and *New England Magazine* for March 1835.

In the bibliography annexed to the article *Cranioscopie* in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*, will be found the titles of the chief continental works against and in favour of phrenology, down to 1813. Throughout Dr. Gall's work *Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, are scattered numerous replies to the objections which had been published by his opponents.

We have now brought to a close what has proved a rather tedious sketch of the history of Phrenology. Various motives have induced us to extend it to so great a length. In the first place, no adequate and connected account of the origin and progress of Phrenology had been laid before the public, and we were anxious to supply the deficiency to the utmost of our ability and knowledge. Secondly, it is not unreasonable to hope, that our labours may be useful in leading some who have ignorantly derided the phrenological doctrines, to secure the manifold advantages which experience points out as the result of a careful study of them. Thirdly, the narrative decidedly tends to the encouragement of all who, like the readers of the *Christian Pioneer*, are exposed to persecution and contumely, because they have adopted opinions at variance with those of the multitude; since it affords a remarkable instance of the power of truth to vindicate herself and to surmount every obstacle. And, finally, it exhibits in a striking manner the beneficial effects of opposition in accelerating the progress of knowledge, and strongly inculcates the valuable lesson, that we ought on all occasions to look rather to the intrinsic merits of a doctrine than to the talents and reputation of its adversaries. It is forcibly remarked by Milton, that "there be those who envy and oppose the light

of truth if it come not first in at their casements;" and to this class of persons the antagonists of phrenology have in too many instances belonged. Others there are, actuated by less unworthy motives, who, though eminent in their own departments of science or literature, have presumed to denounce phrenology without having qualified themselves by study and observation to give a sound decision either against it or in its favour: and lastly, there are some whose inducement to enter the arena has been merely the hope of thereby obtaining a brief notoriety. To every one of these classes of opponents we consider phrenology to be deeply indebted. By the dishonesty and ignorance of some, the tide has been repeatedly and strongly turned in its favour; while those who were better informed, by occasionally pointing out errors and deficiencies, have stimulated the phrenologists to rectify and supply them. On this subject, Mr. William Scott, an eminent and talented phrenologist in Edinburgh, took occasion, in proposing the health of the opponents of the science at the dinner given by the Phrenological Society to Dr. Spurzheim in January 1828, to offer some excellent remarks; which, on account of their applicability to religious, philosophical, and scientific controversy in general, we are tempted here to transcribe.

"On the present occasion," said Mr. Scott, "I call to mind a saying of one of Shakspeare's clowns, who, on being asked by some one, how he did? answered, '*The better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.*' And the reason assigned for this was, that his friends often spoiled him with their praises and flattery, whereas his foes told him all his faults, and set him upon discovering and correcting them. '*By my foes,*' says he, '*I profit in respect to self-knowledge, and by my friends I am abused.* Therefore, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.'

"We may perhaps say of this party-coloured philosopher what he elsewhere said of himself, that '*he were not motley in his brain.*' All of us may have occasionally experienced the evil arising from the too great partiality of our friends in their praising us for that which is not praiseworthy, or praising us beyond the bounds of our desert, and thereby inducing us to think more highly of ourselves than we ought. But, without laying more stress on this than necessary, and admitting to the full the great advantage of having good friends, we may, at least, go thus far, that the next best thing to having a good friend is the having a good opponent. I do not mean by a good opponent one who deals gently with us, who gives soft blows, and plays booty, but a stout and stalwart adversary,—one who can give and take, and who desires, as we do, nothing better than a clear field and no favour. To such an opponent we can have no objection,

and, as phrenologists, instead of having to complain of too many opponents, the complaint rather has been, that we have not had opponents enough.

"I am rather inclined to think that opposition generally is a good thing, and is the means of producing good in every case where it is duly applied. It stirs up the languid faculties, and rouses them to exertions which they would not otherwise make. No science, art, invention, or discovery of any kind, has ever been perfected without first running the gauntlet of a hot and determined opposition. I am almost inclined to think that nothing good is ever attained without it—at least some of the greatest benefits which have been conferred on the human race have flowed from this source. Whence, it may be said, originated the Reformation? In opposition. To what do we owe the blessings that have flowed from the Revolution of 1688? To opposition. To what is it owing that we still continue to enjoy these blessings? In a great measure, certainly, to opposition. So much is this the case, as to be now generally allowed that the English government consists of two great classes of functionaries, his Majesty's Ministers and his Majesty's opposition. If, then, opposition be so necessary and so useful in everything else, why not in philosophical investigation?—why not in phrenology? The greatest philosophers, and phrenologists themselves, are but men, and, like all their fellow-mortals, are 'liable to err, even when they think themselves most secure from error.' Is it not desirable, then, that even they, in pursuing investigations of so novel and seductive a kind as phrenology is acknowledged to be, should not be allowed on all occasions to run as fast as their own excited minds would incline them, but should occasionally be checked in their career, and induced to pause and consider well the ground they have passed in their flight, by the efforts of a wholesome and well-directed opposition?"*

Phrenology is as yet far from perfection.† Much, very much, has already been done, but not a little still remains to be accomplished. To the improvement of this science many talented minds are at present anxiously directed; and, as the number of labourers in the phrenological vineyard is rapidly increasing, we expect to witness ere long a variety of important discoveries. To those who love to extend the boundaries of useful knowledge, we confidently recommend phrenology as a delightful field for exertion.

R. C.

* Phren. Jour. vol. v. p. 131.

† Gall *Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*, ii. 32, 496.

THE WORLD ABOVE.

THERE *is* a world above,
 Whose rainbow-tinted light,
 Whose air, Eolian, breathes of love,
 And all is pure and bright!
 There, only thoughts refined,
 Have access to the soul;
 There, only, we approach the Mind
 That beautifies the whole.
 For *there*, we'll meet again
 The friends who loved us here;
 And those whose absence gives us pain,
 Will then be ever near.
 Oh! let those thoughts like balm,
 Soothe each afflicted mind;
 And yield a peace, so pure and calm,
 That we shall feel resign'd!

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 To the Editor of the Christian Pioneer.

*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*—HOR.

"Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found—  
 Among your friends, among your foes,  
 On Christian or on Heathen ground;  
 The flower's divine where'er it blows,  
 Reject the prickles and assume the rose."—WATTS.

Sept. 9, 1835.

SIR,—That spirited bibliopolist, Effingham Wilson, has very lately published a *broad sheet*, entitled, "The Times Extraordinary," with an appropriate head-line, *Tempora mutantur. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to min'?*

This large collection of paragraphs, all worthy of perpetual remembrance, sufficiently discover, (what has been too often erroneously taught, as to the succession of ages,) that the former times were better than the present. I shall select, in chronological order, a few remarks on the then passing public transactions, which appear well adapted to the worthy objects of the Christian Pioneer.

My first communication, as you will immediately perceive, comprehends that interesting period, when Catholic Emancipation was forced by the salutary dread of an Irish revolution, on the reluctant illiberality of Peel and Wellington, politicians of *ordinary* ambition, who were never convicted, if indeed they have ever been accused, of a voluntary concession to popular rights.

"1828.

"August 12.—A formidable engine towards advancing the cause of religious freedom in Ireland, will be the estab-



lishment of local clubs for securing the election of liberal representatives throughout the country, and ousting all who will not pledge themselves to vote for Catholic emancipation, and against an *unfriendly* Government.

"With regard to the Court, it is needless to say anything. Its political inclinations derive their whole importance from the want of virtue in the Parliament, and of energy in the people. To neutralise the Court, therefore, if not to propitiate it, there was nothing necessary but to pour into the legislature a larger infusion of liberal blood.

"August 26.—The Orange system is civil war; an end to every peaceful and rational discussion—the bayonet, the lash, free quarters, a rebellion, a revival of the policy of coercion, a revival of the penal code, a new lease of the ascendancy, and a desolate kingdom.

"August 27.—We have reason to know, that the most anxious entreaties have been addressed to his Majesty's Ministry by the spiritual heads of the Catholic communion, towards aiding the schools established in their dioceses, for the instruction of Catholic children. Why should not relief be afforded to them, as well as to the well-meaning, but fanatical association of Kildare-Place?

"September 16.—The Catholics are absurdly blamed for acting in the spirit of *combination*. Who has taught them to combine? What has forced the Catholics to regard their own welfare as their exclusive object? The legislature, we reply, which has made that body its exclusive victim. We have fixed a stamp upon every Catholic, as if he were a slave, to be recovered by his mark when he wanders; and on these men simultaneously stripping their brawny arms, and recognising in each other so many brethren bearing the same brand, are we to be astonished at their inclination to support their own views and measures, from those of a common persecutor.

"October 17.—The Irish Brunswickers, like their fellows on this side of the water, breathe nothing but fire and fury against the Catholics, whose most strenuous exertions, on the contrary, are directed to the maintenance of peace, and to the inculcation upon each other, of the necessity, above all things, for a strict obedience to the laws. It is as painful to read the proceedings of the Orange societies, as it is discreditable to a Christian society to have given them birth, and disgraceful to the policy of an English government to have produced them.

"October 28.—Men still harp upon the intolerant and persecuting spirit of the Catholics, in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, when Protestantism itself had more of the serpent and the tiger than the dove. If Popery was then barbarous, it was because society was then barbarous—because wars, originating in complex causes, were carried on in a spirit of

exasperation, aggravated by the intermixture of religion with politics."

I cannot help remarking the happy agreement of some passages in these extracts, with what I have been lately reading in pages 328 and 329 of your last Pioneer.

CIVIS RUSTICUS.

## DEATH-BED SCENES AMONG THE POOR.—No. V.

### CONFESSIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

(Concluded from p. 203.)

Being unable to carry on a continuous narrative, from the interrupted manner in which it was expressed, we shall take such broken sketches of it as seem to be most interesting and affecting. "Misfortune," said she, "has been my daily and nightly companion; a dark fatality seemed to hang over my whole life, and to blast all my undertakings; and death, instead of a guardian angel, was ever near me; he walked invisibly at my right hand, or followed closely in my track. Look at my eldest daughter," said she, pointing to the miserable figure before described; "I need not tell what her fare has been in the world—it is too plain—sorrow, rags, and starvation. She is a good creature, and now gives me the only corner I had on earth to die in, although in my happier times she was a neglected, and an ill-treated child. Her younger sister, Ellen, was my indulged and beautiful daughter, my soul's pride, my heart's idol. In her eighteenth year, the air of heaven did not blow on a lovelier being, and the sun never smiled on happier or brighter hours than her wild and playful girlhood. When I look back on those times, I see her rising before me like an angel from a dark, stormy ocean. I see her as on that bright morning, when I clothed her in virgin-white for a May-day festival, the pure blush upon her cheek—her full dark eyes filled with tears of innocence; they fell upon her fresh-pulled garland, mingling with the dew of heaven that sparkled on its leaves. Oh! I do yet see her, gaze upon her, draw her to me, clasp her in my arms, feel her heart beating, hear her whispering voice, drink her very breath in burning kisses;—oh, misery! misery! it is a maddening dream! Had her mind and morals been cultured, as her person was beautiful, she might now have been the joy of a happy circle, and the closer of my dying eyes. But it was far otherwise. In admiration she lived, moved, and had her being; every look met her with a smile, and every word breathed a compliment. Her condition was like what I read in my youth of Calypso's. She seemed placed in a charmed region, where all the showers were of dew and all the air was filled with balm and odours, and where an unclouded sun perpetually revelled in the luxury and loveliness of streams and flowers;—where all was soft and bright, but false. She

knew nothing of the ills and tempests of the world, and nothing of the reality or truth of life. Of this dangerous conspiracy, I was myself the most injurious member. Instead of arming her with settled principles or implanting religious conviction in her heart, I endeavoured to persuade her that beauty was all-powerful, imbued her with the spirit of a worldly ambition, and thus placed her with a weak head on a giddy precipice, where a single stumble was destruction. An elevated match to her was my whole aim and object in life, and I fondly and foolishly imagined that her personal attractions, in themselves, were capable of placing her on a lofty eminence. She had one sincere friend near her, however, in her elder brother, a young man of kind feelings, but hardy good sense. He loved her tenderly, but his affection was mingled with integrity and wisdom. He heartily despised the language of flattery; and, while he treated her with the utmost gentleness of manner, he at the same time spoke to her with honesty and plainness.' 'Beware, Ellen,' he would sometimes say, 'of setting your heart on empty show, and having your eyes dazzled with exalted station; it may cause you to miss the straight onward path; if successful, you are not nearer to happiness; if disappointed, you may become miserable beyond redemption or remedy. My dear Ellen, as you would secure your peace, and all that's worth preserving, learn to distinguish reality from appearance; the genuine language of truth, from the hypocritical echo of a hollow or deceiving heart; to know that grandeur, purchased at the expense of goodness, is only ornamenting the corpse of your happiness; to feel that some praise is degradation; and to remember, that frequently a glittering exterior is but a resemblance to the serpent's glossy and scaly skin. Such things, Ellen, you may stumble on in your journey of life, and they are not safely met with, without caution and moral preparation.' 'La! John,' she would reply, 'so young and so fine a preacher! what will you be when you get more ancient? all you want to recommend your sublime sentiments, are a wig and a pair of spectacles. Your philosophy, John, is capital near bed-hour; but with the sun so high, my mother's rules and Mr. Lovet's company are more to my taste, so good morning to lectures, and vive la bagatelle.'

"This Mr. Lovet was the youthful possessor of a very large property in our immediate neighbourhood, on which he occasionally resided. The boundary of his demesne skirted our part of the village, and his gate was at no great distance from our cottage. Well do I remember that spot; deeply is it written on my heart. There were the old brown cross-barred gate, the country stile, and green path-way. The grassy patch on the cross-roads, the sunny spot of evening joy and dancing merriment, the rustic church-yard, and the grey ruin in the midst, like a white-headed father weeping

among the graves of his children, the round tower on the hill, the glen of streams and fairies, and the ancient tree, the patriarch of centuries and storms, and the witness of our ancestors—all these are yet fresh in my recollection, and of these I once thought my Ellen might be the beloved and admired mistress. Mr. Lovet had lately returned from the continent, and set himself down in his native mansion, with the laudable intention of becoming a resident landlord. On frequent occasions, and under various pretences, he called at our place; and this was the more remarkable, because, although we were on the border, we were not within the boundary of his estate. With a woman's sagacity, however, I soon discovered the real motive; and with the ambition of a proud-minded mother, I visioned my daughter in the majesty of her beauty among the wealthy and the noble of this world. I could perceive, after a short time, but not with so much ease, that these visits were more than agreeable to the object of them; and before they had proceeded much further, it was easy to observe that her feelings were deeply and decidedly engaged. I read her heart in her manner and expression. There were the changing colour, the joyousness and depression, the stifled sigh, the stolen look, the beating temple, the negligence, absence, forgetfulness, which always accompany the strong and earnest attachment of the affections. At length I began to look at consequences with fear and trembling; but still would own no error, or make no change. He came and went as usual, showing nothing more in his ordinary demeanour, than a condescending kindness towards our family in general, and to Ellen in particular, an indirect gentleness, an attention apparently undesigned, and exhibited only in little and unexpected incidents. The character of a libertine had been attributed to him, but I never believed it. His appearance and conversation seemed to belie the report, and to stamp it as the foulest calumny. His form, strength, expression, were all masculine; but there were a transparency in his complexion, a simplicity in his language, and a softness in his voice, which one could only associate with a soul incapable of any thing either coarse or cruel. My eldest son, the Mentor of our circle, thought differently, and ventured almost to reprove me for permitting his visits. My constitutional pride and anger arose, and I told him bitterly that he only envied his sister's prospects. 'Her probability of superiority,' said I, 'is galling to you.' 'It is an ungenerous observation,' he returned; 'and had any but my mother made it, I should brand it with a stronger name.' 'I doubt it,' said I; 'it is not so easy to oppose men, as to annoy women—a clown is commonly a coward.' He seemed for a moment to forget who uttered these words; his hand was clenched, and his look was fierce. 'Wretch!' I exclaimed, 'cursed is the

eye that despiseth a mother—the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out.’ ’Twas but an instant—the hand was relaxed—the eye changed, melted, filled with tears—he pulled his hat over his face, and rushed out of the house. A fortnight after, a letter came; he had enlisted and sailed for India.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ It was about the middle of October; the morning sun shone into the parlour with a subdued and sober lustre; the laurel leaves ripened into bright yellow, and the painted foliage of the trees around and within sight of the window, were quivering with their last struggles in the blast of the dying year; we had all for the few preceding minutes been sunk into a thoughtful and rather melancholy silence. My youngest son, William, arose from the table on which he had been resting his forehead—a hasty leave was taken, he was just quitting home for the first time, to attend a winter course of lectures in the metropolis, preparatory to the profession of medicine. ‘ William,’ said his father, ‘ as you must cross the ferry before you can take the coach, I may as well go along with you. I have occasion, at any rate, to call on our landlord, Mr. Sharky, to get a general receipt for my payments of rent these last two years, and the renewal of my lease, which he has long been promising me. I shall be home, love,’ said he, turning to me, ‘ about six o’clock this evening; and you know of old, what havoc I commit on a snug supper after a good sail. I shall be looking for you and Ellen to lead me home in triumph with my new lease and full receipt in my pocket.’ The day passed as usual, and, at the appointed hour, we watched, but could see no boat approaching. We retired to a round tower, an old monastic remnant, commanding, from an elevated eminence, a more extensive view; but all in vain. Still there was no sign of his arrival. The moon was rising; a silver pathway appeared formed across the watery plain; the remote hills seemed still more distant; the scattered trees in the dim perspective, looked here and there like the spirits of the night. The face of nature was calm and bright, yet I felt my whole soul under the power of the spirit of heaviness. Our home was but a little way, and my daughter prevailed on me to return and see that all was prepared and right; whilst she should continue to watch for some time longer. As I retired, I imagined the appearance of a tall shadow moving near the tower, and I thought there was in it that ease and directness of progress, with which one approaches a frequent and favourite haunt. I was half doubtful and half convinced, as to the identity of the individual, and I was more than anxious. I quickened my pace homewards, saw the fire renewed, and the candles lit, and immediately retraced my steps. The night was now growing darker, clouds were around the moon, a heavier breath was along



the water, the wave arose with a gloomier swell, and broke with a deeper roar. When near enough to the old castle, I heard rising and falling the sound of two voices, in earnest conversation: one of them, I need not say, was Ellen's; the other was Mr. Lovet's. For the first time, I heard what made me shudder—an Atheist's eloquence, and an Atheist's laugh—a mixture of what I have been told of Voltaire's sarcasms and Volney's luxuriance. I heard a Deity reputed as a superstitious phantom, immortality a priestly fairy-land, morality a social convenience, happiness safe and sensual pleasure, life a dizzy dream, death a clayey slumber, and the universe a boundless chaos of dark or sparkling eccentricities. I found that my daughter had drunk but too deeply of this spirit; and that without having lost all the refined instincts of a woman, she had now none of the influences of a religious or spiritual morality. It was a terrible discovery; I had taken no care to make solemn impressions on her mind, and yet I was frightened to find she had no religion. This state is something terribly incongruous in woman's nature; something that all, whether Christians or unbelievers, alike shrink from as to permanent esteem; something foreign to all we desire in the female heart, which, in its every relation, seems to recline on what is stronger than itself—its power consisting in gentleness—its ornament, in a pure, confiding, bright, and faithful piety. The voices were a while suppressed; in a rising tone I caught the words, 'the hour is long past, he will not return to-night;' again, low murmuring, interrupted, I thought, with supplications, promises, professions, and weeping; at length, in a firmer and more decisive tone, I heard the expression, 'Well, be it so,' and in a moment the taller figure vanished. When a little time had elapsed, I entered the tower, pretended to suspect nothing, and immediately after, we both went home together. The fire was kindled, and burning brightly as we entered the comfortable sitting-room, the table was laid for supper, the clock struck nine, we listened to every sound, frequently we thought our names were loudly called, but it was only the delusions of the blast, which was now every moment becoming more frequent and threatening. Ten, eleven, twelve, successively struck; and hearing no cheering call or rap, we separated for bed, downcast and trembling. When Ellen drew near to salute me, she shivered through her whole frame, and hung speechless upon my neck as if she had been drowning; then, suffocating almost with inward agony, gave me a hurried kiss, broke into an outburst of tears, and darted rapidly to her chamber. Without undressing, I threw myself upon a sofa, and fell into a feverish and troubled slumber, my mind awfully clouded with some overhanging and indistinct calamity. One time I awoke with a sudden start of terror, a thousand horrid dreams and forms were passing through my

imagination, the fire was dim, the unsnuffed candle cast a blood-red light on the yet laid supper-table, and on a single figure—it was my husband's countenance, gashed and bleeding—I rushed towards it, and found it but a phantom of my brain. Having trimmed the light, and again lain down, I don't know how long I slept when a similar convulsion of horror aroused me, and then all was utter darkness. In the fire-place there was not even a sparkle, and the candles had burned down; the storm still blowing tremendous gusts, intercepted with crashing peals of thunder, my very blood curdled in my veins with fear—that indescribable thing, called despair, was making my heart colder and colder, and whispering in my ear its awful temptations. The appearance of day-light dispelled a torpor which was fast increasing, and drew me to the window to look at a scene unutterably terrible. Amidst all that morning's dreary wildness and rocking tempest, my eye was fixed but on one object, it was a small boat dashed from one mountain-wave to another, in which three wretched and exhausted men seemed struggling to avoid a rocky shore or approach a secure landing-place. The whole bay was reeking with fury, its crested boilings like hills dashed against hills; and amidst these the little boat could be seen dancing, as a cork on the foam of a cataract, except when it was obscured by the darker bosom of the wave, or lost in the yawning chasms of surrounding billows. I stood rivetted to the spot, my eyes fixed on its every motion; I watched it with breathless and fearful intensity; my heart panted or stopped as it arose alternately and disappeared; swell after swell was hurling it to the breakers; the rowing and struggles of the fated crew grew more feeble; the boat was drifting to its doom—it was an infant wrestling with a giant hawling it to a precipice; it shot towards the fatal shore at the point nearest our house, a voice shouted on the blast—it was my husband's!—another rush, the boat was heaved upon the rocks with a cannon's force—its shivers mingled with the breakers—the shrieks of the drowning men came to me on the storm—I flew to the beach—my husband was a shattered corpse!—Madly I flew again to my daughter's chamber—no soul was there—Ellen had deserted me.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘O William!—miserable, miserable woman that I am,—your hope's gone, and my heart broken.’ ‘Mother, mother! if you love me, don't despair; you kill me, when you speak so darkly; be only cheerful, and I am happy. If I can't now be a doctor, I can teach a school, and that will enable me to keep a comfortable roof over your head, and to cherish your declining years. The villain Sharky, that ruined us and others, is worse than his victims; he can only and ever be a wretch. He can deny my poor father's payments, and

keep his papers; but the dead will have a witness and an avenger in his own conscience, that he can neither silence nor subdue, and that, even 'without the fear of hell,' will in itself be perdition. Nor can the miscreant, Lovet, Atheist as he is, entirely blunt these stings—they will rankle in his retreat—he may despise the poor victim he has crushed, but a spectre will arise from the ruin he inflicts, and haunt him in his closest concealments.' This was his language, as he led me to a cottage in the remote part of the village, which he had prepared for my reception. As we entered our new residence, the sun was setting; the retiring light gave a sombre tinge to the long grass and blossomed weeds that grew around the door; and to my dark imagination they appeared as flowers scattered on a shroud, and the last flashings of a taper on a lifeless face. For months, my poor son constantly laboured in public teaching, private tuition, and literary writing. The kindness of his spirit was never ruffled; he made no complaint; and the little he could snatch from harder toil, he devoted to cheer me with his playfulness and company. His lively manner could not, however, conceal from me, that his health was ruined and his spirit gone—that he was quickly journeying to an early grave. And I was not deceived. Passing his room-door early one morning, I heard something like uneasy breathing and suppressed groans. Listening, I could hear him murmur, 'My days are numbered—ah! my mother! my poor, desolate mother! what will she do? O death! but for her, you were kindly welcome.' I entered the room unnoticed. The grey light of morning was full upon the bare walls; he had worked all night, and was yet unstripped; he lay across the outside of the bed, his face downwards, his feet on the ground, his fingers knitted and clasping his forehead, whilst his whole body was writhing with convulsive and hysterical sobbing. It is needless to say, how I acted or how I felt. Next day, he was unable to rise—the scholars were dismissed; they never again met until they collected around his coffin. He lingered for a few weeks. Every day, during a considerable period of his illness, he would have his desk brought him to the bed, and then lying on his side, he would write for a number of successive hours; and never shall I forget the awfully affecting appearance he presented, when he stretched forth his worn arm from beneath the bed-covering, took the pen in his bony fingers, and felt it almost too heavy. Yet what a glorious light burned in his eye, and shone upon his dying features! 'Here, mother,' said he, one day, on opening a letter, 'here is the price of my last piece, it will pay some expenses my illness put you to, and you may soon require a provision for others. For yourself——' his suffocating grief would scarcely allow my dear boy to go on—'for yourself, I remember Him who is the husband of the widow. Raise the window, and

pull that lily; it is Jesus Christ's own flower, an emblem of his own pure soul. I would once more admire its texture, and study that beautiful commentary on Providence.' He turned in the bed, as I went towards the window, and while I was away he expired!

"Shortly after this, I left the village to come to this, my eldest daughter. Sharky's place was on my road, and as I passed, I could not forbear taking a look at his luxuriant pleasure-grounds. Here, said I, is the paradise of a wealthy villain;—it blooms where a hundred families were made to wither; these young groves, shrubs, roses, flowers, have caused more tears to flow, than the dews and showers that wash them from heaven; and there is not a leaf here that shivers in the breeze, but, if it had a voice, would hurl curses to the tyrant's heart. Unawares, I came upon an alcove; and there he was, placed in a richly-cushioned chair—a bloated mixture of brute and demon. On a sort of shelf above his head, was set his household god, the brandy-bottle, from which he sought the consolation not afforded by his conscience. I stood before him, erect and stern in misfortune—I stood before the Dives that was gorging on the spoils of my family—the vampire that opened my veins and stung my heart. The sense of injury gave a soul to every fibre in my frame; my tongue and lips grew parched, my eye-balls burned, and my very rags quivered with passion—fearful words were rising to my lips—with a deep struggle I crushed the bursting tempest, and hurried from his presence. One feeling, however, I brought along with me—an indestructible horror of intoxication. It gave his countenance a cast not to be described, but never to be forgotten; mad as I was, it almost frightened me;—the excited twinkle of the eye on a gloomy cheek—the maudlin look turned awfully steadfast on your face, in which was setting the last gleam of mind, and drowning memory failing in its struggles of recognition—the hanging chin, the blubbered lip, the stammered incoherency, the idiot laugh,—these are more terribly unhuman than the wildest paroxysms of any other passion; and these were all on this occasion darkening around him.

"As I could do little to assist my daughter, I undertook, when the work was finished, at least, to carry it home to the glover's. One day, on coming to the shop with a parcel, I found it so crowded with fashionable customers, that I retired to a corner, until some one should be at leisure to attend to me. A particular lady caught my notice, of exquisite symmetry of figure; her face was concealed, but when she stretched out her small white hand, it was one I imagined I had well known. Turning to go rapidly to her carriage, the light fell an instant on her face—it was my own poor lost Ellen's! This was the only intimation I received since she left me, even of her existence. Her face was still as lovely,

but its blush had faded; and I could see, even by that momentary glance, how secret grief had been feeding on its freshness. Subsequently, I learned that she had been on the continent, and when I saw her, was residing in some of the city's suburbs. Let me not dwell upon the circumstances of a downward course; one more, and I have done. A little time previous to my lying down on this my death-bed, I was coming, about nightfall, through one of the grand private streets of this city, when a female figure, stretched on the steps of a magnificent hall-door, struck my attention. It was about the same time of year as when my husband was lost, and quite as fierce a night; the rain was falling in torrents, washing down the flags, and the cold wind rushed furiously along the empty street. The wretched creature lay apparently insensible; her old shoes were filled with water, and her thin faded muslin-gown was drenched; her arm was under her head; the lamp shone down on her worn side-face, now seamed with streams of red paint running along a cheek of ashy paleness; I raised her more fully to the light, and saw again the face of my unfortunate Ellen! I took my poor fallen child to my heart—I called her—‘Oh, my dear Ellen, it is your mother, do speak to me—speak to your poor mother.’ ‘Take care, good woman,’ said she, ‘don’t soil my dress; don’t you know I am going to be married?’—and she accompanied her words with a slight hush, and a miserable laugh. ‘But whisper, have you a crust of bread about you? Oh! I’m very, very hungry—they starve me here.’ She shivered, and fainted. I pulled the bell, and told the porter what had happened; I could hear the revelry of a large company, the servants passed through the hall, and talked of a young and beautiful wife; a gentleman appeared, with a light and decanter in his hand—it was Lovet! No more, no more!—Now it is all over, my daughter is in the house of maniacs.”

Two or three days after this, as I entered, she was breathing her last. Besides the humble circle, a commanding-looking man, in military uniform, with a fine bronzed face, was standing over her, accompanied by a beautiful girl, whose countenance was so full of goodness, as to bring before one’s mind the idea of an angel waiting for the parting soul. The old woman blessed them all, and not the least rejoicingly and fervently, her son returned, wealthy and promoted, from India, with his young and lovely bride.

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#### BERKELEY AND JONES.

*To the Editor of the Christian Pioneer.*

SIR,—The *Siris* of Bishop Berkeley, as you will recollect digresses, in the fulness of the author’s richly gifted mind’



from "the virtues of Tar Water," to Sir Isaac Newton, Plato, Aristotle, and the Trinity. This "chain of philosophical reflections and inquiries" concludes with the following sentence: "He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as first fruits, at the altar of truth."

In his copy of *Siris*, Sir W. Jones had annexed the following lines:

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth!  
I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth;  
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,  
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray:  
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,  
Soar, without bound—without consuming, glow."

The late Lord Teignmouth, who quotes these lines in his biography, has justly described them as "a beautiful version by Sir W. Jones, amplified and adapted to himself."

SEPTUAGENARIUS.

Sept. 9, 1835.

#### LINES,

*Sent with a Desk to a Grand-daughter in Wales.*

A desk, dear Marian! 'tis design'd  
For various uses of the mind;  
To bear the volume that displays,  
Through many a tale of other days,  
How men or women talk'd or acted,  
As pleasure charm'd or care distracted:  
How voyagers unfurl'd their sails,  
To visit distant hills and dales,  
Of mighty streams to explore the fountains,  
And climb far higher than Welch mountains;  
To Etna or Vesuvius rise,  
And bask beneath Italian skies;  
Or, guided by historic lore,  
To tread where Cæsars trod before;  
Trace the last ruins of the dome,  
Where Tully waked the applause of Rome;  
Or muse on Grecia's sad remains,  
And meditate her ancient strains;—  
Yet, what delights can Greece or Rome  
Bestow, like Marian's happy home?

The volume closed, full oft, I hope,  
You'll spread the post-sheet o'er the slope,  
In fairest characters to write  
What kindness and good sense indite,  
Or send abroad some harmless jokes,  
On gilt-edged, if for grander folks;

Nor seldom, in a vacant hour,  
 Freely engage the pencil's power,  
 And, each grand-parent to delight,  
 Give Clydach's beauties to our sight.

SENILIUS.

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## MONTHLY RECORD.

OCTOBER 1, 1835.

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SCOTTISH UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The fifth Annual Meeting of this institution, since its re-establishment, was held on Sunday, August 30, at Paisley. Friends were present from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Greenock, Dalry, Kilbarchan, Port-Glasgow, Bells-Hill, &c. In the morning, the Rev. James Forrest of Paisley introduced the worship; and the Rev. Charles Wicksteed of the Park-Chapel, Liverpool, preached a most admirable and powerful discourse, breathing the purest and most elevated spirit of Christian benevolence, from 1 Corinth. xii. 4, 5, 6. The Chapel, which formerly belonged to the Independents, but which has been engaged, and neatly fitted up for Unitarian worship, through the generosity of Mr. Forrest, was crowded to overflowing by a deeply attentive and delighted audience.

At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Harris read the following Report:—

“The Committee of the Scottish Unitarian Christian Association have great pleasure in presenting to its members and friends their Fifth Annual Report. They have the greater pleasure in presenting it before a Congregation, which has for so many years exhibited so steadfast and consistent a testimony to despised and unpopular truth. Whilst they congratulate their Paisley brethren on the happy auspices under which this meeting is assembled, they cannot but express the hope, that with an individual for their pastor whose conscientious devotedness to Christian righteousness and truth is above all praise, and their own combined and persevering exertions, a merciful Providence will bless their united labours to the removal of error, and the diffusion of enlightened views of God, and heart-inspiring sentiments of man.

“Under the peculiar circumstances in which the Committee have been placed during the last year, they have but little to point out to the attention of the Association, excepting the reports from the various congregations in connection with it. Their labours have chiefly been confined to the fulfilment of the engagements into which the Society had entered with their late respected Missionary. Expectations which were held out to them, promises which were made

from two places in which he preached, have not been realised; and the assistance on which they had calculated, as in past years, from England, has not been given. The main portion, therefore, of the Missionary's salary for the concluding eight months of his engagement, has had to be made up by the subscriptions of individual members, and the funds at the disposal of the Committee, have as yet proved inadequate. They have deeply regretted their inability, for the sake of their indefatigable friend, and also, because it prevented them from aiding the meritorious efforts of the Congregation of Dundee. They are happy, however, to say, that from the collections this day to be made, and the annual subscriptions now due to the Association, the Committee hope to be able to discharge their debt.

"Mr. Clarke's labours, as the Missionary of the Association, terminated with the last Sunday of October 1834, and he entered on his duties as the minister of the congregation at Dundee, November 2, 1834. In parting with so faithful and devoted an advocate of the great cause they are associated to promote, the Committee cannot but bear their sincere and grateful testimony, to the manner in which Mr. Clarke executed the duties of his very onerous charge; and express their conviction, that notwithstanding the many untoward circumstances with which he had to contend, his efforts were successful, in upholding the pure truths of the Gospel, and in exciting inquiry; and that the beneficial results will yet be witnessed in many minds and hearts, whom his teachings enlightened and consoled.

"The regret of the Committee in parting with Mr. Clarke, as the Missionary of the Association, was in some degree lessened, by his acceptance of an invitation to Dundee. In that large and influential town, they are satisfied nothing more was wanting to the advancement of the religious principles they hold worthy of all acceptance, than the well-directed labours of an efficient minister. They rejoice, that in the short period which has elapsed since the congregation obtained the services of Mr. Clarke, the progress has been more than equal to the most sanguine expectations. The Committee had hoped to have contributed £10 in aid of Mr. Clarke's salary at Dundee, but owing to the circumstances already detailed, it has been wholly out of their power. They trust, however, this desirable object may be accomplished in the ensuing year. They trust the friends in Dundee will believe that their exertions have the warm sympathy of the Association; and that the heart's desire and prayer of the members are, that God may speed their progress.

"Little has been done, during the past year, in the circulation of the books and tracts belonging to the Association. With the exception of a few copies distributed in Airdrie and other places, the stock in hand is about the same as

at the last Anniversary. With gratitude, the Committee acknowledge the generous and useful donation by the Rev. John Grundy of Liverpool, of *twenty sets* of his admirable Lectures on Christian Unitarianism. The cordial thanks of the Association are due to that respected individual—not merely for this instance of devotedness to the cause of truth, but for those important labours by which, in past years, he so fearlessly and successfully advocated the great interests of knowledge, liberty, virtue, and human happiness. May the evening of his life be passed in that peaceful enjoyment, which should crown the efforts of every champion of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

“The members and friends of the Association will recollect well the conduct manifested by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to the Pastors of the Church of Geneva. It might be in accordance with the spirit of orthodoxy; but it was surely alien to the benevolence of the Gospel. Whatever might be the opinions now entertained by the Church of Geneva, surely the blessings of which the Reformation has been productive, might have been recognised in their company, without danger of pollution either to the purity or principles of a Church so vigilant in the detection of heresy, so lynx-eyed as to the moral habits of the population under its care! It seemed to the Committee to be their bounden duty to address the Church of Geneva, in the name of the Association; and they have great pleasure in presenting to you that address, and the reply which they have received to it. They feel assured that your best wishes and prayers will be expressed for the progress of the pure and benevolent religion of Jesus, in Geneva; and that there, as well as throughout other regions it has darkened and debased, the religion of Calvin may give way to the religion of the Saviour.

*‘To the Venerable Company of Pastors of the Church of Geneva.*

‘Christian Friends,—The Christian Unitarians of Scotland would feel themselves guilty of a dereliction of duty, were they not, under the circumstances which have recently occurred, to address you. Their sympathies have long been yours. Your past history, your present condition, are subjects in which they take a deep and lively interest. United as were our forefathers, in the religious faith of those who founded your ecclesiastical institutions; and banded together, as they were, in vindication of the rights of man, and of the sacred privileges of the freedmen of Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour, against the power which for ages had trampled both civil and religious liberty beneath its despotic and inquisitorial sway—it was natural that their descendants should look with anxious and inquiring eye to the opinions and practices of their brethren at Geneva. Honouring the struggles of our forefathers, in behalf of that liberty where-

with Christ had made his disciples free, we were irresistibly impelled to the conclusion, that truest reverence of their memories, was shown by imitation of their hallowed example. Investigation taught us, that the great, the essential principles of the Reformation, were, the sufficiency of Scripture, the right of individual judgment, and the free and fearless expression of that judgment—principles these, utterly void and set at nought, when communion with a Church is identified with subscription to a human creed, and belief in the Bible is deemed valueless unless associated with belief in the Confession of Faith. To admit such claims on the part of the Church of Scotland, or of any body of Christians dissenting from her communion, appeared to us to be returning to the beggarly elements which our forefathers spurned. We therefore separated from her, because she had repudiated the principles on which alone the Reformation was founded, and by which alone that holy rebellion against oppression could be justified. Happy were we to find, that the Genevese had acted in a similar spirit, and, auspiciously for the community, having the power, had abolished subscription to the Confession of Faith as a term of Christian communion and fellowship. This was carrying out the great purpose of the Reformation—the emancipation of the mind from the trammels of human authority in religion. You did not suppose the perfection of truth and liberty to be attained in 1535; but whilst honouring those, who in an age of comparative darkness, had done so much for Christianity and mankind, you rightly judged, that the *Lord had more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word.*

‘The natural consequences have followed, both in your country and in our own. Persecution, imprisonment, and death, having marked the once prevalent faith of Geneva, suspicion of its truth was naturally engendered; for truth has a necessary affinity with justice, and benevolence is its blessed result. Purer ideas of God, more elevating sentiments of human nature gradually made way, reverence and love of both took place of fear and loathing; morality was founded on its only secure and lasting basis; good will to man, reverence of the Saviour, has followed; and piety to the One Eternal Father, has crowned and sanctified the whole. Similar causes have led to similar results in Scotland also; and whilst we congratulate you on the adoption of that purer faith, which we are convinced you have peace and joy in believing, we bless God for our own deliverance from heart-withering creeds and inquisitorial conclaves.

‘In your struggles to uphold the great principles of the Reformation—the great charter of Christian liberty, the New Testament—you have been assailed by every species of insult and vituperation. Falsehoods the most gross have been circulated respecting you; and statements the most contra-



dictory have found a ready credence to your prejudice. You were bound no longer in the iron bonds of a human creed, and therein consisted your criminality. You were Protestants in deed and in truth, and that was an unpardonable sin. Lamentations have been poured out over the length and breadth of Scotland for your defection, and every calumny which an intolerant priesthood could fabricate and vend, has been as eagerly credited by a prejudiced and hoodwinked people.

‘Not universal, however, has been this state of sentiment and feeling. A band, small indeed when compared with the nation, have honoured your efforts, have sympathised in your labours, have vindicated, as far as their power extended, your characters and principles. In the *Christian Pioneer*, a periodical conducted by the individual who signs this Address, the true condition of Geneva has been made known to those who would read and judge for themselves. At the Annual Association of the Unitarians of Scotland also, your circumstances, religious doctrines, and prospects, have been dwelt upon and rejoiced in. But there are minds which are impervious to argument, sealed against the evidence of fact. It did not surprise us, therefore, that your letter to the Church of Scotland, inviting her members to join with you in celebrating the Reformation, met with so uncourteous a reception. It would have surprised us, had her General Assembly fraternised with those who regard the Word of God as superior alike to the traditions of the Church of Rome, the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, or the Westminster Confession of Faith. It would have surprised us, had the members of that Assembly fraternised with the lovers of Christian liberty, the advocates of untrammelled thought, human improvement, happiness, and peace.

‘But, under such circumstances, we should hold ourselves unworthy of our privileges and of the sacred and benevolent faith we glory in professing, did we not embrace the opportunity of expressing our cordial attachment to the principles you uphold—our admiration of the firmness and consistency with which you have maintained them—our sympathy in the labours of benevolence in which you are engaged—our regret for the calumnies to which you have been exposed—our confidence, that those calumnies, like every other instance of evil, will be overruled by the Providence of God for the good of those who have suffered them—our assured hope, that your virtuous and truly Christian efforts, will be blessed to the advancement of the pure and undefiled religion of the Saviour, and the adoration of the One Universal Father in spirit and in truth.

‘Go forward, brethren, in God’s name, and prosper. You occupy an honourable position in the contest for Christian liberty. You will fill it worthily. Its duties are arduous,

but you will not flinch from their performance. The eyes of the nations are on you. You will not relax your efforts because bigotry may anathematise, and intolerance scowl upon you. In all the nations, there are some minds who honour you, there are some hearts which beat in unison with the hopes that animate your own. The wide waters may divide us, but the eye of a common and benignant Father is upon us to bless us; and our prayers shall ever ascend to that Father, that your labours to diffuse the truth of Christ, may be successful on earth, and that He may be your portion and reward for ever.—I am, in the name and on behalf of the Committee and Members of the General Association of the Unitarians of Scotland,

‘ Very respectfully and faithfully,

‘ Your brother in Christ,

‘ GEORGE HARRIS,

Secretary & Treasurer.’

‘ Glasgow, June 26, 1835.

“ To this address the Secretary received from the Church of Geneva, the following reply:—

‘ *The Venerable Company of Pastors of Geneva, to Mr. George Harris, Secretary & Treasurer of the General Association of the Unitarians of Scotland.*

‘ Geneva, July 27, 1835.

‘ Sir, and much honoured Brother—The Company of Pastors of Geneva have received with much pleasure and gratitude, the assurances of esteem and affection which you have given them in the name of the Association of which you are a member. Called, as they have been, for the last twenty years, to struggle against misrepresentations, the tendency and results of which they deeply deplore, it is gratifying to them to find Christians who sympathise with them, who understand and approve the course they have followed.

‘ They venerate and bless the memory of those Reformers who rendered such signal services to the church and to the world during the sixteenth century; but they do not confound them with those inspired men who spoke directly in the name and on the part of God, eighteen hundred years ago. They still preserve those principles, by the aid of which Luther and Calvin reformed the Christian church; but they likewise examine the doctrines which they professed, that they may assure themselves whether they are agreeable to the letter and spirit of the teachings of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. In particular, certain that by the benevolent will of God, man is destined to perfection, they reject the formularies which trammel religious opinions, and tend to replace the Christian under the yoke of human authority in matters of faith. For the rest they respect every conscientious opinion, and greet with the name of brethren and Christians all those who base their faith upon the Gospel.

‘It is under the influence of this spirit, they have wished to call together to the jubilee which the Church of Geneva intends soon to celebrate, all the reformed national churches, whatever might be their opinions. They have seen with regret, that a few amongst them have formed an idea of the Reformation to which they cannot agree, and in consequence have rejected the great principles of the Gospel, which are, that in every nation he who feareth God is accepted of him; and that all the disciples of Jesus, the only Son of God, have a right to our love. We hope to persevere in this spirit, and we wait with confidence for better times.

‘As to you, Sir, and much honoured Brother,—you have addressed to us a letter, in which we recognise the spirit of the Master, and of fraternal affection. We accompany you with our best wishes, and pray God that he may grant you his all-powerful assistance. Accept, Sir, our very sincere and fraternal regards.—In the name of the Company, and by their order,

‘J. S. CHOISY, Secretary.’

[The reports from the congregations were briefly as follows: DUNFERMLINE—Progress is making, the friends are united, and continue their meetings; and could they be occasionally visited, much good would ensue. DUNDEE—Mr. Clarke’s services have been well attended; the evening lectures crowded; many new members have joined; a subscription entered into to build a chapel, and delayed only because every effort is needed to increase his salary, which at present is inadequate to his merits and support. CARLUKE—The society not increasing, but steady and zealous in their advocacy of truth. LANARK—Several individuals have avowed their conviction of the truth of Christian Unitarianism, and many more are anxiously inquiring the way of salvation. PAISLEY—The prospect encouraging; within the last few months, several new members have been added to the society. GREENOCK—Mr. Giles’s labours highly approved, an increased attendance, and the prospect for the future, good. EDINBURGH—The congregation steadily on the increase, and the confident expectation entertained, that with a new and larger chapel, that increase will become much greater. GLASGOW—In the past year, by the kind aid of friends in Ireland, the debt reduced to *eight hundred and fifty* pounds; forty-two new subscribers added to the congregation; and the Library and Benevolent Society doing well. DALRY, ABERDEEN, DUMBARTON, and many other places—Inquiry on the increase; and the labours of an efficient minister alone wanted, in Aberdeen particularly, for the establishment of a large and flourishing society.]

“The Treasurer’s Report is as follows:—

*Dr.*

|                                       |     |    |   |
|---------------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| Collection at Anniversary, 1834,..... | £12 | 0  | 0 |
| Rev. C. Wicksteed, Liverpool,.....    | 0   | 10 | 6 |
| Rev. A. Macdonald, Royston,.....      | 0   | 10 | 6 |
| Rev. John Grundy, Liverpool,.....     | 1   | 0  | 0 |
| Misses Grundy, do.....                | 1   | 0  | 0 |
| Tillicoultry, .....                   | 2   | 10 | 0 |
| Carlisle,.....                        | 8   | 0  | 0 |
| Lanark,.....                          | 0   | 15 | 0 |
| Dumbarton, ..                         | 1   | 2  | 6 |
| Davies Dykes,.....                    | 0   | 2  | 6 |
| Saltcoats, .....                      | 0   | 10 | 0 |
| Dalry,.....                           | 0   | 5  | 0 |
| Profit from Tea-party, 1834,.....     | 2   | 18 | 0 |
| Dundee,.....                          | 1   | 0  | 0 |
| Edinburgh, .....                      | 2   | 8  | 6 |
| Glasgow,.....                         | 13  | 18 | 6 |
| Paisley,.....                         | 1   | 19 | 9 |
| Greenock, .....                       | 0   | 12 | 6 |
|                                       | £51 | 3  | 3 |

*Cr.*

|                                                 |     |    |   |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| Balance against Association, 1834,.....         | £6  | 8  | 6 |
| Advertising Anniversary, 1834,.....             | 1   | 15 | 0 |
| Printing Placards, Posting, &c.....             | 1   | 10 | 0 |
| Postages, Carriage of Parcels, &c.....          | 2   | 9  | 1 |
| Rev. H. Clarke, towards arrears of salary,..... | 40  | 0  | 0 |
|                                                 | 52  | 2  | 7 |
|                                                 | 51  | 3  | 3 |
| Balance against Society, .....                  | 0   | 19 | 4 |
| Arrears still due Mr. Clarke,.....              | 16  | 13 | 4 |
| Debt due by the Association, .....              | £17 | 12 | 8 |

Examined and found correct,

JAMES COUPER.  
WM. RAE.

"Notwithstanding the state of the funds, however, the Committee cannot but express their decided opinion, from the reports of the congregations which have been read, that the interests of Christian liberty, righteousness, and truth, were never, in Scotland, in so favourable a condition as at this moment. In all, progress is making, success has attended some, and the promise is great in many. The spirit of the times is favourable to inquiry; men are looking for, calling out for reformation in civil institutions, and it cannot be that religious opinion will remain stationary. Were these not the times of reformation, there would still be an obligation on us to persevere in upholding the benignant character of Our Father in heaven, and in striving to advance the emancipation of the mind from the trammels of earth-born creeds, and in diffusing that pure morality which, in raising the character of the individual, elevates society and diffuses

the spirit of enlightened freedom. But, as the times conjoin with the calls of reason and Scripture, to urge us onward, there can be no lack of co-operation, without a violation of the privileges we enjoy and should labour to impart to others. There will be, the Committee are persuaded, one persevering, energetic effort to disseminate the blessed truths of the Gospel—to bring men to God by tearing away the veil which has so long darkened his character to the view of his creatures—and to unite in the spirit of love, that great human family whom it was the object of the Saviour to make one—one in affection to each other—one in reverence for himself—one in gratitude to the Father of mercy, the God of hope, of peace, and of consolation.”

A hymn was sung at the conclusion of the Report, and Mr. Wicksteed closed the worship of the morning with prayer.

In the afternoon, the new Chapel, and the one formerly occupied by the Paisley friends, were both obliged to be opened. In the first, the worship was introduced by the Rev. H. Clarke of Dundee, and the Rev. B. T. Stannus of Edinburgh preached an argumentative and truly Scriptural sermon, on the humanity of Christ. In the second chapel, Mr. Harris prayed, and the Rev. H. Giles of Greenock delivered a clear and beautiful discourse on the Divine Unity.

At the conclusion of the afternoon worship, the friends assembled in the new Chapel to tea. The arrangements were admirable, and reflected the highest credit on our Paisley friends, and the young men of the Glasgow Congregation who acted as stewards. Mr. Clarke was called to the chair, and began and concluded the social repast with prayer. After making a few observations, it was moved by Mr. Rae of Glasgow, and seconded by Mr. Bryson of Glasgow, and unanimously and cordially passed,

“That the warmest thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby respectfully presented to the Revds. C. Wicksteed, B. T. Stannus, and H. Giles, for their able, eloquent, and truly Christian discourses delivered before the meeting this day.”

These individuals severally addressed the meeting, and Mr. Wicksteed gave some very interesting particulars respecting the change of opinion of the Rev. Blanco White.

It was moved by Mr. Callender of Paisley, and seconded by Mr. Finlay of Paisley, and unanimously adopted,

“That the Committee of the Association for the past year, be respectfully requested to continue in office for the ensuing year.”

It was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr. Stannus, seconded by Mr. Harris, “That the next Anniversary of the Association be held in the City of Edinburgh.”



The following resolution, moved by Mr. Baird of Greenock, and seconded by Mr. Giles, was also unanimously carried,

“ That the Association eagerly avail themselves of this opportunity to return their grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Harris, for the deep interest he has uniformly taken in the affairs of this institution; and for his devotedness in forwarding the great cause of truth and happiness, thereby identifying Unitarianism with every noble and generous feeling of humanity, and practically illustrating the benevolence which naturally springs from a belief in the principles of genuine Christianity.”

On the motion of Mr. Robert Hedderwick of Glasgow, seconded by Mr. Stannus, the cordial thanks of the meeting were unanimously given to Mr. C. Dunlop, and the Paisley friends, for the admirable arrangements of the day; and to Mr. Forrest, for the Christian zeal to which the Association were indebted for their meeting in so comfortable a place of worship. Thanks were also voted to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

In the evening, Mr. Giles introduced the worship at the new Chapel, and Mr. Wicksteed preached on the benevolent spirit of Christianity. At the old Chapel, Mr. Harris conducted the whole service. It was in every respect a delightful day, and cannot fail to be long remembered by every individual who enjoyed its rational and soul-elevating pleasures.

THIRD CENTENARY OF THE REFORMATION, AT DUNDEE.—On Sunday, September 6, the Rev. Henry Clarke preached a sermon commemorative of the Reformation, in which a general view of the present aspect of society was presented, a brief history of the Reformation given, and a summary statement made of what the Reformers proposed to do, what they effected, what they left undone, and what Protestants are by their name and profession required to aim at accomplishing. A short notice of the past and present condition of the churches in Geneva was introduced, and the conduct of the pastors vindicated from the charges lately preferred against them. On Monday evening, a number of persons, male and female, joined together in a social tea-party in the large hall at the Crown Hotel. Mr. Clarke took the chair shortly after seven o'clock, and asked a blessing. On the removal of the tea-things, the following hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung:—

An offering to the shrine of Power

*Our hands shall never bring—*

A garland on the car of Pomp

*Our hands shall never fling—*

Applauding in the conqueror's path

*Our voices ne'er shall be;*

But we have hearts to honour those  
Who bade the world go free!

Stern Ignorance man's soul had bound  
In fetters, rusted o'er  
With tears—with scalding human tears—  
And red with human gore;  
But Men arose—the MEN to whom  
We bend the freeman's knee—  
Who, God-encouraged, burst the chain,  
And made our fathers free!

Light dwelt where darkness erst had been—  
The morn of Mind arose—  
The dawning of that day of love  
Which never more shall close:  
Joy grew more joyful, and more green  
The valley and the lea,—  
The glorious sun from Heaven look'd down,  
And smiled upon the free!

Truth came, and made its home below;  
And Universal Love,  
And Brotherhood, and Peace, and Joy,  
Are following from above:  
And happy ages on the earth  
Humanity shall see;  
And happy lips shall bless their names  
Who made our children free!

Praise to the Good, the Pure, the Great,  
Who made us what we are!  
Who lit the flame which yet shall glow  
With radiance brighter far;  
Glory to them in coming time,  
And through eternity!  
They burst the captive's galling chain,  
And bade the world go free!

The chairman then addressed the assembly on the object of the meeting, and closed with proposing as a sentiment, "The King, and may he ever remember that all power is derived from the people." With some remarks on reform, the chairman gave—"The Ministry, and may they recollect, that while they are the servants of the King, they are still more the servants of the People." The next sentiment proposed, was "Civil and religious liberty all the world over," which elicited from one of the company an admirable speech on that interesting topic. Among other sentiments on the Reformation, one was, "The Reformers, may we emulate

their virtues and shun their vices." Several speakers were in the course of the evening called up; one of whom, in proposing thanks to the chairman, gave an affecting account of his conversion to Unitarianism, which, he stated, was occasioned by Mr. Clarke's preaching. Another speaker delivered a splendid address on the application of the principles of the Reformation to the improvement of woman. The necessity of free inquiry, the onward movement of reform, and the extension of human happiness, were the subjects kept prominently forward during the whole evening. After more than three hours thus spent, the hymn was again sung; and then the chairman offered up a short prayer of thanksgiving, and the persons who had composed the social party separated, evidently highly delighted with the meeting. And long will they remember having joined to celebrate the Third Centenary of the Reformation.

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EPISCOPACY *versus* CATHOLICISM.—During the present month, Glasgow has been the scene of events, which cannot fail to be productive of results of the highest importance to the cause of truth and freedom. In the career of intolerance, we have been favoured with an apostolical visit from Messrs. O'Sullivan and M'Gee, of Exeter-Hall celebrity; and Mr. O'Connell has descended upon us like a whirlwind—sweeping away ancient prejudices, and raising his powerful voice in behalf of the great principles of civil and religious liberty. The two former missionaries, from the camp of the Orange Ascendancy party, have been received, of course, by their brethren here, with open arms; and meetings have been held, at which, under the old pretence of doing God service, they have spit out as much of uncharitableness and malice towards the professors of the Catholic faith, as could well have been contained within merely human breasts. These men are indeed a highly concentrated essence of the spirit of the Church whose worthy servants they are—a Church which has one arm for plunder, and another for persecution, up to the point to which society will bear them. It has been said, that countries and faiths, whose boundaries are loosely defined and closely connected, hate each other with a good will, in the inverse ratio of their distance or difference. Upon no other principle can we account for the intensity of the hatred which Episcopacy bears to Catholicism. From the blood-relationship which clearly subsists between them, we might *naturally* have looked for something very different; and the difference can only be accounted for upon the principle just alluded to. We have been so much amused by the following passage from the speech of Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan, glistening all over as it is with the spirit of his Church, and of Calvinistic intolerance and Jesuitism, that we must lay it before our readers:—

“In the Roman Catholic times, our forefathers were exposed to fire and fagot argument, by which Roman Archbishops evinced their respect for liberty of conscience, and their Christian affection for their Protestant brethren; and in the days of Episcopal persecution, they were fighting for the free exercise of their religion, and the power of worshipping God after the fashion dearest to their hearts.’ I frankly confess the truth of this statement in regard to Episcopal persecution, and regret that so dark a cloud was ever thrown across that Church. In admitting this statement, I claim an exemption for the tenets of Protestantism, from in any respect abetting the doctrine of persecution! I do admit there was a time when Scotland was persecuted, and that intolerance then wore the mask of the Church of England! I admit that, in the time of the first Charles, an unholy attempt was made to intrude into the temples in which your fathers worshipped, a ritual of which they did not approve; that in the time of the Second Charles—and remember that the Second Charles was a disguised member of the Church of Rome—an attempt was made, which had for its object to raise Popery on the ruins of Protestantism, both in England and in Ireland, when your ancestors were driven forth to worship after the fashion dearest to their hearts, in the wastes and recesses of their native country, or to seek an asylum in distant lands. On the part of the Church of England, I deny that its principles were in any respect impugned by this unholy attempt!—The Reverend Gentleman then proceeded to point out the difference betwixt the two cases of Scotland and Ireland. One concession in their favour was made after another, until every privilege having been conceded them, then broke out their latent hostility to the Church of Ireland; and this, notwithstanding the obligation they had so solemnly and so frequently incurred! As the severity of the laws relaxed, so did the frenzy of the people and their ferocious assaults on life and property, become more and more conspicuous!”

In how different a spirit does the Catholic O’Connell address the Protestants of Glasgow! We say, “Look here upon this picture, and on that”:—

“He gloried in the fellowship which bound together so many Christians of every sect in this great and holy cause; the words of separation, and creeds, were now no longer urged—differences of faith were left to God, who alone was their judge; and the fellowship of man with man, stood on the foundation of mutual charity. There were, said a high Authority, three things, Faith, Hope, and Charity, but the greatest of these was Charity.”

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**PRESBYTERIAN INTOLERANCE.**—How much at variance, frequently, is men’s practice with their pretensions! The Kirk of Scotland, claiming credit for a larger measure of

sanctity than its Episcopal neighbours, proves itself to be equally void of Christian benevolence and charity. When the crimes of rapine and murder are perpetrated under the guise of a religion of peace and love and charity—and the shrieks of the childless and the fatherless are heard to ascend from the slaughter-field of a Rathcormac, the clergy of the Church of Scotland are silent as the grave on the bloody doings. No word of righteous condemnation is suffered to escape their lips—no prayer for the wronged is breathed by these followers of Him who went about continually doing good. But when an O'Sullivan arrives—the fit representative of the bloated hierarchy of Ireland—a man who has had the magnanimity to feel ashamed of his baptismal name, and to change it from Murtach to Mortimer—a man who, it has been said, we believe truly, “is not the chap to do anything for nothing,”—when such a person arrives in our Presbyterian land, to scatter the seeds of dissension and to inflame the bad passions of the unthinking, the right hand of fellowship is immediately extended to him by the Intolerant of the Kirk, and “modern Presbyter” is forthwith demonstrated to be “old Priest writ large.” The Rev. P. Brewster of the Abbey Church, Paisley, attended the public dinner given a few days ago in Glasgow, to Daniel O'Connell—a Catholic to be sure, but a man who has done more for the human race than the united priesthood of our vaunted Establishment. When requested by the chairman to return thanks—Professor Mylne having asked the blessing—Mr. Brewster complied, and uttered a prayer, short but replete with the spirit which it was his Master's errand to inculcate, and some small portion of which it would be well if his co-presbyters could imbibe. For this beautiful act of Christian charity, we learn that he is forthwith to be cited before the Presbytery!—and the men who echoed the intolerance of O'Sullivan, and who desecrated the Christian name, and blasphemed their Maker by praying in behalf of the unhallowed objects of that renegade priest, are to sit in judgment on the conduct of Mr. Brewster!

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*Notice to Correspondents.*

THE proceedings at the First Anniversary of the New Unitarian Sunday Schools, Birmingham, on the 13th and 14th September, will be inserted in our October Number.



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES BY JARED SPARKS.

GEORGE BENSON.

THE character of a very learned theologian, and of a most zealous and persevering inquirer after truth, justly belongs to Dr. Benson. Few men have exhibited a fairer mind, or laboured with more intenseness of purpose to discover the exact meaning of the sacred Scriptures; and few have done more by their writings to throw light on some of the dark points of theology, or by the example of a good life to adorn the profession and faith of a Christian.

He was born at Great Salkeld in Cumberland, on the first of September, 1699. His parents, who were distinguished for their piety and devotedness to religion, early destined him for the Christian ministry. After a due course of preparation he entered the University of Glasgow, where he continued till 1721. Near the close of this year he went to London, and having been examined and approved by a body of Presbyterian clergymen, he soon began to preach under their auspices. He was particularly fortunate in the friendship of the learned Dr. Calamy, in whose family he resided for some time, and by whose recommendation and influence he was unanimously chosen pastor of a dissenting congregation at Abingdon, Berkshire. In this place he remained seven years, sedulously devoted to his studies and the duties of his profession. While at Abingdon he published three discourses, chiefly designed for young persons. These discourses, although they were received with approbation, he afterwards refused to have reprinted, alleging as a reason, that his inquiries had led him to distrust the accuracy of the doctrines inculcated in them, and that he could not conscientiously suffer anything under his control to go out to the public, of the truth of which he had not an unwavering conviction. In short, he had been educated a Calvinist, but as he studied the Scriptures more profoundly he could not find the doctrines of Calvinism there, and he was obliged to dismiss them from his creed, or sacrifice his integrity to the blind reverence of a system, for which he could discover no foundation either in reason or the Word of God. Benson was not a man to hesitate for a moment in deciding on the course which he ought to pursue; he was equally constant in searching for the truth, and fearless in avowing and defending it.

The independence of his spirit, and his mode of thinking in regard to human forms of faith and worship, are strikingly illustrated in the following letter to Mr. Towgood, written by Dr. Benson about four years before his death.

"Dear Sir,—I herewith send you a copy of a letter concerning nonconformity. I was desirous you should see it, because I hope you are proceeding in your answer to *Powel's Sermon* concerning subscription to the *Thirty-nine Articles* in any

sense, in every sense, and in no sense at all; as articles of truth, which are not true; as articles of peace, which create endless contentions; as articles of the Church of England, which the divines of that church commonly refute; as articles made to prevent diversity of opinions, and which greatly increase diversity of opinions; as articles made in the days of bigotry, by men who had no critical skill in the Scriptures, to fetter the ages of learning and free inquiry. And for five hundred pounds per annum, or less money, there are men who will subscribe, who will contend for subscribing to these same articles, whether ministers believe them or not. *Pudet hæc opprobria.*

“I am pleased that I have had the happiness to see you once. I shall never see you more in this world. I am delighted with the prospect of meeting you in a better state, where there are no subscriptions to articles required, no bigotry, nor anything to offend any more.

“With great esteem for you,

“I am, yours sincerely,

“GEORGE BENSON.”\*

While at Abingdon he also published a treatise entitled a “Defence of the Reasonableness of Prayer.” This was accompanied by a translation of the short work of Maximus Tyrius, in which are contained several objections to the propriety and purpose of prayer. Benson answered these objections. It was in connexion with this performance, that he published the tract on “Predestination,” containing an intelligible and practical view of a subject, which has so long contributed food to the insatiable, bewildering metaphysics of speculative divines, confounding the counsels of truth and reason, and driving plain common sense to despair and distraction. The author was induced to examine, with great caution, an article of faith which he had received as a leading tenet of the Christian system, but which his conscience and maturer judgment, strengthened by the light of Scripture, told him was only a shadow, having nothing to do with the realities constituting the religion of Jesus. The fruit of his inquiry, and the sources of his conviction, are presented in this tract.

A society of dissenters in Southwark invited the author to become their pastor in the year 1729. He accepted the invitation, and discharged the duties of a clergyman in that place eleven years. In 1740 he was settled at Crouched Friars as a colleague with Dr. Lardner. To the pastoral charge of this society Dr. Benson was devoted, till, near the

\* The above letter was first published in the *Monthly Repository*, volume viii. for 1813, and was communicated to that work by Mr. Manning of Exeter, who had received the original from the daughter of Mr. Towgood.

close of his life, his growing infirmities compelled him to resign. He lived in great harmony with Dr. Lardner, and although in several particulars their opinions were not the same, yet they often discussed these topics in a friendly manner, and with an attachment increased in proportion as they were convinced, by their constant intercourse, of each other's sincerity and singleness of character. They were associated eleven years, and when Dr. Lardner resigned his place in 1751, Dr. Benson wrote to him as follows:—"I was so much affected on Monday evening upon reading your letter, that I had very little sleep that night; and my mind still remains greatly affected with the thoughts of parting with you; for though I cannot but own I feel the weight of your reasons, yet I must frankly tell you, that I do not expect ever to have an assistant in whom I can place so thorough a confidence, and for whom I can entertain so warm an affection, and so high an esteem. I thank you heartily for all your friendly, kind, and obliging treatment of me, especially since I came to Crouched Friars, and I earnestly desire that our friendship may never be interrupted."\* Dr. Lardner was now seventy-five years old, and was obliged to desist from preaching by reason of his deafness, and the effects of advancing age.

Dr. Benson applied himself with particular earnestness to a critical study of the Scriptures. He was captivated with Locke's mode of interpreting and illustrating the Epistles of Paul, and formed a design of completing the work so successfully begun by this great writer. In the prosecution of this plan he published, in the year 1731, a "Paraphrase and Notes on the Epistle to Philemon." This specimen met with signal favour from the public, and he was encouraged to proceed in the same manner through the other Epistles. They were all finished, and published at different times. They are now usually found together in two quarto volumes. His paraphrase is exactly on the plan of Locke's, but the notes are more elaborate, and comprise a much greater mass of critical learning. Several "Dissertations" are interspersed here and there on some of the more difficult passages of Scripture. These are distinguished for the rational views of theology contained in them, and for the profound critical knowledge of the author. The dissertation attached to the Epistle to Philemon, attempts to prove, from the spirit and views of the Apostle Paul, as displayed in his writings, that he was neither an impostor nor enthusiast, and therefore that what he wrote must be true, and the Christian religion a divine revelation. This was the ground-work of the famous argument, which Lord Littleton has since illustrated with so much beauty and force.

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Rev. Nathaniel Lardner*, D. D. London, 1769, p. 107.

In 1735 the author published his "History of the First Planting of the Christian Religion;" a work of much research, containing instruction in regard to the origin of the Epistles, and numerous collateral and corresponding proofs of their authenticity, and the sacred character of their authors.

Benson's Paraphrase and Notes to the Epistle of James, was translated into Latin by John David Michaelis in 1746, and to this translation a recommendatory preface was prefixed by the German professor Baumgarten. The author's dissertation on the authenticity of the text of the *three heavenly witnesses*, was translated into Latin by Andrew G. Mash, who added copious notes. In these he attempted to support the authenticity of the text, against the arguments of Benson, which circumstance gives additional value to the following commendation:—*Auctor ejus dissertationis magnus est ille Anglorum theologus, verbique divini apud Londinenses minister, meritissimus Georgius Bensonius.*

Dr. Benson published other works in theology, particularly a treatise on the "Reasonableness of Christianity," and a volume of Sermons. He left in manuscript a "Life of Christ," which was published as a posthumous work, by Dr. Amory, who prefixed to the volume a short biographical memoir of the author. He enjoyed the friendship of several men of eminence, both among the Dissenters and in the Established Church, with whom he was in the habit of familiar correspondence. His close application to study, and his sedentary mode of life, impaired his health; and he complains in the prefaces to some of his works, that his health and spirits were not adequate to his laborious undertakings. He died on the 6th of April, 1762, in the sixty-third year of his age.

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#### TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. IX.

THE task which we undertook, now draws nigh its accomplishment; and to be permitted by a kind Providence to realise our wishes, is ever cause for gratitude, excepting only when those wishes have been unholy. What though time has sped away while we have been thus engaged; we again aver, that we cannot, dare not repine. Why should we? We have laboured to improve it, and that cannot be a ground of complaint. We have enjoyed it as it passed, and that cannot be a cause for repining. We have learned from it some true theology, and that cannot be a subject of regret. We have received at the hands of Time a constant succession of varied entertainments, and that cannot be a reason for murmuring. At the commencement of our work, we were shown barren valleys, leafless woods, and snow-clad mountains; and had our attention directed to the brevity of the day, the length of the night, and the whistling and



groaning, and howling of the winds; and were told that that was winter. As we proceeded, time moved the scene, and presented to our eye a long vista of green and gold, commingling with red and white, and to our ear a chorus of ten thousand notes, and to our touch balmy air and genial heat; and this we learned was spring. Then we were asked to look again, and there we saw the fields waving with corn, and the trees hung with fruit, and the sun sweeping a broad diurnal arc, and the people hasting to lave themselves in the cooling waters; and we found that the summer had come. Once more the scene was changed, and now were seen crowds of busy hands gathering in the productions of the earth, and laying them up in store for the time of future need; and this told that autumn had arrived. And now we look upon the face of nature, as she composes herself to rest from the exertions she has made to yield abundant supplies for the wants of man and beast; and by the rapid diminution of daily light and heat, and the swelling tones of the chilling blasts, we are apprised that winter is at hand. But even winter speaks to us, though it speaks in hoarseness, of the spring, and summer, and autumn, that are to succeed. In the terrible roar of its tempest, the awakened ear will hear the voice of hope. Why, then, should man repine? Better, far better is it, that he should reflect; wiser is it, that he should learn; holier is it, that reflection and learning should lead him to adore. For we have seen, that

Time obeys the Almighty's will;  
Planets move by heavenly skill;  
Sun, and moon, and stars, all shine,  
Lighted up by love divine;  
Seasons, tides, and comets roll,  
Subject still to God's control.

And surely this is matter for adoration of Him who made, sustains, and directs the whole; and what we have by investigation learned, is ever a stimulant to farther inquiry. When intellect and science have journeyed awhile among the beauties and sublimities of creation, now diving into the great abyss, now careering on the lightning's path, and now soaring to the milky-way, and brought us some account of the wonders that have been seen, we become still more anxious to augment the store of our knowledge. And, as we push our inquiries, we learn, that the more we know, or, in other words, the farther we are able to see, the more extensive do we find the yet unexplored regions of nature to be. Of the works of Deity, as well as of himself, it must be owned, that none by searching can find them out unto perfection. Ever is there more to be learned; and as every new discovery brings a new pleasure, the boundless treasures of wisdom laid under the inspection of man, are boundless treasures of enjoyment. No one ever became better acquainted with the phenomena of the universal machine—



more familiar with the planets, the sun, and the stars, without experiencing additional gratification. When he ascertained their distances and sizes, he would feel pleased. When he got clear ideas as to their motions, he would be more pleased. And when he could fix his mind's eye upon the great system of systems, in majesty, and might, and order rolling, he would feel still more highly pleased. What an immeasurable difference between one who deems the heavenly bodies a few gun-shots off, the sun and moon no larger than small-sized wheels, and the stars only the bulk of ordinary diamonds; and one who understands where they are, and what are their dimensions! Exquisite is the pleasure of being able astronomically to trace the moon's changes through a whole lunation, the sun's revolution round his axis, and the planets' movements round the sun. It is then seen, that the moon's phases from new moon to a crescent, from that to the full round orb, and through all the diminutions back again to the new moon, are occasioned by her having only one-half of her surface enlightened by the sun at one time, and by our seeing, more or less, all or none of that enlightened half, as our earth gets between the moon and the sun, or the moon comes between the sun and us. In the latter case, the moon's enlightened side is turned towards the sun and away from the earth, and then as the moon is in the same part of the heavens as the sun, and also has her dark side towards us, we cannot see her. This is a new moon. When the earth comes between the moon and the sun, the whole of the moon's enlightened side is turned towards the unenlightened side of the earth, and then it is full moon. And as these observations are made, it is found that the moon has inequalities of hills and valleys, and varieties, and accommodations, which strongly indicate that it is fitted up as an abode for sentient beings. And it is discovered, that if there are inhabitants on the moon, they who reside on one part of it, see our earth undergo the same changes as the moon does to us; while to them our globe appears a moon thirteen times as large as the moon seems to us.

Prosecuting the inquiry, makes known, that the sun is not, as was formerly supposed, a body of fire, but an opaque globe, encircled by that luminous substance which gives light and heat to the planets. Through this luminous substance, there are found to be holes, or, as they are termed, spots, which enable the spectator to see portions of the sun's opaque surface. Between the inner part of the luminous substance and the body of the sun, it is ascertained, that there is a distance of many hundreds of miles. As these spots or openings (some of which are larger than the whole surface of the earth) keep moving round, it is by their aid determined, that the sun moves round on its own axis once in about twenty-five days and a-half. This seems to lead to the conclusion,

that the sun too is inhabited. Not probable indeed is it, that a body five hundred times as large as all the planets put together, and nearly a million and a-half of times the size of our earth, should be made for no other purpose but to enlighten and warm a few bodies so comparatively small.

Distinguished from the spots pertaining to the sun itself, occasionally other spots are seen passing apparently far more swiftly over his face. These, on examination, have been found to be the planets Mercury and Venus, coming between us and the sun, just as the moon does in an eclipse of the sun; and when either of those planets passes like a spot over the sun, it is termed a transit. The last transit of Venus was in 1769, and the next will be in 1874. By these transits, the distances of these planets and of our earth from the sun, have been determined. And following out the data obtained to their legitimate consequences, it has been found that our globe is nearly three millions of miles nearer to the sun in December than in June. The cold experienced in the northern regions in the winter, arises from the short duration of sun-light; and from the rays falling so very obliquely on the earth's surface, that, suppose, for the sake of comparison, it were said that a hundred rays fell on one square foot of earth at mid-day in June, only thirty rays would fall on the same space at mid-day in December.

Thus the different parts of that machine, which is termed the solar system, are found to change their relative positions every minute; and as we are ourselves moving through space at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, and at the same time going around our northern circle of latitude at about five hundred miles an hour, and all the rest of the planets are in rapid motion too, the appearances of all and of each must be undergoing perpetual mutations. The general idea thus attained, gives immense pleasure to the inquirer, and fills his soul with exalted and thrilling views of the Creator. It is new light to his mind; it is new joy to his heart. He looks now upon worlds which before he did not see. He contemplates power and wisdom, which were before to him unknown. He sees perfect order, where before all seemed perplexed confusion. Appearances are supplanted by realities. Error is exchanged for truth. His labour obtains an ample reward. Thus repaid, encouraged, stimulated, inquiry is urged much farther still. Among the more distant bodies called (because they move not as planets and comets) the fixed stars, investigation then becomes busy. These bodies, which appear to be scattered so loosely over the heavens as to bid defiance to calculation and arrangement, patient observation has marshalled and numbered. Those which the unaided eye can see, amount to about three thousand; and these have been divided into about eighty groups, termed constellations. To each of these a

name is assigned, as we give a name to a family; and then the individual stars have surnames, by which they are distinguished from each other, as we discriminate between one person and another in the same family. Thus all the stars visible to the naked eye, are known to those who have given the necessary attention. But then, with the telescope, it is ascertained, that more and still more stars come into view, as the power of that instrument is raised. That there are many millions of these bodies, has been most satisfactorily determined. And it has also been proved, that the least distant among them all is not less than twenty thousand times as far off from the sun as our earth is. This again demonstrates that they do not receive their light from the sun, but shine by their own light, as our sun does; and therefore are so many suns, although their immense distance reduces their apparent sizes to mere twinkling points.

Thus it is at last discovered, that there are countless millions of mighty suns, blazing forth upon worlds innumerable that revolve about them. Not for us can suns and systems without end, which we never saw, have been formed. For other beings must these worlds exist. And these beings will doubtless be as precious in the sight, and as much the objects of the care of the Universal Parent, as we are. He who made them cannot neglect them. He gives them their times and their seasons. He supplies their wants. He furnishes them with enjoyments. Powers and faculties adapted to their conditions, he bestows upon them. Truths he sets before them. Subjects for investigation and thought he places within their view. And a theology will be submitted to their consideration. Some of these beings may possibly be inferior in mental endowment to man; but it is more than probable that some of them in some worlds will be as far superior to the wisest of human beings, as the greatest among our race are superior to the worm. The existence of suns and systems without number, created to sustain countless hosts of intelligent and non-intelligent beings, proves that our God is not Lord of man alone. He is Father of an incalculably larger family than millions of earths the size of ours could contain. And yet as a Father he regards and treats all his children. And the mind that rises to the contemplation of the Omnipotent, as presiding over a family so extensive, with the most perfect ever-during Parental affection and solicitude for each individual member, cannot but deduce from the view, a set of theological truths which will at once and for ever banish from its precincts, as false and impious, the dogmata, that God is capricious, irritable, and revengeful. Such a Being could not be the Father of such a family. Capriciousness could not manage their affairs. Irritableness could not bear with their infirmities. Revengefulness could not endure their offences. And to suppose

that the Creator has formed the inhabitants of other worlds so that they could not offend, is to imagine that he has not acted impartially towards man upon the earth. And if all have more or less transgressed, then the impartial Father of all would doubtless raise up and send forth and duly empower one of the race in each world to instruct, reclaim, and save the rest of his brethren in that world. And this would be analogous to the Father reconciling the dwellers on this planet to himself, by that one Mediator between God and men the man Christ Jesus. Oh! what matter for meditation, what cause for gratitude, what a motive to devotion and love!

D. D.

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“WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

“WATCHMAN! what of the night?—Watchman! what of the night?”

The night has been tedious, and dismal, and cold—
And the sons of oppression came out from their hold,
And prey'd on the people while heedless they slept,
Destroying their birth-right as onward they crept;
And lulling their victims, to rivet their chains,
Till no vestige of freedom or vigour remains:
O'er the strength of the land they have carried a blight—
This is the news of the night!

“WATCHMAN! what of the dawn?—Watchman! what of the dawn?”

The dupes of oppression now writhe in their dreams,
Or the half-waking captive in agony screams;
But the sleep of indifference soon seals up their eyes,
Save some spirit indignant, that frets till it dies;
And the spoilers have 'trenched them in castles of pride,
And leagued their base vassals the wrong'd to deride:
On the minions of power the people must fawn—
This is the news of the dawn!

“WATCHMAN! what of the morn?—Watchman! what of the morn?”

The sun has arisen—the land is awake—
But the hearts of the brave despairingly break;
For the people, deploring the rights they have lost,
Like waves, in the storms of wild faction are toss'd;
Oft wasted and foil'd, they return to the shock—
But the seat of oppression stands firm as the rock:
The cries of a nation meet insult and scorn—
This is the news of the morn!

“WATCHMAN! what of the day?—Watchman! what of the day?”

A field of glad omens now opes on my sight—
The foul brood of darkness afar speed their flight—
Round a standard, new-blazon'd, what multitudes crowd!
And “*Knowledge is Power*,” each reads there aloud;
Now, in UNION they move, an invincible mass,
And “*to die—or live free*,” is the watchword they pass;
Before them the outworks of ages give way—
This is the news of the day!

“Watchman! what of the next?—Watchman! what of the next?”

A vista of beauty and glory is there—

But the groups in the distance are thin as the air!

I look for the foes of the people in vain—

They are lost from my view—but the PEOPLE remain:

And I see a high throne, strong, upheld by the free—

But no pensioners, prelates, or lords, do I see;

And the despots of Europe rave round them, perplex’d—

Great news shall come out of the next!

Birmingham, September, 1835.

HUGH HUTTON.

PHRENOLOGY.—No. VIII.

INNATENESS OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

“God has stamped certain characters upon men’s minds, which, like their shapes, may perhaps be a little mended, but can hardly be totally altered and transformed to the contrary.”—*Locke*.

THAT men are endowed by nature with particular dispositions, susceptibilities, and talents,—that these vary in absolute and relative strength in different members of our race,—and that, however much obscured and repressed, they can never be totally eradicated,—are truths which no intelligent and unprejudiced observer of mankind is likely to deny. Yet philosophers have not been wanting, especially on the continent of Europe, who have taught that the mind of every individual is created and fashioned by circumstances,—that all men are at birth exactly alike,—that genius is in no case the gift of nature,—and that every individual may, by dint of proper training, be formed into a moral and reasonable being. Such doctrines have not been widely received in this country; and indeed it is surprising that they should have been adopted by men of talent in any part of the world. Till of late years, however, it was too much the practice of those who engaged in the investigation of the human mind, to speculate in their closets, instead of mingling with and making observations upon men of different ranks, ages, professions, characters, and nations. “So necessary is this,” says one whose knowledge of human nature has seldom been equalled, “to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them, than those learned pedants whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges and among books; for, however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learned only in the world.”*

With respect to *the lower animals*, it is evident that every instinct and disposition with which they are endowed, is the gift of nature. Every individual of a species manifests the same essential faculties, whether it has seen and lived with others of the same species or not. The duck which has been

* Fielding’s *Tom Jones*, B. ix. ch. 1.

hatched among the chickens of a hen, runs to the water whenever it issues from the egg: bees everywhere construct their cells alike: the fox is everywhere cunning, the sheep timid, and the tiger ferocious: the cat has everywhere a propensity to kill mice, while the rabbit and hare are never seen to manifest such a disposition: swallows have always built their nests in the same fashion as at present: some species of animals have been gregarious from the earliest times, while others have continually lived in solitude: some display the most tender affection for their young, while others are altogether careless and indifferent: some species of birds are migratory, and manifest a strong desire to fly away at the season of migration, even when kept comfortably in a cage and abundantly supplied with food; others, though cold and hungry, never attempt to seek a warmer climate: finally, there is no example of a species losing its characteristic qualities, or exchanging them with those of another.

Now, man possesses to a considerable extent the same faculties with the lower animals; and hence a presumption arises, that in him also dispositions and talents are innate. In both are exhibited attachment, jealousy, cunning, revenge, sexual love, courage, fear, desire of approbation, and the memory of persons, places, and occurrences. What reason, therefore, have we for supposing that with respect to the innateness of the mental qualities from which such manifestations flow, the human race is in a different situation from the lower creatures? Certainly none. Independently of this presumption, however, the innateness of the mental powers in man is obvious from such considerations as the following:

In the first place, human nature has been essentially the same in all ages and in every country. The characters depicted in the writings of Moses and Homer, are such as we meet with abundantly in our own day. The fables of Esop, though written more than two thousand years ago, are still admired as holding the mirror up to nature. Theophrastus, also, has sent down to posterity in his "Characters" the most satisfactory evidence that men have suffered no essential change. "The phrases and the actions described by the successor of Aristotle," says his translator, "are precisely the phrases and the actions of beings with whom we are ourselves conversant. These faithful records of human nature serve to prove, that, under every changing influence of time and climate, of institutions, and opinions, and manners, Mind, with all its shades of difference, is the same."* "It may be true," says Professor Sedgwick, "that we have no innate knowledge; but we have innate intellectual powers: and that they are essentially the same in all men, differing only in degree, is evident from the individual habits, the social sympathies,

* The Characters of Theophrastus; Family Classical Library, No. 16. Preface.

the civil institutions, and the languages of our race; the common feelings that hurry us into action; the common proofs that gain our deliberate assent.”*

Secondly, there are instances innumerable of particular dispositions and talents being so strong as to be quite irresistible, and for the existence of which it is impossible to account except by saying that they were the gift of nature. Children who can solve difficult problems in arithmetic without an effort, are by no means uncommon; musical prodigies are frequently exhibited; and ingenious mechanicians are found in circumstances the most unfavourable. The following case, mentioned by Dr. Combe in the first volume of the *Phrenological Journal*, has many parallels. “During my residence in Paris,” says Dr. C. “I had the pleasure of knowing a man remarkable for his powers of invention in music and mechanics, and who had raised himself to riches by the exercise of these powers. He was born in Germany, and at about four years of age was sent to school; but instead of learning to read, he occupied himself in constructing and carving with his knife all sorts of small pieces of machinery which he had seen. For this perversity, as it was called, he was reprimanded and beaten. At the age of about seven, he was positively denied all means of cultivating those talents, and was most severely threatened for the future. He at that time had an opportunity of minutely inspecting a violin, and after much toil and secret working succeeded in constructing one which answered his purpose. But when the discovery was made a considerable time after, home was made so disagreeable to him, by the beatings and upbraidings which he received to induce him to form other habits, that, when still a very young boy, he left it with a few pence in his pocket, and entered upon the business of life. After seeking in vain for employment, from wrights, turners, and other artificers, congenial to his taste, he was forced to engage with a barber, merely to keep soul and body together. The barber fortunately was musical, and on one occasion broke the instrument upon which he played. The boy having repaired it for him, and given such proofs of ingenuity as to set the barber a-talking, the attention of an instrument-maker was drawn to him, into whose employment he was soon after received. From one step to another, he advanced to that of a musical instrument-maker in Paris, in full employment, and more than once received the compliments of the Institute for his discoveries and improvements.”

That education is not the cause of the mental faculties, is evident from the fact, that men of the highest genius are often worst educated, while the best education is frequently bestowed upon those who continue dunces after every effort

* Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, 3d edit. p. 45.

has been lavished upon them. The lives of Shakspeare, Franklin, Ferguson, Cook, and a whole host of others, demonstrate that talent educates itself, and bursts forth even in unfavourable circumstances. When particular faculties are very strong, nothing ever produces a radical change upon the character. A ferocious man cannot be rendered by education mild and humane, nor does one who is decidedly mean and selfish in his dispositions ever become disinterested and refined.

“Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.”

King Richard III. Act 4. Sc. 5.

Education produces its effects only where the faculties which it is calculated to excite are previously bestowed by nature. In extreme cases, this is undeniable; for no one ever thinks of educating an idiot. The majority of human beings are naturally endowed with faculties pretty equal in strength and not remarkable for either vigour or feebleness. In such cases, the cultivation and excitement of one set of faculties, and the neglect of others, are very influential in determining the ultimate character; and, in like manner, when the circumstances and society of such individuals are changed, the character almost uniformly undergoes a corresponding alteration.

“Demosthenes,” says Helvetius, “became eloquent because the eloquence of Callistratus made so deep an impression on his mind that he aspired only to this talent.” According to the same author, “Vaucanson became famous in mechanics, because, being left alone in the waiting-room of his mother’s confessor, when a child, he chanced to find a clock, and, after examining its wheels, endeavoured, with a bad knife, to make a similar machine of wood. He succeeded, and therefore constructed his surprising machines, the automats. Milton would not have written his *Paradise Lost*, had he not lost his place of Secretary to Cromwell. Shakspeare composed his plays because he was an actor; and he became an actor because he was forced to leave his native county on account of some juvenile errors. Corneille fell in love and made verses on the object of his passion, and therefore became famous in poetry. Newton saw an apple falling, and this revealed to him the law of gravitation,” &c. These conclusions of Helvetius are utterly unwarranted by the facts; for it is evident, that, in all such instances, no faculty is created by the casual occurrences mentioned: these constitute mere opportunities for the manifestation or employment of faculties previously existing; or they but call into activity faculties in a dormant condition. If every secretary who lost his place were to become a Milton, the world would speedily be satiated with epic poetry; and if all ad-

mirers of eloquence could themselves be eloquent, we should have no deficiency of orators. Opportunities, therefore, do not produce faculties. Though we desire to eat when food is placed before us, we are not hungry because the food is there. "A dog," says Dr. Spurzheim, "cannot hunt if it be shut up, but its desire of hunting is not produced by leading it into the fields. Many millions are often placed in the same circumstances, and perhaps a single individual alone takes advantage of them. Revolutions make great men, not because they produce faculties, but because they offer opportunities necessary to their display. Circumstances often favour the attainment of distinction and the acquisition of celebrity, but every individual does not reach an eminent place. It is not, certainly, enough to be an actor in order to compose such plays as those of Shakspeare. How many children are exposed to similar influences without manifesting the same energy of faculties; while, on the contrary, some individuals not only make use of occasions present, but prepare and produce others which permit their faculties a still greater sphere of activity."* That faculties may lie dormant until roused by some external circumstance must be admitted by all. We seldom experience the emotion of fear except when danger is present; and a good-natured man may be very angry under the influence of sufficient provocation:—

"His passions, like the watery stores that sleep
Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
Wait but the lashes of the wintry storm,
To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form."—*Cowper*.

The natural diversity of human dispositions and talents is not less important than their innateness; and the neglect of the fact that such diversity exists has often led to deplorable results. It frequently happens, for instance, from this cause that individuals are placed for life in situations for which they are wholly unqualified, and which, being contrary to their nature, are continually disagreeable.

"The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool.
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the lib'ral arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if, by license or degree,
The sexton shares the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour;
We find (the intent of nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.....
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind;
But even in infancy decree
What this, what t'other son should be.

Gay's Fables, Part ii. fab. 14.

* Phil. Prin. of Phrenology, p. 68.

Dr. Gall, in refuting the theory of Helvetius, that all mental differences are the result of education, advises those who entertain such a belief, to enlighten themselves by conversation with persons who devote their lives to the training of children. From such persons, says Gall, they will learn that every day furnishes occasion to remark, that in each individual the dispositions vary even from birth, and that education can be effectual only in proportion to the innate qualities: if it were otherwise, he adds, how could these excellent men pardon themselves, and how could others pardon them, for neglecting to eradicate from the minds of their pupils every fault, every vice, every evil passion, and every grovelling desire?*

Many a teacher and parent is unfortunately obliged to exclaim with Prospero in *The Tempest*,—

“A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost!”—*Act 4. Sc. 4.*

The following remarks by a very intelligent American teacher deserve the serious consideration of every one who is engaged with the education of youth:—“Do not hope or attempt to make all your pupils alike. Providence has determined that human minds should differ from each other, for the very purpose of giving variety and interest to this busy scene of life. Now, if it were possible for a teacher so to plan his operations, as to send his pupils forth upon the community, formed on the same model, as if they were made by machinery, he would do so much towards spoiling one of the wisest of the plans which the Almighty has formed for making this world a happy scene. Let it be the teacher’s aim to co-operate with, not vainly attempt to thwart, the designs of Providence. We should bring out those powers with which the Creator has endued the minds placed under our control. We must open our garden to such influences as shall bring forward all the plants, each in a way corresponding to its own nature. It is impossible if it were wise, and it would be foolish if it were possible, to stimulate, by artificial means, the rose, in hope of its reaching the size and magnitude of the apple-tree, or to try to cultivate the fig and the orange, where wheat only will grow. No; it should be the teacher’s main design to shelter his pupils from every deleterious influence, and to bring everything to bear upon the community of minds before him, which will encourage in each one the developement of its own native powers. For the rest, he must remember that his province is to cultivate, not to create.”†

If farther proof were wanting of the innateness of the mental faculties in man, and the natural inequality of their distribu-

* Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau, i. 148.

† The Teacher. By Jacob Abbot, Principal of Mount Vernon School, N. E. London edit. p. 110.

tion among individuals, it will be found in the physiology of the brain as established by Dr. Gall. By demonstrating that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that dispositions and talents vary in strength and character according to the size, configuration, and quality of that organ, he has finally settled the questions at issue.

An outcry has frequently been raised against Phrenology, on the ground that it leads to the doctrine of necessity of action, or, as the phrase commonly is, to fatalism. It is difficult to perceive how the two subjects have any particular connexion. In what manner, we ask, *does* phrenology lead to fatalism? "It ascribes to man," say the objectors, "cerebral organs of which certain innate dispositions are the necessary concomitants; innate dispositions unavoidably produce determinate actions; man, therefore, is necessarily and irresistibly impelled to act in a determinate manner—his will is not free—he is not an accountable being."* Now, if these conclusions be sound, it is evident that all systems of philosophy which teach the innateness of the human faculties (and such systems exist in abundance) lead to the doctrine of fatalism; their tendency in this respect is identical with that of Phrenology. Experience we have seen, proves that dispositions really are innate; and Phrenology is chargeable only

* Freedom of *will* and freedom of *action* ought not to be confounded. Man is endowed by the Creator with determinate mental powers, of greater or less natural vigour. These powers, being active, invariably produce desires: every desire prompts man to act in accordance with it; but, if urged by a yet stronger desire to refrain, he refrains accordingly. Will, therefore (which is always followed by action), is invariably the effect of the strongest desire. The argument of necessitarians is, that as our faculties give origin to desires, either in consequence of their natural and constitutional activity, or from being stimulated by external circumstances neither created by us nor under our control, or from these two causes combined—and as our conduct is necessarily determined by the strongest desire,—it is absolutely impossible for us to act in any given circumstances otherwise than we do: volitions, in short, are, in common with all other events, the effects of antecedent causes existing independently of individuals themselves; and hence the will of man is not free. This view is very ably supported by Jonathan Edwards in his celebrated treatise on the subject, and it holds a place among the doctrines of the Church of Scotland. A plausible but weak objection is sometimes urged against it. "I feel," it is said, "that I am a free agent; I can do what I like; and no argument can eradicate the natural conviction of this from my mind; hence I *am* free." Now, in one sense all this is very true. Every man who has the use of his limbs, is what may be popularly termed a free agent; that is, he is at full liberty to act according to his volitions determined by the strongest motives. But it argues nothing against the real necessity of action that people "could do so and so if they chose." Doubtless, if they chose to leap into an iron furnace, they would be free to do so; but are they able, when in sound mind, to *will* the performance of such an act? or, on coming to the edge of a precipice, can they do otherwise than stop?

with confirming the results of observation, and elucidating the *causes* of perceived and unquestionable phenomena. It is absurd, therefore, to object to Phrenology in particular on the score of fatalism, and to allow other systems to remain undisturbed as perfectly harmless. If the new doctrine leads to necessity, it is impossible to avoid the inference that the old doctrines lead to it also. Christianity itself—which teaches that “the tree is known by his fruit,” and that “a good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things” (Matt. xii. 33, 35)—is equally liable to the charge.* The objectors ought to consider, that if they could prove Phrenology to have in this respect an evil tendency, they would in so doing inevitably demonstrate the evil tendency of the Christian religion; and, unless they are prepared for this result, they will act wisely in holding their peace.

The whole question may be disposed of in a very few words. If Christianity and Phrenology teach what is true, the dispositions and talents of men are innate and unequally portioned out among individuals; if the doctrine of the necessity of action be the logical consequence of this, it cannot be a dangerous doctrine, for error alone is hurtful; if necessity be not the logical consequence, then neither Christianity nor Phrenology leads to it. It is therefore of no importance, *so far as Phrenology is concerned*, whether actions are necessary or not: the question is purely metaphysical, and must be decided by abstract reasoning. The necessitarian, and the believer in free will, may, and often do, heartily concur in admitting the truth of Phrenology.

R. C.

MONTHLY RECORD.

NOVEMBER 1, 1835.

CELEBRATION OF THE TRI-CENTENARY OF THE REFORMATION AT GENEVA.—We have been favoured by a friend at Geneva with a copy of “*Le Federal*,” which contains the following highly interesting account of this animated and truly Christian commemoration. We subjoin two notes added to the translation, as it appeared in the *Northern Whig* of Belfast, and the remarks of our correspondent.

“We promised our readers to collect some details respecting the different scenes of the festival, which Geneva has just celebrated with such profound and unanimous feelings of patriotism and religious zeal. We shall endeavour to

* See also Matt. xiii. 3-8, and xxv. 14-28; Rom. xii. 6, 7, 8; 1 Pet. iv. 10, 11; 1 Cor. iv. 7, and vii. 7.

fulfil our engagement; but no language is sufficiently strong to portray the features which so eminently distinguished our festival, and formed its prevailing character; no words can describe those pure and holy emotions which filled every heart to overflowing, which were depicted on every countenance, and which were the inspiring soul of those ceremonies, so simple, so divested of external and superficial ornament. We might, indeed, describe objects exposed to our senses; we might paint the triumphal magnificence of war, or the solemn pomp of a funeral procession; but to delineate emotions, and emotions of such a nature as on Saturday and Sunday last, drew together an entire nation in our temples, and our public places,—bound soul to soul, throughout the vast multitude, quickened the beating of every heart, and suffused every eye with tears,—this, indeed, transcends our abilities to perform. All that we could express in words, would fall so short of the reality, that those who took a share in our proceedings would justly complain of finding nothing in our recital, but a spiritless and faded sketch, although those who had not been witnesses of them, might accuse us of extravagance and exaggeration. Our readers will pardon us, therefore, if we confine ourselves to a simple narrative, permitting facts to speak for themselves, and contenting ourselves with supplying a pivot of support, or connecting thread to recollections, which, we are assured, will never depart from the remembrance of those who have had the happiness and the good fortune to participate in our festival.

“On Friday, the 21st August, the Botanic Garden, where the deputations were to unite according as they arrived, presented, from an early hour, an interesting spectacle. It was, indeed, a touching scene, and one which was every moment renewed, when venerable men, who had, in early life, been associates and companions in study, who had not seen each other since the days of their youth, and had, ever since, been widely separated, now found each other again,—and, with cordial greetings, revived the recollections of juvenile friendship;—or, when some celebrated name, as it was announced, attracted a crowd of persons rejoicing to approach one of the illustrious learned, or one of the venerable Pastors, of whose talents, and whose merits, they had heard often and so much. Thus, the jubilee of the Reformation has witnessed, among the divines of Germany, France, and Switzerland, the revival of many endearing connexions that had long been interrupted; and Protestant Churches throughout Europe, from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean, from Petersburg to Toulon, from Dublin to Dresden, had representatives in this numerous assemblage.

“On Saturday, the 22d, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the Church of the Auditoire, the first solemn re-union took place; presided over by M. Duby, Moderator of the vener-

able Company of Pastors. There, as we have learned from some who were privileged to be present, was disclosed a scene unparalleled in the history of Protestantism, and which has produced on all who bore a part in it, an impression that can never be effaced. Called upon, in turn, by the Secretary, each deputation, through its President, gave utterance to those sentiments which it had been commissioned to convey;—sentiments of congratulation, of concord, of unity, of Christian brotherhood, of sympathy in the festival which was about to commence, and in which their respective Churches, would participate, by their prayers. Letters were read from a great number of Protestant Churches, whom distance, or peculiar circumstances hindered from sending deputies testifying fraternal affection for Geneva.* Churches of widely differing theological opinions, had their representatives in this assembly; and yet, all being rallied together around the Bible, there were heard no words, but the words of peace, of tolerance, and of union, connecting glory to God, and faith in Christ, with good-will to all mankind. At mid-day, the City, of its own free-will, without any order of the magistrates, without any intervention of authority, arrayed itself for the festival. The shops, and stores, and bazaars were everywhere closed. The gates of all the Churches were thrown open, to admit the children who were repairing thither to receive the medals intended for them, and copies of the admirable history of the Reformation in Geneva—the work of Professor Cellerier. What a touching spectacle was this! All our youth, of both sexes, and of every rank, assembled in the name of the God of our fathers, and surrounded by their parents—filling every pew, every gallery, every aisle!—all that the human heart contains of pure and tender feeling, was stirred up, and excited within us. The little ones themselves, though at an age so restless, and when it is so difficult to fix the attention, showed by their tranquillity and thoughtfulness, that they partook largely in the general feeling of the nation. A religious sensibility beyond their years, was manifested in the serious devotion with which they listened to the pathetic addresses of the Pastors, and in their sweet singing of the beautiful hymns of gratitude to their Creator, for the pure Gospel of his blessed Son; proving that they comprehended every feeling called up by the festival, whose return they were celebrating. Scarcely had this affecting ceremony ended, when the places left by the children were filled by a multitude, who thronged to hear the preparatory service of the jubilee, and to unite with their Pastors in

* Among these, was a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the name of the prelates of the United Church of England and Ireland, expressing a cordial sympathy with the Church of Geneva, and a fervent hope that the present solemnity may be attended with an abundant effusion of spiritual blessings.

blessing ‘Him who has been, at all times, the Rock and the Fortress of our republic.’ At four o’clock, the children re-assembled, to repair to some rural scenes selected for the purpose, to keep their little fête, and to terminate this memorable day in the unrestrained expression of their innocent gaiety and joy. A heavy rain interfered with this portion of the festival; but this untoward circumstance only produced fresh proofs of the profound interest felt by all our countrymen, in the celebration of the jubilee. Every mansion-house and country-seat in the neighbourhood, was immediately opened by the proprietors, for the reception of the youthful groups, where they were welcomed with the most cordial kindness, and every hospitable attention paid to their accommodation, lest they might suffer from the inclemency of the weather. This kindness will leave indelible impressions on the minds of all our youth. It harmonised well with the other circumstances of the day. As long as Providence shall grant them life, even should they attain to the most protracted old age, they will recollect, with emotion, the Third Jubilee of the Reformation.

“Sunday, 23d. The rising generation having had their fête, the adult members of the republic proceeded to celebrate *theirs*—one worthy of themselves, in harmony with the ever glorious and memorable epoch they were occupied in commemorating, recalling, at the same moment, their religious reformation, and their political regeneration, and, in every respect, becoming a free and Christian people. At the rising of the sun, all the church-bells in the City, in grand and imposing concert, gave forth the signal; and found, in every heart, an echo of grateful acknowledgment and benediction. Scarcely had the temples been opened, when they were filled by immense crowds, which occupied them even to the farthest seats. And oh! how beautiful, religious, sublime, and patriotic were the words addressed to them! What ardent vows, what fervent prayers, were uplifted to Heaven! How insensible that heart, if such there were, which would not unite with them, and which so many recollections of three centuries of our history, concentrated in one single day, could have left cold and indifferent? During eight consecutive hours, from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, the successive multitudes which filled our temples were not diminished for one moment. Scarcely was a place vacated by one, when it was occupied by another; and egress became more difficult than entrance, so great was the number of those who were pressing in at the gates. Never, in her happiest days, has our ancient republic manifested more lively zeal, more holy faith, more pious gratitude to HIM to whom she owes so much, more grateful recollection of the founders of her independence—the restorers of her liberties. What augmented still more the emotion of the assembly was, the

presence of two hundred strangers from so many synods of Protestant divines; who, whether deputed by their Churches, or led to our festival by their own impulse, joined their prayers with those of our nation, shared heartily in its joy, and offered up vows for its prosperity and happiness. At night, commenced another scene, not less grave, not less imposing, not less solemn, although the entire City was the theatre of action. First, the oratorio was performed in the Cathedral of St. Peter, which was illuminated with the most perfect taste. The sublime strains of the *Te Deum* sometimes rose with a prolonged burst to the vaulted roof, drowning even the rushing sound of the multitude who were crowding together in the porches and the court; sometimes they seemed to die away like a voice suspended by sudden emotion, and no longer finding sound for utterance. To this succeeded the general illumination—not directed by authority—not commanded,—but the spontaneous expression of the feelings of our country, and of the overflowing hearts of our citizens. It is here we wish for power to depict the admirable appearance of the entire population; some eagerly bending forward from their dwellings—some spreading through the streets—and all displaying such good order, such an accommodating spirit, such tact, such politeness, as surpasses all that we could say in its praise. Not content with illuminating their windows and the fronts of their houses, the inhabitants of the different quarters had erected, in various places, triumphal arches adorned with flowers and foliage, supporting variegated lamps tastefully arranged.

“The fountains were everywhere superbly decorated, and resembled pyramids of flame. On every side appeared transparencies and inscriptions—all religious and patriotic; but not one that could give pain or offence to the feelings of any human being, of whatever church or country. Here, a passage of Scripture—there, a portrait of a Reformer—farther on, the arms of Geneva, and the sacred motto—‘*Post tenebras, lux.*’ Not a cry—not a profane word—not an improper expression—was anywhere to be heard; but, upon every countenance beamed forth an expression of the sweetest joy, of the spirit of union, of devoted attachment to their religion, to their country, to their home. Something grave and serious mingled with, and chastened all their effusions; and every one felt that the sentiments which animated this vast population, must be of an order the most exalted and the most pure.

“The Quarter of St. Gervais, in particular, was distinguished for the brilliancy and diffusiveness of its illumination. About ten o’clock, the inhabitants of that district, who had placed tables end to end all along the principal street, had their supper served up there, to partake of it in common. Then they went to seek their Pastors, that this feast of

friendship, of patriotism, and of Christian concord, might be honoured with their presence;—and, when the meal was ended, they escorted them to their respective dwellings, making the air resound with the affectionate expressions of their confidence and attachment. At last, the crowd ebbed by degrees; the lamps flickered into darkness, one after the other; and the whole City gradually sunk into profound silence. But, how many hearts were there still palpitating with lively emotions, from the scenes they had just witnessed! How many citizens, who wished, by repeating the recollections of these two days, a thousand and a thousand times in their thoughts, to engrave them so upon their memory, that they shall never lose their force! How many families, whom the first hour of the next morning found re-assembled, and absorbed in pouring forth their grateful thanksgivings, for the numberless mercies shed by a bountiful Providence upon their beloved country!

“This festival, which many timid persons dreaded, and looked forward to with alarm, as likely to be the occasion of tumult or of discord, will leave, we doubt not, profound traces, not only on the generation which has witnessed it, but also on the general tenor of our history. Without speaking of its religious consequences, which it is not our province to develope, what influence will it not exercise in drawing all our citizens into a closer union of affection and patriotism, and in augmenting their mutual confidence and esteem? Singular and remarkable circumstance! The Jubilee of the Reformation, will have the immediate effect of amalgamating the populace of the two communions, better than twenty years of association have hitherto done. The Catholics of Geneva, have exhibited themselves on this occasion in the most interesting light. By the part which so great a number of them have taken in the general joy, by the excellent spirit they have displayed, and by the lofty understanding they have manifested of the real nature and the true aim of our solemnity, they have acquired new claims upon the attachment and the esteem of the ancient Genevese population. The Protestants, on the other hand, by the care they have taken to avoid all that might appear in a hostile light to their fellow-countrymen, (and that, too, at a time, when, it must be confessed, some inconsiderate persons sought to irritate the Protestant community, by the most imprudent provocations,) have given the most brilliant proof of their perfect tolerance. There is not one of the numerous strangers, who mingled in the groups on Sunday evening, that has not received the most lively impression, and who does not carry with him a feeling of consideration, we will even add, of respect, for the nation which has offered to him so noble a spectacle. And, in this, we only repeat what we have heard said by several amongst them, who, in

the expression of their admiration, declared their intention of sending their children to be educated in a City, where they would receive, from all classes, an example of order, of submission to the laws, of seemly and decorous demeanour—a City, where the sacred names of religion and liberty have a meaning which is comprehended by all,—and, what is yet better, furnish the practical principles of conduct to the entire population.

“Monday, 24th. The forenoon of this day was occupied in a conference of all the Ecclesiastics of Geneva with the delegates from the foreign Churches. At this conference, matters of the highest interest were dwelt upon; and the same spirit which was manifested in the first assembly, continued to reign—the spirit of peace, of affection, of evangelical charity, of ardent zeal, and of holy faith. In the evening, these sentiments were developed with more liberty and energy, in the more simple and familiar re-union which was held at Secheron, where all the deputies were entertained by the Pastors of Geneva at a public dinner, after an excursion on the lake. At this social meeting, at which were assembled more than two hundred and fifty Pastors, Professors, and Deputies, from various countries, and of various sentiments, many eloquent addresses were uttered, evincing as much of liberality as of nobleness and elevation. The wetness of the evening disconcerted the arrangements of the citizens. Every barge, and boat, and shallop to be found on the borders of our lake, had been prepared to escort the steam-packet which conveyed the Pastors and their venerable guests to Secheron. It was, moreover, contemplated to illuminate anew the streets through which they were to return in the evening. But the heavy rain prevented the accomplishment of these intentions, and constrained the people to withhold this concluding testimonial of affection for their Pastors, respect to their visitors, and deep interest in the solemnities of the festival.

“Tuesday, 25th. The population returned to their several occupations, and the City resumed its accustomed aspect. A great number of Deputies took their departure in the morning: those who remained held one assembly more, where, with one single exception,* the most conciliatory sentiments

* One of those British itinerants, who pervert the Gospel of Peace into an instrument of discord, intruded himself into this assembly; and, having obtained permission to speak, uttered a frantic rhapsody, consigning to eternal perdition all who dissented from his dogmas. His speech was similar in virulence, reviling, and denunciation, to the harangues of his brethren at Exeter Hall. To this wild effusion, one of the Pastors of Geneva made an eloquent reply,—so rational and dignified—so replete with sentiments of pure Christian benevolence—and vindicating, so powerfully, the principles of universal toleration, by arguments drawn from the words of Christ himself, and his inspired Apostles,—that it made an impression on the minds

were universally manifested. Then, at last they were obliged to separate; and the Deputies took the various routes to their respective homes—some to the north, others to the south, others to the west or east,—all bearing with them the attachment, the affection, the prayers of their hosts and their colleagues; all, we hope, cherishing a feeling of brotherly kindness towards a country which has shown itself so happy and so proud to possess them even for a few days. The great medal of the Jubilee has been given in silver to the Deputies, and in bronze to all the other Ecclesiastics who have assisted at the festival. Worthy of its celebrated engraver, M. Bovy, this medal represents, on one side, the Bible on an altar, '*Restored to Reason and Faith:*' on the other, the portraits of Farel, Viret, Calvin, and Beza. It will serve to recall to all those who have taken a part in it, the important solemnity which we have just celebrated, and will prove to them, that republics are not so ungrateful as some would represent, nor so disposed to give up the memory of those to whom, under God, they owe their existence."

Geneva, 28th August, 1835.

The above account would have been complete, if the author had added, that the Jubilee of the Reformation was disturbed by nothing, except by a few grumblings of Scotch and English orthodoxy. What the General Assembly of our Venerable Kirk did, must be well known to those who are crushed by its domination. To my fanatical countrymen, such conduct may appear the perfection of wisdom; to the Genevese, it is pitiable and ridiculous. It is truly lamentable to think, that there were deputies from the wilds of Russia; but none from the mountains of Scotland;—that a country which we are accustomed to consider as half plunged in barbarism, should surpass in liberality, in charity, and in tolerance, our boasted land. What is our commerce, which traverses the earth; what is our literature, which stands pre-eminent among the glories of humanity; what are our works of art, and our discoveries in science—our benevolent institutions, and our establishments for the diffusion of education, as long as we are behind all other nations in the very elements of religious liberty? It is a strange exhibition, that of a whole population constituting itself an inquisition, for the preservation of orthodoxy—each man watching with a jealous and untiring eye, the *belief* of his neighbour, lest he deviate but a hair-breadth from that unrivalled production of human genius, the Confession of Faith—mothers instil-

of his auditors, such as will never be forgotten. This reply, together with the concluding prayer of the Moderator—its meek spirit, its fervent piety, its calm devotion, and universal charity—formed the most remarkable contrast to the wretched bigotry of the person who had so unhappily drawn upon himself the notice of the meeting.

ling into the minds of their infants, almost before they are capable of comprehension, the horrible dogmas of Calvinism—and families plunged in sorrow and in shame, if but a single heart burst from the grasp of Presbyterian despotism. Here there are no such terrible exhibitions; here the minister never mounts the pulpit, except to inculcate the great principles and inalienable privileges of Protestantism; here there is no rule of faith, but the Bible—no court of appeal but the judgment of God—no persecutions for conscience sake—no struggle of opinion—no jangle of words on incomprehensible topics—no heresy but crime. It is true, that efforts have been made to destroy this beautiful harmony; but though I blush to acknowledge that these have been made by Englishmen, yet I am happy to announce, that they have been signally unsuccessful. In Scotland, liberal Christianity exists, like a small but pure and increasing light in the thick night of religious slavery; here, the Athanasian absurdity presents itself only as a dim and scarcely perceptible spot on the sun of the glorious system of Jesus.

When shall *our* Jubilee arrive? It would be folly to say “immediately;” but I should be doubting alike the truth and the power of our holy cause, if I did not believe that it will ultimately and universally triumph and prevail. This is saying no more, than that man has a natural and irrepressible desire for happiness; that sooner or later he will discover in what his true happiness consists; that all the elements of this are included in Unitarianism; and therefore we may rationally anticipate its speedy and general adoption. The dragon of orthodoxy has been grappled with and overthrown, and though its huge, unwieldy, and hated form still covers and cumpers the length and breadth of the land, yet its power of mischief is no longer so mighty or so prevalent. We are not to despond or to fear, because there is no tangible or avowed appearance of the dissemination of rational Christianity. It exists wherever there is knowledge—wherever there is virtue—wherever there is liberty; and we ourselves shall be blameable, if we do not reap the full harvest of our exertions. My hope of the diffusion of the principles which I profess, is as strong as the attachment with which those principles are cherished. When I despair of the cause of Unitarianism, I must cease to regard God as benevolent, truth as omnipotent, and man as progressive. I hail that great Jubilee for my country. I trust when I return to my home, to assist in hastening it; that Jubilee of moral rectitude, of intellectual light, of political liberty, of active benevolence, of unspotted virtue, of staunch integrity; that Jubilee which does not comprehend the adoption of a particular system in a single country, but of blessings for all the sons of men; that Jubilee, when love, not selfishness, shall be the predominating influence and guiding principle of

humanity; that Jubilee, of which the fanciful have dreamed and predicted, which the wise have wished, for which the good have laboured, for which the heroic have died; whose prospect has consoled the pious in his sorrows and sustained him in his struggles; which has gleamed on the ecstatic spirit of the Christian in his expiring hours; which shone on Jesus previous to his trial and death; which shone on Paul when shipwrecked on a desert coast; which shone on those worthies who devoted themselves to mankind by ingenious inventions and remarkable discoveries, by communicating knowledge, reforming manners, diffusing freedom, and overthrowing despotism. Vain have often been the efforts of philanthropists; but when that day arrives, they shall cease to be needed, for man shall then learn the best of all philanthropies—the philanthropy of being just to himself. Vain have often been the expostulations of moralists; but when that day arrives, they shall no longer be required; for men shall then be practically convinced, that pain is the inevitable punishment of vice, and pleasure the invariable reward of virtue. Truth is the parent of liberty, and liberty is the parent of knowledge, and knowledge is the parent of virtue, and virtue is the parent of happiness; and on that day, truth and liberty, and knowledge, and virtue, and happiness, shall be as extensively diffused as man's capacities of enjoyment. How thankful ought we to be, that we can communicate a single ray of light to the glory of that day! How happy ought we to be, that we may live to enjoy, not only the first glimpse of its dawning, but the full burst of its meridian splendour! When oppressed with the ills of poverty—when exposed to unjust obloquy, and malignant misrepresentation—when, either as members of society or as possessors and advocates of a particular belief, we are deprived of the sympathies, charities, and generousities of our fellow-beings, we should console ourselves with the idea, that the great Jubilee is at hand.

WILLIAM MACCALL.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS & CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.—At half-past eight o'clock on Sunday morning, 13th September, the scholars, with their teachers, assembled in the chapel. Upwards of three hundred individuals were present. It was an animating spectacle: youth of all ages, anxious to receive instruction, met by friends anxious to impart it. After singing the hymns of the day, the schools were dismissed till the afternoon, to make room for the congregation which it was expected would assemble in their comparatively small place of worship. It was crowded. The services were conducted by the Rev. George Harris of Glasgow, who preached on the spirit of devotion, liberty, benevolence, and brotherhood, by which Christianity is characterised.

The scholars met early in the afternoon, at the School-rooms, Cambridge-Street, and walked from thence in procession, with their teachers, to the New Meeting-house. Mr. Harris again preached to a very large and deeply attentive congregation. The scholars then returned to Cambridge-Street, where teachers and pupils took tea together. Afterwards, they proceeded to the Old Meeting-house, for the evening worship, where Mr. Harris conducted the services to a very crowded audience; aisles and pews were filled, and many people were unable to gain entrance. The collections for the schools amounted to £52 : 15 : 9.

On Monday afternoon, Sept. 14, the teachers, subscribers, and friends to the New Congregation, met at half-past four, in the School-rooms, to take tea together. Mr. Harris opened the meeting with prayer in the upper room. After tea, the party adjourned to the Chapel, when upwards of three hundred and fifty persons were present. Thomas Eyre Lee, Esq. was called by acclamation to the chair. On taking it, he addressed the assembly as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen, my Christian Friends,—I obey your call, to take this chair, with much pleasure; and I sincerely hope, that the events of yesterday, succeeded by the proceedings of this day, may be the harbinger of that harmony and zeal which ought to animate us all, in promoting the cause of that religion which we profess; and an enthusiasm in support of which, may be surely indulged with equal ardour to that which we see so constantly evinced by other bodies of Christians, who have adopted what we conceive to be erroneous tenets. I shall shortly state to you the business of the day. We shall probably have the pleasure to present our thanks to that highly talented and eloquent minister, whose services yesterday were so acceptable to the large congregations he addressed, and which must fully satisfy his friends, that he is well fitted to be an apostle in the cause of that Christian truth in which we all rejoice. It is now twelve months since this building was opened for religious services, and we ought to feel thankful to the Almighty Disposer of events, for the success which has attended the endeavours of the congregation. We are assembled, also, to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of one who was a great benefactor to his fellow-creatures; and it is delightful to know, what benefits have arisen and are continually accruing to society, from the act of Mr. Raikes, in first establishing Sunday Schools. It may also be thought proper to acknowledge the acts of kindness and liberality evinced, as respects the proceedings of yesterday, by the ministers and congregations of the Old and New Meeting-houses, who may, I trust, always continue to emulate each other in the art of doing good. Having now laid before you a short detail of the proceedings intended to be adopted, I have only to request

that every speaker may be favoured with a patient hearing; and I am happy to think, that not only have we present in this assembly, a minister from Scotland, but we have also accidentally the company of the minister of a Remonstrant Church in Ireland, and his friend, who may, I hope, from the specimen they will see this evening, be induced to recommend in Ireland, social meetings of a similar kind, which must tend to make us better acquainted with each other, and obliterate for a time those distinctions of rank which it is absolutely necessary for the well-being of society should be maintained. I have now to call upon our respected friend, Mr. Corn, to move the first resolution.

Mr. Corn said,—Although a pleasing duty falls to my lot, yet, pleasing as it is, I fear I shall want language suitable for the present occasion, so as to meet your approbation. On a former occasion, I have experienced your kindness, inasmuch as the bruised reed you have not broken, and the smoking flax you have not quenched. I take encouragement also, from the friends around me, connected with an ancient passage, which at the present time is equally true, “as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.” However imperfect my ideas and language may be, my heart responds to the sentiment contained in the resolution I now hold in my hand, and which I shall have the honour to propose for your adoption. I am sure there is not one individual present but will give it his hearty approval. Many persons are to be found, who will give you their aid and support while wind and tide are in their favour; but few are to be met with, who have courage sufficient to step forward to help a newly born society. Thank God, we know there are some who have strength of mind, and independence of spirit, to give a supporting hand to a small society of Christians. The gentleman who yesterday gave us his powerful aid by advocating our cause, justly merits our warmest thanks, our strongest approbation, and our lasting gratitude. Yes, gentlemen, who can recall to mind what he yesterday heard, without the most feeling, pleasing sensibility? In this avowal, I am confident, I speak the language of every heart now present. The Rev. Mr. Harris is a tried man; he has not waited to see the broad day of sunshine, or the smooth path of prosperity; he has not tarried to see every man sit under his own vine and fig-tree;—but Mr. Harris has come forth, and ventured out in the midst of storms and tempests, when angry passions, and strong deep roots of prejudice have assailed him—he has listened to the cries of the poor and the needy, the fatherless and the widow, in the hour of sorrow, and agonising distress;—witness his courageous visit to Ireland; he went and searched out the unfortunate sufferers, who had been the victims of a cruel and merciless hierarchy; he looked danger in the very face—he saw the

wrongs and bitter sorrows of the poor, and vindicated their rights. Is there one among us, whose heart Mr. Harris did not warm with his eloquence, his language, his pathos, with his manner as well as with his heavenly doctrine, which he yesterday presented to our view? Without meaning any disparagement to any of the other ministers of our church, I am bold to say, Mr. Harris possesses such zeal, such energy, and such powers of eloquence, that we may with propriety ask, where shall we find his equal? Mr. Harris has distinguished himself by his uncompromising spirit—he has boldly looked the enemy in the face; and by his fortitude, strength, and perseverance, he has conquered his enemies. Throughout his discourses of yesterday, there was a rich vein of correct argumentation, of simple eloquence, of powerful pathos, which evinced that his language proceeded from the heart, rather than the effect of a cold, calculating head. Oh! how finely did he hold up to view the beauties of holiness, the blessings of Christianity, the character and example of Jesus Christ, the principles and spirit of the Gospel, the doctrines of divine revelation, the way to immortal life and eternal happiness! I shall not longer trespass on your time, as I know there are many gentlemen who purpose to address the meeting; therefore, I shall only read the resolution—a resolution to which every heart now present will give his approbation, and his hearty amen:—“That this meeting requests the Rev. George Harris, to accept its thanks for the very able and appropriate discourses which he yesterday delivered in aid of our common cause; and rejoice to see the talent and energy which so much distinguish him, devoted to the cause of universal truth and liberty.”

Mr. John Green seconded the resolution.—I cannot but express my regret, he said, at the inadequacy I feel to address you according to the demands of this moment. What has fallen from yourself, sir, and the esteemed gentleman who has just addressed you, makes me feel still more my inability to do so. It is impossible to give utterance to the emotions of my mind upon this occasion. The resolution before you is no idle and merely ordinary form of the meeting. It is not a meaningless compliment. I speak to it as to a principle. There has been much to congratulate ourselves upon in the Christian world of late years. In the conciliatory language of Scripture, we might reply to those who drove the good, the great, the injured Priestley from this town, and eventually from the shores of England, “*ye meant it for evil*,” but, looking at, and pointing them to this assembly, “*GOD INTENDED IT FOR GOOD*.” It has not been lost upon us, witness the strenuous and consistent advocacy and defence of Christian principle, by a Montgomery in the Synod of Ulster; witness the warm and earnest and enlightened reasoning and piety of a Channing in America; and oh! when I perused

the sermon of our much esteemed and valued visitor—whose presence animates us this evening, and which has been so ably alluded to by the gentleman that preceded me—on that diabolical and murderous affray, the tithe-slaughter at Rathcormac, I thanked God that we had a man of moral courage sufficient, and noble-daring, and of the practice of Christianity, that durst raise his voice in exposure and rebuke, and vindicate human rights, and set in strong and simple and beautiful contrast, the Churchman and the Saviour. But I am too overpowered to speak as I am moved, and would desire to do. Who that heard the discourses of yesterday, but feels that he is influenced by them; and that it is unnecessary to make any remarks concerning them? Sir, their effects will be seen, I trust, not only by the approving, but by the improved judgment and practice of all of us. I could not add to the delightful feelings and convictions of those of this numerous meeting, that were present at those services; and the reverend gentleman will appreciate, and will excuse an individual like myself; and will not take it as evidence that I was not instructed, by my not saying more.

The resolution was warmly and unanimously adopted; and, amidst the cheerings of the meeting, the Chairman, with equal earnestness and warmth, communicated it to Mr. Harris.

Mr. Harris addressed the meeting for nearly an hour, but it is quite impossible for us to insert even a sketch of his observations.

Mr. Edward Corn Osborne, in moving the second resolution, said,—We have had a fresh impulse given us in the cause of truth and righteousness this evening; we have had, as it were, an additional momentum given us in our progress along the road which leads to truth. Who is there that now hears me, that does not feel quickened by the scene which he beholds? and where is the heart that is not fired with a greater love of truth, and a greater determination to go onward in the holy cause of God and man? I rejoice, sir, to see so many present on this occasion. I rejoice, because I believe such meetings as these are highly calculated to keep alive within us that zeal and steady perseverance in the cause of righteousness, which our daily intercourse with the world tends to weaken. Humanity is too often forgotten, as we tread the busy walks of life. Here we are arrested in our course; our sensibilities are awakened to the wants of man; we feel what these wants are; we feel that our happiness, too, is dependent on the relation which he bears to us; and thus we become determined to press forward with more vigour and untiring perseverance. And what is it that we are seeking? What have we this evening met to promote? It is the happiness of man; his moral and mental improvement; his emancipation from error and spiritual despotism, to that

liberty wherewith Christ hath made him free. And will you say, that these things offer to you no field for your benevolent operation? Will you say, that man has already arrived at that intellectual independence, that moral dignity, which bids him look on every endeavour to enslave the mind or the conscience, as tyrannous, and which calls no man master? Look at the world, and let the facts answer. Let us look beyond the immediate circle of our own religious class. Let us carry our thoughts over the whole Christian world. Has it yet shaken off the yoke of bondage, which, for centuries, a cunning and time-serving priesthood has imposed upon it? Is not the greater part of Europe still under the domination of spiritual superiors? Are not the priests still the gods of the people? Where is that independence of thought and action which we claim for every man? Where is it? Gone; or rather it has not yet been. And until we level the distinction between the priest and the people, until men consider themselves responsible to God alone for their religious opinions, until men undertake for themselves to inquire after religious truth, until the Bible is made the only standard of religious faith, and all creeds are annihilated, we shall remain as we are—ignorant of that moral and intellectual freedom which Christ taught, and disposed rather to insult than to love our brethren of the earth. It is then a mighty undertaking that we are endeavouring to effect. And how is it to be effected? How are we to throw down these idols of the people, and raise up the voice of the Son of God in their stead? How are we to overturn bigotry and superstition, and that spirit of persecution which still burns in the bosom of many, waiting only for occasion to kindle into a flame? How, but by circulating correct religious knowledge; by showing man his true relation to God, and to his fellow-man; by setting up the teachings of Scripture for the decrees of fallibility? This we can all do more or less. We all have our spheres of action, and it is our duty to do what we can, no matter how confined that sphere may be. But, sir, I have been looking only at one side of the picture. We see here and there a spirit awakened from its slumbers, declaring as with a voice of thunder the rights of man. It is a fact, that in proportion as the mind is pressed down by despotism, it will re-act when it is once freed from its load. In the gloomiest times of the earth's history, we read of such men as Luther, and Priestley, and Channing, and Harris,—men who, regardless of the world's frowns, and alike despising its favours, and anxious only to secure to themselves the approbation of God and of their own consciences, dare to proclaim truth. These, and such as these, have awakened a slumbering world. We are beginning to see the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ; we are beginning to feel the weight of oppression, which has chained us down, and made

us the vassals of a base and despotic hierarchy. No longer in this country, can men openly persecute with impunity, at least on account of a difference in matters of faith—no longer is the cry of the suffering martyr heard, or the smoking faggot seen. And although a Church still exists, which claims superiority, and which demands sacrifice, the voice of the people is crying out against the iniquity, and soon she must be brought down from her usurped elevation. Yes; the people are beginning to think for themselves; knowledge is spreading, nor can its circulation be stayed. Every succeeding day brings with it new triumphs over error and superstition. Religion is no longer shut up in the cloister, nor is the priest the only expounder of the Bible. That book is no longer sealed. It is in every one's hand; and the time is approaching when every individual will open it, and be his own interpreter. What, then, have we to fear? Can the progress of truth be stopped? Will the anathema of intolerance act, as of old, on the fears of men? No; the struggle for religious freedom has commenced; the dark mists of superstition, which have for ages enveloped us, are dissipating before the light of truth; the fetters of the morally enslaved are falling off before the power of knowledge, and we shall go forward till we arrive at the happy day, when all differences of opinion shall be lost in the ocean of love which will cover the earth. I cannot, Mr. Chairman, sit down without referring to our highly esteemed and talented visitor, Mr. Harris. We cannot now mention his name, without associating it with the name of Ireland. We admire his great talents, his eloquence, his love of truth, but, above all, his intrepid and fearless advocacy of the liberties of a degraded and injured people. The cry of Ireland, which she uttered when an insatiate priesthood demanded even the blood of its victims, was not heard in vain. Yes! there was one, who, armed with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of Truth, aroused the indignant spirits of the sons of my country, and which has produced a re-action, not only there but in England and in Scotland, which will do more for the overturning of that bloody Moloch, the Irish Church, than ever bayonets or bullets can fix it firm in the people's affections. Mr. Harris's sermon on the Rathcormac slaughter, has already uproused a spirit which will not decline in a day, but which, I trust, is only the beginning of a war, which will cease only when Ireland is freed from the galling yoke of the Protestant hierarchy. I feel, sir, that it will be unnecessary for me to say anything in support of the resolution which I have now the pleasure of moving. We must all feel grateful to our heavenly Father for the success which has attended our endeavours during the past year; and believing, as we do, that the true and permanent happiness of man will be secured by a profession and practice of the doctrines of Unitarian Chris-

tianity, we should make it our constant endeavour to press these great truths on the minds of the people, and, above all, prove by our lives and conversation, that we walk worthy of the vocation to which we are called. I most cordially move the resolution,—“That this Meeting has unfeigned gratification in expressing their thankfulness to Almighty God, for the encouraging success which has already attended the establishment of this congregation, deeming it, as they do, peculiarly calculated to diffuse extensively and permanently the truths and consolations of the Gospel.”

The resolution having been seconded by Mr. G. Wright, was unanimously adopted.

[We are obliged to break off here, in order to insert the account of the opening of the Chapel in Edinburgh. In our next Number we shall give the remaining portion of the Birmingham Anniversary, and also many other articles which are now necessarily postponed.—Ed.]

“OPENING OF THE EDINBURGH UNITARIAN CHAPEL.—The new Chapel erected by the Unitarians of Edinburgh on the Castle Terrace, and to which, as a mere distinctive appellation, they have given the name of SAINT MARK’S, was opened for public worship on Sunday last, the 18th of October current. The building is in the Flemish style, and is a lasting monument of the *genius* (for it really deserves that name) of its eminent architect, David Bryce, Esq. of Edinburgh. The interior combines every beauty and advantage which could be imagined in a place of worship. It is well lighted, well aired, well heated, and comfortably seated. It is fitted up in a style of great elegance, and above all, of good taste and perfect keeping. The principles of acoustics have been applied with admirable tact in its construction, and in the chaste beauty of the roof of the building; the pulpit is splendid without being gaudy; and by the entire public, it is admitted to be the best constructed place of worship in the City.

“The services of the day were opened by the Rev. George Harris of Glasgow. The Chapel was exceedingly crowded. It was intended to accommodate 700 persons, but the whole passages were occupied, and there must have been at least 800 individuals present. The audience was of the most respectable description, and numbered more than an ordinary proportion of ladies. Worship was commenced by the following impressive hymn, composed by Mr. Robert Neil, S.S.C. a member of the congregation:—

I.

‘ While, poised in ether, worlds of light
Rejoice to wing their ceaseless flight,
Systems, in sympathy combined,
Their Lord reveal, one only Mind!

Harmonious Nature's blending powers,
 The summer's warmth, the vernal showers,
 Inspire the song, with time begun—
 The swelling anthem, 'GOD IS ONE.'

II.

'This fine-wrought tenement of clay,
 The vital fluid's circling play,
 Mind's soaring intellectual flame,
 Unerring wisdom all proclaim:
 Attuned to praise, while earth, seas, skies,
 Their Maker hymn, the only-wise,
 Day unto day, and night to night,
 Sound the grand chorus, 'GOD IS LIGHT.'

III.

'Spirit of Power! Eternal One!
 Father of Jesus! Lord alone!
 God of the Christian's hope and trust,
 All bounteous, merciful, and just!
 From this Thy house, let praise ascend
 To Thee, the Father and the Friend;
 Our theme be, as in heaven above,
 The song of Angels, 'GOD IS LOVE.'

"The preacher had only uttered a few words, when his appearance, voice, action, and deep-toned feeling completely riveted the attention of his audience; and the powerful effect which was to follow, could be easily predicated. He chose for his text, the following passage from John iv. 23, 24: 'The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' The discourse was a series of bursts of the most impressive eloquence, delivered in a noble, dignified, and most impassioned manner. Its peculiar beauty was its perfect adaptation to the occasion. Nothing was omitted which ought to have been said, and nothing was said which the most fastidious could have wished to have been omitted. The passage in which the dedication of the Chapel occurred, was the most solemn, impressive, and powerful effort of oratory to which we ever listened. The audience were electrified, and at each pause made by the speaker, they adjusted themselves anew, and respired, as if eager to seize these the only opportunities on which the intensity of their feelings would permit them even to draw a breath.

"In the afternoon, the Rev. B. T. Stannus, minister of the congregation, officiated. The Chapel was again crowded; the public of Edinburgh seemed to be animated with one common feeling of desire, to 'come and see' if any 'good

thing' could 'come out of Nazareth.' The preacher took for the subject of his *oration* (for such, in its best and most dignified sense, it might be called) that fine passage in Isaiah, lii. 7: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.' He opened his discourse with a historical sketch of the occasion to which the prophet particularly adverted—to the misery of the Jews under the Babylonish captivity, and to the effect of the announcement of their emancipation upon the feelings of the nation. While it was in the highest degree poetical and elegant, and while it appealed powerfully to the intellect of his hearers, it contained much that spoke to the best sympathies of our nature, and was applied in the most ingenious and appropriate manner to the main object of the discourse, which was to illustrate the analogous message of Christ to the world—the nature of that message as being 'good tidings,' and the manner in which alone they could be considered as tidings 'of peace.' He concluded his discourse, with the application of his previous remarks to the peculiar occasion on which they were assembled together, and so powerful, so over-mastering was his final appeal to the tenderest feelings, the noblest principles, and the highest aspirations of his audience, that all of them were deeply excited, and many of them moved even to tears.

"The effect of the previous discourses was to collect in the evening an audience even more respectable than before, and so numerous that the Chapel was crowded almost to suffocation, and many went away from total inability to procure accommodation. Mr. Harris delivered a discourse as remarkable for close argument and clear deduction, for manly energy and elegant illustration, as his former effort had been for the solemnity of its appeal, and for the true pathos of its eloquence. It was calculated to be of great benefit to the cause of Unitarian Christianity, by the clear and convincing manner in which it illustrated and enforced upon those timid or selfish persons who were more afraid of offending the prejudices of men than the majesty of God, the duty of publicly declaring their real religious sentiments, and in which it animated the wavering to support the cause of truth.

"The effect which these discourses have had upon the public mind, has been very great; and many of the most conscientious supporters of so called orthodoxy, who attended their delivery, are constrained to confess, that they never listened to eloquence of so noble a description.

"The collection in aid of the funds of the Chapel, as it was a most substantial one, so it gave the best proof of the impression which the services had made. The gratuitous assistance of many of the finest choristers of the City, added much

to the power of the fine organ which had been built for the Congregation.

“The friends of Unitarian Christianity have much reason to congratulate themselves upon the effect produced by the services of the day, in which nothing whatever occurred that could give rise to any feeling but that of unmixed satisfaction, and confident anticipation of the future.

“So deeply impressed were the managers of the Congregation with the value of the services of Mr. Harris on this occasion, that they presented him an address, in the following terms:—

‘Edinburgh, 20th October, 1835.

‘REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—We, the Committee of Management of the Edinburgh Unitarian Congregation, beg leave respectfully to tender you our hearty thanks for the solemnly impressive services with which you dedicated their Chapel to the worship of the ‘One God and Father of all,’ on last Lord’s day, and the highly eloquent discourses you then delivered. We trust that the good cause to which you have devoted your time and talents, may, in consequence of your efforts on that occasion, be crowned with success, and many brought to view Unitarian Christianity in its true character, as the ‘pure and undefiled religion’ which Jesus the great teacher was commissioned by the Father of Lights to proclaim to mankind, as worthy of him to give, and fitting for them to receive.

‘We beg you to believe that we do not at present address you merely in compliance with a formality required by the event, but that we are fully sensible of the deep Christian feeling and powerfully impassioned eloquence which you brought to the support of the cause of Unitarianism in this City, for which we again request you to accept our grateful acknowledgments.—We are,

‘Reverend and dear Sir,

‘With sentiments of esteem and regard,

‘Your obliged and faithful Servants,

‘ROBT. NEIL.

‘WM. HUTCHISON.

‘JOHN GAIRDNER.

‘JAMES MORISON.

‘JOHN DUNN.

‘MORRIS SCOTT.

‘THOS. IRELAND.

‘JOHN HAMILTON.’

To the Editor of the Christian Pioneer.

“SIR,—As an eye and ear witness of the facts detailed in the foregoing narrative, I respectfully request its insertion in the Pioneer.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

A MEMBER OF THE EDINBURGH
UNITARIAN CONGREGATION.”

TIME, TRUTH, AND THEOLOGY.—No. X.

THE last month of the year brings us, as it is right it should, to the last paper on the topic that has, through the preceding months, engaged our attention. Good is it, and necessary too, after a prolonged effort, to pause and consider what has been attempted, what has been accomplished, and what remains to be done. To labour unceasingly without resting to calculate consequences, or estimate advantages or disadvantages, may possibly prove to be even worse than not labouring at all. Not unfrequently does a man work hard and long to his own injury, or even destruction. This conduct the prudent will avoid. And for this purpose they frequently ask themselves what they are doing, and at what they are aiming. And desiring to act upon this principle, we inquire—What has been the aim of “Time, Truth, and Theology”? And has the end proposed been gained? An answer to the first question may be framed in few words, although the second may not be so easily disposed of. The design has been to furnish a brief general view of astronomy, and deduce therefrom, a plain system of astro-theology.

In pursuance of this object, the distances, sizes, and motions of the planets were stated; and the position was established, that time is relative, and could not be known but for the movements of the heavenly bodies. Then the nature and causes of eclipses were pointed out, and the fact noticed, that the many irregularities of the twenty-nine bodies which with the sun and the comets constitute the solar system, are so counterbalanced and adjusted as to produce perfect harmony. The different appearances which the planets present to each other, were next considered. The cause of the changing seasons was then examined, and proof given that the earth moves around the sun, and also turns upon her own axis. To this succeeded accounts of the zodiac, of comets, and of tides. These were followed by investigations of the phenomena of the moon, the sun, and transits. And the view was closed by an inquiry into the nature of the fixed stars. By these statements, it is believed, a tolerably clear idea of the outlines of astronomy will have been conveyed to the mind of the observant and reflecting reader, who had not previously studied the subject. And it is hoped, that the totally different manner in which the topic is discussed, from any adopted in the professedly astronomical works, will furnish at least some gratification to even the adepts in the science.

From the facts of astronomy, some momentous theological conclusions have been drawn. The resistless power, unerring wisdom, and boundless goodness of the Creator, have been assumed as legitimate deductions from the order and extent and tendency of his works. The hand that made them, must be divine. The power that upholds them, must

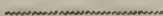
be almighty. The superintendence that provides for all beings, must be unchanging, exhaustless benignity. Through Nature it has thus been attempted, by the aid of a mental telescope, to look to the Author of Nature. The Great Invisible has thus been brought to view. The starry heavens have opened wide, and all their shining hosts have stood in order ranged; and clouds have melted into purest air, and that blue dome which bounds the common view, has been upraised, that we might shoot our glances far away from earth, and look with steady eye upon the sun-enamelled throne of God. In majesty, and might, and mercy sitting, there we behold the Universal King. The sceptre in his hand is formed of love, and goodness pure his diadem and robes composes. And He himself is love. If he but look upon a star—a world, a stream of sweet benignity straight flows away from where he sits, and down to all who people that great globe it runs. They drink, and know not whence the waters come; but they are cheered, and He who loves them all then looks again, and streams anew go forth that still refresh and gladden as they roll along. His eye is ever over all his works, his sceptre ever touches every world and atom he has made; and, therefore, love divine, unchanging, full, and free, is on, around, and in them all. Wide as immensity the love of God extends; and through eternity it lasts. No obstacle can change its course. Nor burning thirsty plains innumerable, through which it still meanders on, can drink it up, or aught diminish of its wonted bulk. The Fountain lives, and sees, and knows, and so the streams. They cannot be decreased, much less absorbed. By no caprice, nor wrath, long as we gaze, can we discover this supply to be averted or withheld; nor should we, if permitted still to look, while planets move or comets fly, or suns shall shine, or time and nature hold their course. We see the Eternal still his works regard as very good. To move and regulate for good the million million worlds that lie around his central abode, is ever his delight. The great machine we see him wield, and by its complex evolutions, cycles, gravitating forces, powers opposing, changes numerous, and mazes strange, fulfil his pleasure. do his sovereign will, and multiply beyond the reach of even angels, numbers, creatures, means of comfort, joy, and peace. We see him guide the stars. And then his hand we trace maintaining order through the milky way. And from that hand we see still issuing forth the richest, fullest gifts that he could give, or creatures could enjoy. We learn he cannot err, he cannot change, he cannot be unkind. No power can his control, no wisdom his can thwart, no schemes can his derange. We find all beings safe within his arm, beneath his eye. The systems still move on with lightning speed from age to age; and times and seasons in succession come; and generations,

none can number, pass from life to death in all these worlds; while He, the Great First Cause, of all the Father, watches over both the living and the dead; and has in his one view the countless periods past, the endless yet to come, and all the beings by these periods brought to life; and to the whole and every one his plans of perfect goodness still extend.

Thus have we seen, and now we know, that to our God we must apply his own most gracious words, "He changeth not, nor shadow of a turning knows." 'Tis we and only we who change. 'Tis we and only we who evil know. Throughout God's works, as we have travelled on from world to world and sun to sun, and looked by his permission into their design and mutual tendencies, evil we have nowhere found. By man is evil made, and even that will He who governs all yet turn to good; for, did he not, and real evil gave a place in his own empire, there to frown in blackness, rule in woe, through endless night, his kingdom would in part be wrested from his sway, his sceptre then could not extend to all, his glance would then in places fail to kindle up the light and joy and bliss of heavenly love. But oh! we have been taught, we have been shown, and cannot but believe, that God our Father reigns supreme, and reigns all love; and thankful, joyful be our tongue, and heart, and mind, for that great truth, that principle of soul-exalting, sound theology. All hail the light which beams from heaven's own fires! All hail the truth which comes direct from God's own hand! All hail the hope, and joy, and peace, that heavenly light and truth convey!

Would that all men saw and felt the light and power of a sublime divinity. Then would they know that dogmas formed by men dishonour God. Then would they see that no theology can be true, save that which lives and moves and has its being, in that great attribute of God, unchanging love. Then would they realise the truth, that a religion of love is that far-famed stone, sought by philosophy, which turns the basest earthly things to pure and sparkling gold. Then would they know that men are brethren all; and mutual help and comfort each to each should always freely give. And did men all thus honour God, and aid their kind; then would be broken up the fountains pure of that great deep, where happiness for man is kept in store, and heaven's windows oped, a flood of joy and peace o'er earth would spread, and high above the hills of prejudice, and mountains bigot-pointed to the sky, the flood would rise, and in an ark of love by wisdom formed, the race of man safe lodged, to high and endless glory would be borne.

D. D.



To the Editor of the Christian Pioneer.

Oct. 12, 1835.

SIR,—In sending you “more last words” of wisdom from the *Olden Times*, I cannot forbear to remark, how the first of the following passages was honoured by a special and highly finished invective from the M. P. for Oxford University. Sir Robert Inglis, Bart. that favourite pupil of High-Church, declared to the Commons, that though he “could make many extracts of a libellous nature from *The Times* newspaper,” he would only notice this “attempt to degrade the House in the opinion of the community.”

1831.

“March 14.—The unanimous enthusiasm of the people of England, in defence of the national rights and liberties, was never so manifest, within our recollection, as on this present question of the Reform Bill. Nor have we found recorded a single instance of rich and poor, high and low, men of all conditions, professions, and fortunes, feeling an equal sympathy in any cause, except, indeed, that of war against some hated public enemy.

“That enemy is now the usurper of the people’s franchises, the cut-purse of the people’s moneys, the robber of the public treasury, under the forms of law; of law extorted by the plunderer himself, to favour his own extortion, his own systematic conversion of the fruits of other men’s industry to selfish or criminal uses.

“When, night after night, borough nominees rise to infest the proceedings of the House of Commons with arguments to justify their own intrusion into it, and their continuance there, thus impudently maintaining what the lawyers call an *adverse possession*, in spite of judgment against them, we really feel inclined to ask, why the rightful owners of the House should be longer insulted by the presence of such unwelcome inmates? It is, beyond question, a piece of the broadest and coolest effrontery in the world, for these hired lackeys of public delinquents to stand up as advocates of the disgraceful service in which they have embarked.

“Sept. 29.—Should the Bench of Bishops be, unhappily, found adverse to the reform of our political institutions, what will be the position of the Church and of the Prelacy? What the feelings of the whole British empire towards them? Oh! let the Bishops be wise in time, and not realise against our venerable church the only possible answer to that inauspicious question. ‘It is the Bishops,’ will an exasperated nation cry, ‘who have crushed our liberties, and destroyed us. How shall we forgive the clergy?’

“Oct. 10.—*What have the Lords done?* is now the question. The answer is, they have done what they never can undo. They can never replace the House of Peers on its

old foundations, in the respect and confidence of the people. With regard to my Lords the Bishops, what a chapter have they opened against themselves. Will no question occur to the people of England, touching my Lords the Bishops? Will nobody ask, what business have they in Parliament? Let them confine themselves to superintending the souls of the faithful, and let them begin with their own.

1832.

“Jan. 5.—It is not to be questioned that but feeble progress will ever be made towards an entire melioration of the Church of England, and a consequent revival of its much impaired influence over the community, without including in our corrective measures a complete revision of the state of the Episcopal Bench, whose actual position and attributes render them alike incapable of discharging the duties of honest politicians, or conscientious or pious clergymen. Their revenues, generally (there are a few exceptions), seem calculated to fill them with more pride than charity, and to tempt them into a rivalry of worldly grandeur, with the lay nobility of the realm. The capability of translation is a perpetual bribe, withdraws their cares from religion, and fixes them on schemes of temporal aggrandisement, to be accomplished only through the sordid arts of intrigue and party subserviency. Hence we find many bishops, cold to the merits of their inferior clergy, strenuous in promoting the views of patrons, and the fortunes of all whom such patrons recommend to their favour; busy courtiers, fiery partisans, unscrupulous abettors of prerogative, enemies of all reform which shall control the power of a minister to feed the ambition and reward the cupidity of his followers.

“Bishops must be angels, if, with their present temptations, they did not oftentimes prove themselves hollow and selfish intriguers. Within the last fifty years, there have been but five English bishops (and still fewer Irish) who discover anything like liberal policy, as members of the House of Lords. What a legion of the opposite colour! It will, therefore, be a fair subject of consideration, by-and-by, whether bishops ought ever to be translated; and whether bishops ought to enjoy, only to abuse, the privilege of making laws. Many a good bishop has been ruined by his legislative power. Confine him to religious functions, and you destroy the great corrupting principle within him. Fix his constant residence within a stone’s throw of his own cathedral, he will soon forget the road to Downing-street and the towers of Lambeth.

“Jan. 8.—What a system of overgrown babyism is the whole machinery of a court!”

How suitably is here connected the annoyance of “borough nominees,” the doings of “the Lords” Temporal, the secularity of “my Lords the Bishops,” and the “babyism of a court,” otherwise described as advanced to the full grown powers of an *infernal machine*!

The Court's a golden, but a fatal circle,
 Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
 In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
 And beckoning early virtue from her centre;—

As Watts quotes in his "Miscellaneous Thoughts," from an anonymous poet less courtly than himself, one who would not probably have so easily discovered that "George was the star," or have ventured to conjecture whether he beheld "Gabriel or William on the British throne."—*Risum teneatis amici?* CIVIS RUSTICUS.

REVIEW.

VIEWS of the WORLD from Halley's COMET; a Discourse delivered in Paradise-Street Chapel, Liverpool, Sept. 27, 1835, by JAMES MARTINEAU. London, Hunter and Fox; Edinburgh, Tait; Glasgow, Rutherglen & Co.

THIS is a truly interesting and beautiful sermon, worthy of its highly talented author—of the celestial visitant whose advent it celebrates—of the soul-elevating views with which Christianity enlightens the mind and purifies the heart. The state and progress of society at the different periods of the appearance of this comet, are sketched with accuracy and power; the present position and onward improvement of mankind, are traced in language which manifests the calm and observant mind of the philosopher, and the heart-prompted benevolence of the Christian. We regret, however, that the notices of the different states of society at the various cometary years were not more lengthened. It would have added additional interest and importance to the discourse. The notes appended to the sermon are also valuable. We should gladly extract several passages from this discourse, but it is the less necessary as the cheapness at which it is published should make it the possession of all our readers. There is one passage, however, we cannot but quote. Had the appearance of the comet produced no other good but the publication of that passage, even such a result would have been worthy the omnipotence and goodness of God. It is redolent of truth, consolation, and holy hope:—

"This event is not only a testimony to the advancement of mankind collectively, but an assurance, or at least a suggestion not wholly worthless, in corroboration of the voice of Christian promise, of the individual immortality of man. Look only at the comparative duration of this comet, and of our mortal existence. One of its years exceeds the whole length of human life: the men who witness one of its visits, have taken their departure when it comes again: and on it rolls, cycle after cycle, their span of life mocked by its durability. And yet one of these short-lived minds could place itself in the temple of science; and catching only a little

glimpse, a few faint hints, of its orbit, rise up and prophecy its course eternally. Nay more, he could make it tell the secrets of those invisible spaces into which it plunges, and bring back tidings, whether there be other planets beyond the known limits of our system. He could tell the place, the year, the month of its return. And yet, when it comes to do honour to his intellect by its exactitude, it looks down upon his quiet grave, and his children only share the triumph! Is this credible in the government of God? Shall the material thing, inorganic, inert, impercipient,—move on in this wondrous perpetuity; and shall the soul, which discerns its order, and tracks its career, and detects its laws, and admires its lustre, and speculates on its constitution, be swept away as nothing before it? Shall unconscious matter last, while the mind, to which alone its functions are subservient, which interprets its mysteries, and reads in them the signature of God, vanishes like the passing wind? Shall the works and discoveries of intelligence survive itself, and while the toil is its own, shall the reward be for its successors? Shall the knowledge and the thoughts of men be handed down in endless genealogy, teaching and inspiring the soul of other times, and shall the conscious being which created them be blotted ignominiously from creation? Impossible! It cannot be but that Halley and Newton, through the medium of whose thought we now gaze at the skies, witness elsewhere the excellence of their past toils, the triumphs of their studious meditations. Surely the heavens which they deciphered they behold with eyes undimmed by age, and minds yet yearning, but in a spirit of profounder adoration, to press forward towards vaster disclosures of the infinitude of God."

MONTHLY RECORD.

DECEMBER 1, 1835.

REPORT OF FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF BIRMINGHAM NEW UNITARIAN SCHOOLS AND CHAPEL.

(Concluded from page 405.)

The Rev. J. Palmer of Dudley was called on to move the third resolution, which he did in a speech of great interest and power, ably sketching the principles, nature, and effects of sound and enlightened education, and detailing many extraordinary facts respecting the Established Church of Ireland. He concluded by moving,—“That this meeting holds the memory of the late ROBERT RAIKES in peculiar veneration, as one who introduced the means of diffusing light over the darkest abodes of vice and ignorance, and greatly facilitated the progress of mental and moral improvement.”

Mr. G. Wright, in seconding the resolution, dwelt on the benefits Mr. Raikes had conferred on society—referred to the obligations which Birmingham was under to the late James Luckcock, who so indefatigably followed up the plans of Mr. Raikes; and well contrasted the conqueror's triumph with that of the blessings which the promoters of education bestow on their species.

Mr. Thomas Prime, in moving the fourth resolution, dwelt warmly on the kindness and sympathy shown by ministers and people of the Old and New Meeting Congregations, and on the prospects of usefulness and prosperity opened to the third congregation:—"That this meeting gratefully acknowledges the kindness of the ministers, and of the gentlemen who compose the vestry committees of the Old and New Meeting-houses, for the facilities which they so promptly afforded to the committee of management in their arrangements for the charity sermons, and for the many indications of unfeigned good will which they have shown toward this infant institution."

Mr. Matthias Green said,—“I feel peculiar pleasure in seconding that resolution. I was connected with one of the congregations to which that resolution refers for fifteen years. During that time I had much pleasure, and felt some pain; but I never felt pleasure in any circumstance connected with those societies, equal to that which I felt on seeing the communication from the Vestry Committees of the Old and New Meeting-houses, granting the loan of their places of worship to this society. But, sir, although my joy was great that our request was cheerfully complied with, it was still greater, when the ministers of the New Meeting-house farther offered to give up the pulpit at the time of their own services, in order that we might be more conveniently accommodated, and that our sermons might be better attended. These kind acts will not be forgotten, they will not be unproductive of beneficial results. A countenance, a sanction has been given to this infant institution, by the handsome behaviour and liberal support of the two congregations, which must have a good and lasting influence. Perseverance is the parent of success. Perseverance, combined with discretion, will do any thing and every thing; it has *no* limits. On the 17th of August, 1834, we first entered this building. Under what difficulties did we commence our exertions! Now look around, and behold this glorious meeting; we have done more than the most sanguine could expect; and the pleasure of this meeting is not a little increased by the union and presence of some of those friends of the other congregations before referred to. This is another proof, in addition to many others, which I have witnessed, that sincerity, perseverance, conduct according to the Gospel, must succeed. May we still press forward with

the same spirit, with the same forbearance towards each other, with the same determination to overcome all evil by promoting all good; and the blessing of God will surely crown our efforts. And what do I mean by the blessing of God? I mean that success and happiness which in the universal and everlasting laws of nature, is the sure consequence of an adherence to truth and virtue."

The resolution having been carried with acclamation, the Rev. Hugh Hutton and Mr. S. Burrell returned thanks on behalf of the Old Meeting Congregation, and Mr. Hawkes Smith on the part of the New Meeting Society.

Mr. Hawkes Smith, as a member of the committee of the New Meeting, rose on the part of that body. He could assure the meeting, that the feeling of perfect willingness to render any service in their power to the Cambridge-street Sunday School, pervaded equally the committee, the ministers, and the congregation. Their desire to assist in every way the progress of truth, was also exemplified in their lately granting the use of the Chapel for Sunday evening services, to a body of Methodists, who were associated for the purpose of freeing themselves from the yoke imposed by a tyrannical Conference. But he (Mr. S.) could not be content with a bare acknowledgment of the pleasure he had received from the last resolution; he could not sit down, without noticing the circumstances under which the present meeting was held. They were celebrating the anniversary of the establishment of a Sunday School, and of a Unitarian Congregation. It is said of the celebrated John Wesley, that being once requested to preach in behalf of some institution, he commenced his discourse, with this seeming paradox—" *Charity sermons are a disgrace to a Christian country,*" meaning, that were the precepts of Christ fully acted on, benevolence would be so actively diffusive as to render such appeals unnecessary; so, I commence by declaring, that Sunday Schools, so far as they undertake general instruction, are a disgrace to a civilised nation; because, the degree of knowledge to be derived from them, is a miserable substitute for *education*—for *such* education as every human being is capable of, and has a fair claim to receive. Mr. Simpson of Edinburgh, in his work on Popular Education, has drawn a beautiful picture of what human nature *ought* to be made; and I wish that all who hear me would read that book, would meet in parties to read it aloud, and discuss its contents. "England," says Simpson quoting the lately uttered words of Lord Brougham, "England is yet uneducated," and close observation of the intellectual and moral state of the mass of our population, bears out the assertion. But Birmingham and many other towns do in fact possess the means of giving the *best education* to *all* of both sexes, who cannot afford the purchase, in their richly endowed Free Schools; and it is a disgrace to the age, that

these establishments should be generally of so little practical use. In this town, all the present disposable funds are applied to the erection of a costly edifice, for the accommodation of one or two hundreds of those whose families could well afford any moderate outlay for the purchase of the benefit; and so inherent in our natures is the love of wealth and display, that we, almost mechanically, glorify ourselves in the possession of this piece of wasteful ostentation. We are in the predicament of Leigh Hunt, who, in his *Reflector*, laments the deterioration of his breakfast-comforts as arising from the use of *an urn*, but consoles himself by reflecting on the elegance of its classic contour: "My tea," says he, "is cold, but then *the Greeks were such a people!*" So may we, the inhabitants of Birmingham exclaim, "Our youth are uneducated, but see *our* superb specimen of the pointed arch!" An Act of Parliament has been obtained, professedly to extend the benefit of this institution, but good care was taken in its arrangements that it should be of comparatively little value; and the inhabitants of the town ought not to rest, until the revenues of the School, are *truly and fairly* applied to the benefit of *the people*. Thus, a sound practical education, really useful general knowledge, would be attainable by all, and *Sunday Schools* might be devoted to the affectionate office of imparting and instilling moral and religious knowledge and principles. But we are, further, met as *Unitarians*; as such, the Society has my best wishes, though I could be willing that less were heard of sectarian designations. Strange, that men cannot be allowed to call themselves *Christians*, and upon that footing to be received as brethren; that each one cannot be permitted to use his best efforts to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God, looking for a nobler state of existence after death, as clearly declared by Jesus Christ, without its being thought requisite that all should hold the same belief on points which are not declared with absolute perspicuity. Until the disposition to insist on uniformity of faith, be got rid of, the efforts of the most enlightened and most benevolent followers of Jesus are in vain. Nor does this persecuting, this *Athanasian* spirit arise, in many instances, from bigotry; its parent is frequently real benevolence—sincere grief that souls should be lost, arising out of mistaken views of a few passages of Scripture. Against *this*—this one fundamental error of Orthodox Christianity, as it appears to me, should our great efforts be directed. We should take every opportunity of inculcating opposite and happier views of the Christian doctrine and spirit—of showing ourselves true evangelical Christians; while we might venture to claim a descriptive title, were one wanted, from the annals of the French Revolution, the title of *Theophilanthropist*—adorers of God, and lovers of mankind."

The thanks of the meeting, on the motion of Mr. Charles

Lloyd, seconded by Mr. Wright, were unanimously given to Mr. John Hughes, for his unremitting attention to the singing, by conducting the choir and instructing the scholars, and to the ladies and gentlemen assisting him; and on the motion of Mr. Josiah Green, seconded by Mr. Hawkes Smith, to the committee of management of the tea-party, for their excellent arrangements.

Mr. Eyre Lee, having stated that the business of the meeting was closed, on the motion of Mr. Harris, the cordial thanks of the assembly were presented to him; for which having returned a suitable acknowledgment, the Rev. Mr. Harris gave out a hymn, which was sung with much spirit by the whole meeting; after which he offered up a prayer to Almighty God, and the meeting separated highly gratified, and no doubt much improved and strengthened in sentiments of good will to man and love to God.

THOS. EYRE LEE, Chairman.

[Mr. Harris cannot refrain from adding to the account of the interesting meeting transmitted to him from Birmingham, the expression of the high gratification he derived from his visit to the New Society; his cordial interest in their welfare; his sincere anticipations of their future prosperity. That Society is a monument of what union and zeal may effect. Nearly three hundred young persons are instructed in the Sunday Schools by gratuitous teachers—scholars are training up for future teachers—many assemble on week-nights also for mutual instruction and improvement. Public worship is conducted by the members themselves, appointed by a committee. The library contains two hundred and sixty-four volumes. The scholars have formed a Saving's Club among themselves, which is highly useful; and are connected likewise with the Brotherly Society, founded in the other Unitarian Schools, which for thirty years has dispensed aid to its numerous members, and has a stock at this moment of upwards of £1400. When the fact is known, that the two Unitarian Congregations of Birmingham have educated in their schools upwards of twenty thousand children, the zeal, firmness, and energy displayed by the men of that town in the national struggle for Reform is easily explained.]

THE Third Yaxley Anniversary of the worshippers of the One True God, the Father, was held on Tuesday 29th September, when the Rev. J. C. Meeke, of Northampton, preached in the afternoon, an excellent discourse, founded on Gal. v. 22, 23, exhibiting with great beauty of delineation and faithfulness of appeal, a lovely but just portraiture of the true Christian; perspicuously discriminating a practical from a fanatical faith; and strikingly demonstrating the availability of the former, and the more than total inutility—the pernicious nature and fruits of the latter.

After the service, the ministers and friends took tea together, at an inn near the chapel. The tea being over, an interesting religious conversation was commenced, in which Mr. Meeke, Mr. Fisher of St. Ives, and Mr. Chappell, the minister of the place, took a part; every one having the liberty to propose a question for discussion, a doubt for solution, or a text for explanation. During the conversation, the interest taken in the meeting had brought together outside, many persons both from Yaxley and the neighbouring places. This being observed, they were invited to come in, and accommodated with seats. Among these were some Wesleyans, one of whom proposed objections—such as have been started and answered again and again—which were ably and satisfactorily obviated by Mr. Meeke, who very clearly and happily elucidated the great doctrine of the Divine Paternity, and showed the importance of examining all other points of faith in the light of this fundamentally essential verity. Mr. M. also illustrated, in a very pleasing manner, how Jesus Christ performs the office of Saviour; the absolute necessity of employing reason in the investigation of religious truth; the sole supremacy of the Divine Father; the derived and dependant glory of the Son; the final recovery of the entire human family from all sin and suffering, and other collateral points of Christian doctrine.

The attendance was encouraging, the attention of the auditors lively and eager, especially at the discussion, and the pleasure and satisfaction evinced by them, marked and memorable.

On the Sunday previous to the meeting, the vicar of Yaxley, as had been his practice on former occasions, entertained—though more strictly speaking, with respect to some of them, *disgusted*—his hearers, with a bitter and furious, but futile *tirade* against Methodists and all who are so wicked as not to conform to the all-perfect religion “established by the law of the land;”—forgetful, one should imagine, that all who please may, by the law of the land, dissent from the state Church; forgetful, also, that the same authority which establishes Protestant Episcopacy in England and Ireland, recognises, *as the established religion*, Presbyterianism in Scotland, Papacy in Canada, and Hinduism in India.

The violent opposition made at Yaxley to liberal and rational views of Christian truth, has evidently concurred with the means employed for the people's information, to whet the curiosity and prompt the inquiry of some at least; and the natural and undeniable result is, that their knowledge of those views has been improved, and the establishment of their minds in them, in no small degree promoted. Perhaps there is no place in the country, where a more rancorous—and yet at the same time, *self-defeating*—spirit of opposition to enlightened nonconformity, has manifested itself—where

methods more unworthy of the Christian character, and approaching sometimes to the ludicrous, have been employed to crush it, than in the village of Yaxley. If on any spot in the land, the evil-working of a coercive system of religion betrays itself, not so much, be it remembered, on those who recede from it, as on those who cleave to it, it is in the priest-ridden village of Yaxley. But what, after all, might have been expected from a clergyman, who at one time can stand on a Methodist platform, and advocate Methodist missions, and at another time, rave against and denounce the whole Methodist community!

THE TENTERDEN DISTRICT TEA MEETING.—This branch of the Kent and Sussex Unitarian Association, held its Annual Meeting on Monday the 5th of October. It was a day of peculiar interest and gratification. There was a large attendance at the Chapel; Mr. Gilbert of Northiam read the Scriptures, and Mr. Saint of Headcorn offered up the general prayer. An animated, interesting, and exceedingly appropriate discourse, was delivered by the Rev. F. B. Barton, of Canterbury, on religious zeal, from Gal. iv. 18. The preacher dwelt on the value of religious truth, and on the duty of disseminating that faith which we believe that Jesus taught: showing, at the same time, that this zeal will not destroy charity; because if founded on gospel principles, it will be prompted by charity—a desire to communicate to others, what we feel to be our most precious blessing. That the preacher had, under peculiar circumstances, practically evinced his sincerity, gave additional force and interest to his exhortations. The Rev. F. B. Barton was designed for the Church, and educated at Cambridge: anxious, however, before he subscribed his assent to the articles of the Church of England, to ascertain their agreement with the Divine Word, he examined them in connexion with that authoritative standard; the more he inquired—the closer he kept to the Scriptures, the further he receded from the articles; the result of his investigation was, that there is but One God the Father, and that Jesus is the messenger of his love. In consequence of this conviction, he deemed it his duty to bear testimony to the truth, and to cast in his lot with the worshippers of the Father only; not deterred from pursuing this course, though he well knew the bitter hostility with which they are regarded. After divine service, 161 individuals of both sexes, took tea together in the Court Hall. The Rev. Edward Talbot was called to the chair, and opened the meeting with a short prayer for the divine blessing. The Rev. F. B. Barton, gave a brief but interesting account of his secession from the Church of England; and in a subsequent address, he illustrated by many happy comparisons, the absurdity of professing to make the Scriptures the standard

of faith, while at the same time creeds of men's devising are imposed—creeds which threaten the loss of salvation to those who cannot believe them. The meeting was addressed by other speakers, on several interesting topics. Our aged and truly venerable friend and pastor, Mr. Holden, the monument of whose useful labours was around him, spoke of the worth of those doctrines and hopes, which are able to guide us in this life, are a staff in sickness, and a comfort in old age. Mr. Blundel and Mr. Gilbert, spoke on the subject of the rising generation, the blessings of education, and the principles on which it should be conducted. Mr. Lambert of Northiam, made some very valuable observations on a kindred topic, "Mechanics' institutes, the pioneers of religion." The obligation of charity, and the pleasure resulting from the interchange of kind offices, notwithstanding differences of religious faith, were dwelt upon by Mr. Saint of Headcorn. In our joy, the sorrows of the injured were not forgotten. The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Edwards of Northiam, and unanimously adopted. One expression, the chairman observed, was strong; but where blood was shed, it behoved those who would not make themselves parties to the guilt, to protest against the system under which such enormities were committed, and not to hide the evil done, under the veil of soft, unmeaning, and inappropriate terms:—

"That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Rev. George Harris of Glasgow, for his very admirable discourse on the Rathcormac murders (see the proceedings on the inquest), and for his heroic conduct towards our maligned and cruelly injured brethren in Ireland during his late visit to that country; and at the same time, we express our hope, that his indefatigable exertions, and his powerful eloquence, may, under the Divine blessing, be a means of spreading the truth as it is in Jesus, and of hastening the time, when peace and Christian liberty shall be established on the permanent basis of our holy religion, which teaches, that God is our common Father, and that we are all brethren."

It was further resolved, that this vote of thanks be communicated to the public through the medium of the Christian Pioneer. After some observations by the Rev. J. Cook of Cranbrook, and a reference by the Chairman to the secession of the Rev. Blanco White from the Church of England, connected with a hope, that his example would be a means of pointing out to Unitarians in the Establishment, the course demanded by consistency and integrity, the meeting broke up about nine o'clock, after a benediction by the Rev. L. Holden. The pleasure of the evening was varied by the kind assistance of the Chapel choir, who added to the concord of sentiment, the harmony of sacred music. E. T.

To the Subscribers and Friends of the Domestic Mission Society, London.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—At the opening of the Chapel and School-room in Half-moon-Alley, Whitecross-Street, a strong feeling was expressed by many friends to the institution, in favour of procuring a more commodious building for the Spicer-Street Mission, and several sums were promised in aid of such an object. Subsequent communications have also encouraged the Committee to inquire for suitable premises. They have found some, situated in Spicer-Street, which may be had on lease, at a rent of thirty pounds a-year. They would afford ample and convenient room for the most extended and varied operations of the Society in that district. The building which would be converted into the Chapel and School-room, is of large dimensions, and so situated as to be free from the noise of the street. The premises are sufficiently commodious to afford a residence for Mr. Philp, and also, if found desirable, for the mistress of the day-school connected with the Mission. This would reduce the rent to the same as, or perhaps to a less amount than, is paid for the very confined and inconvenient premises which are now occupied.

To fit the premises for all the purposes contemplated, an outlay is required of from £300 to £350; and the object of the present appeal, is to ascertain how far the friends of the Mission are willing to support the Committee in such an undertaking. The Committee make the appeal earnestly, because they are strongly convinced of the necessity of affording Mr. Philp greater scope for his anxious, laborious, indefatigable, benevolent, and successful exertions. They feel that it is due to him to second his zeal in this manner; and due to the Society, as promising to afford it an instrument of greatly increased efficacy for the furtherance of its main object, the visiting of the poor, the ignorant, and the debased, at their own homes. The school not only affords that instruction without which human nature must sink into degradation, but opens many a door which would else be closely barred against the Missionary's entrance. The hearts of the children become his, and soon the parents' hearts are expanded towards him also, and a sort of pastoral connexion is opened with those who never before looked with affection upon a minister of religion.

When once the premises are put in order, the school, evening classes, &c. extensive as their operations may become, will be but a small annual expense to the Society. The Committee pray you, therefore, to make an immediate and diligent, they cannot call it a very large effort, to afford them the funds for accomplishing this most desirable object. At the same time they beg to state, that the annual subscriptions fall short of the expenditure of the Society, and that

for the means of operation this year they are largely indebted to donations. It is probable, therefore, that they may find it necessary, at the beginning of next year, to make an appeal on behalf of the current expenses of the institution. They mention this, that the whole matter may be before their friends, and that no one may have occasion to say he subscribed to the new premises under the conviction that the current expenses were sufficiently provided for. The Committee do not doubt that they shall obtain the necessary supplies; but they wish to be entirely candid with their constituents and the public.—By order of the Committee,

EDWIN CHAPMAN, Secretary.

24 Downshire-hill, Hampstead, 23d Sept. 1835.

HYMN.—The following verses were composed by a young gentleman (a recent convert from Calvinism to the Unitarian faith), and forwarded to his minister, the Rev. B. T. Stannus, with the view of their being sung at the opening of the New Unitarian Chapel, Edinburgh. The lateness of the day on which they were received, rendered it impossible to introduce them into the devotional services on the interesting occasion for which they were intended. The composition is now forwarded, with compliments, to the Editor of the Christian Pioneer, in the hope that it may not be unacceptable to some of his readers.

I.

HAIL bounteous Father, Lord divine!
To Thee we raise this hallow'd shrine;
Oh! unto heaven, may prayer sincere
Rise from thy people gather'd here!
Our hearts would worship Thee alone,
Upon whose glory-circled throne
No rival sits,—whose sovereign will
Creation's myriad worlds fulfil.

II.

Here is a Temple free to all
Who God our common FATHER call,—
In his all-glorious Word believe,
And Jesus, as his Christ, receive;—
Whose mind 's illumed in Reason's way
By Revelation's gladdening ray;
Who give the liberty they claim—
The honour of the Christian name.

III.

Father of all! while here we meet,
Be our communion ever sweet:
Pour on thy people from above,
The riches of thy boundless love.

In kindness may our hearts embrace
 The circle of the human race:
 Thy children all, great God, are we—
 Crown thou our faith with charity.

EDINBURGH.

W. A. F.

PRESBYTERIAN INTOLERANCE.—In our Number for October (p. 371, 372), it was stated that the Rev. P. Brewster of Paisley, would be cited before his Presbytery, for having returned thanks to God, at the dinner given to Mr. O'Connell in Glasgow. The Editor was in England at the time that Number appeared, and remembers well the expressions of astonishment and incredulity with which that statement was there received. It was deemed utterly impossible, that any body of men, calling themselves the ministers of Christ, could be so besotted as thus to stultify themselves. They had read in the pages of the Pioneer, and on the authority of Mr. Yates, of "*the essentially liberal spirit of Presbyterianism*," and they could not credit the possibility of an act so flagrantly intolerant. Mr. Yates had urged as a main plea in behalf of his plan to revive Presbyterianism in England, that although the Kirk of Scotland had since its establishment, like its English rival, "*continued without any material change in their constitution and regulations, to the present day*,"—yet, that "*nevertheless, even in Scotland, the essentially liberal spirit of Presbyterianism has led to some minor, local, or temporary modifications of the system, which have accommodated it to the changes of feeling, opinion, and circumstances, so as to preserve its influence and its estimation with the people*." (Christian Pioneer, vol. viii. p. 22, 23.) The statement might, to a critical observer, appear to clash a little; but the well-sounding phraseology of "*the essentially liberal spirit of Presbyterianism*," and the subsequent assertion, that it was "*but republicanism applied to religion*," might well excuse the doubt of the co-existence with such principles, of the spirit of bigotry and persecution. But our Scottish readers, who had felt that the "*tender mercies*" of Presbyterianism were cruelty—who had tasted of its waters, and found them bitterness—had another and a widely different tale to tell of its spirit and practice. "*Minor, local, or temporary*," truly, must have been the "*modifications of the system*," when Burgher and Antiburgher, Relief and Secession, have been forced to dissent from a Church with which they agree in doctrine, which they now in numbers rival, and when from Glasgow alone a petition to the Legislature has been signed, for the dissolution of the connexion between the Church and the State, by upwards of forty thousand people. These facts prove, that, in past time, the Kirk has *not* "*accommodated itself to the changes of feel-*

ing, opinion, and circumstances, so as to preserve its influence and its estimation with the people."

Its more recent acts are equally alien to the "feelings and opinions" of the people. There cannot be a greater contrast than that of O'Connell's reception by the people of Scotland, and his treatment by members of Assembly, Synod, and Presbytery. His letter to Mr. Buchan, is an admirable chastisement of intolerance, to which we should gladly have given insertion, had our pages admitted. To the intolerance which degraded the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, Mr. Brewster has made the following masterly reply:—

To the Editor of the Glasgow Argus.

SIR,—In the *Scottish Guardian's* report of the proceedings of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, on the motion of Mr. Henderson to form Protestant Associations, there are allusions made by several of the speakers, to a member of the Synod who had attended the dinner given to Mr. O'Connell, which I should hope it is no great presumption in me to apply to myself, as being the only member of that court who was present on the occasion referred to. I was unfortunately absent when Mr. Henderson's motion came on. Having learned from a co-presbyter, to whom I had expressed my intention of being present at the discussion and of opposing the motion, that it would not be taken up that night, I left Glasgow at six o'clock, and returned early on Thursday forenoon, when I found that the Synod had closed on the previous evening. The breaking up of the Synod on Wednesday night, was a thing quite unlooked for, and I had no reason to expect that that part of the business, at which I was chiefly desirous to be present, would be entered upon till next day. In proof of this, I need only refer you to the speech of the reverend mover, who said—"He had not anticipated that he would be called upon to bring forward the overture he had now the honour to submit to their consideration, *before to-morrow*; and regretted that he was not therefore so well prepared as he could desire, for the discharge of the important duty which had devolved upon him."

Of what was said of myself on that occasion, I do not complain. I like men who speak out, better than those back-biting whisperers, who, under the mask of friendship, go about muttering their silly regrets; and had I been present, I would not have failed to have used the same freedom with those who honoured me with their notice. I have been guilty of the heinous sin of attending a political dinner—a thing which many of my brethren had done before without incurring any censure. But then the dinner which I attended was given to a Roman Catholic! Was this, then, the pith of my offence; or is it not rather to be found in Mr. O'Connell's politics, as an uncompromising Reformer, and an enemy of the Irish Establishment—that shameless monster, and half-

living, but gluttonous skeleton,* which lies like an incubus on the heart of Catholic Ireland, stirring the worst passions, while it sucks the blood of its victim; but, unlike the vampire, which it otherwise resembles, ever disturbing its repose—that hideous thing, which the unwise friends of our Church are placing in the front rank of her battle for endowments, and which, instead of leading her to victory, will fall back upon its rash ally, and paralyse the efforts of her ablest champions! Had Mr. O’Connell been a Conservative—had he come among us in the shape of a Catholic or Protestant Peer, with or without a creed—an Orangeman and supporter of Protestant ascendancy—my present assailants, if they had not been sharers with me in the sin of sitting at table with him, would assuredly have been among the foremost of my abettors and defenders, instead of sending forth those pitiful wailings, which are now edifying the readers of the *Scottish Guardian*. Am I not, I would ask, as well entitled as other men, to form my own opinions in civil politics, and to give my support to those who agree with me?—whatever be their religious creed—without being made responsible for the pathetic effects which my doing so may produce upon my tender-hearted and worthy brother, Mr. Balfour Graham, of North Berwick, who was so deeply affected at the horrible profanity of my having returned thanks at the O’Connell dinner, that he lost sight of the subject upon which he had risen to express his sentiments, and actually concluded his speech, by audibly offering up a prayer for my illumination and amendment; or upon another much esteemed and highly respected friend and brother, Dr. Smyth of Glasgow, not less distinguished for the fineness of his feelings, than for his nice, and all but feminine sense of propriety, who, as I believe, *suo more* wiped his eyes significantly, when giving expression to his sympathetic lamentation over the awful catastrophe and portentous occurrence, of a minister of his own church, along with a venerable Professor of the Glasgow University, having “so far degraded themselves” as to take their dinner with the honourable and learned member for Dublin, a firm supporter of his Majesty’s Government, but withal, it seems, (so my keen-scented and charitable friends have discovered,) “an emissary of the man of sin.”

Having unfortunately lost the opportunity of making a suitable acknowledgment at the moment, for the above-mentioned expressions of condolence over the terrible calamity that had befallen me, I now beg leave, with your indulgence, to offer my grateful thanks for the very public manner in which these gentlemen have bestowed their sympathy upon an absent and most unworthy member of the Synod!

* I say not this, with any reference to the Clergy of the Irish Church, but of the monstrous thing itself, as exposed in a late Report of the Parliamentary Commission.

But, to be serious upon a subject, which, in my humble view of it, is of incalculable importance to the character and well-being of the Church of Scotland, I cannot conclude this hasty and very imperfect reply to the attacks which have been made upon myself by so many of my brethren, for whom I have always entertained a very unfeigned esteem, without expressing my deep regret that they should also have allowed themselves so much to forget the respect which they owed to their place in society, and so far to depart from the enlightened spirit of Christian charity, as to assail recklessly, I think, and without proof, the character of an illustrious man, who, whatever may be thought or said of him here, is the just object of the veneration and love of 6,000,000 of his countrymen and fellow-subjects; and who, I hesitate not to add, as the liberator and benefactor of his native land—the fearless patriot—the enlightened philanthropist—the able, eloquent, and unwearied advocate and defender of the rights and claims of oppressed humanity—has well earned the admiration and esteem of all the wise and the good of every country and creed, and has made for himself an honoured name, which only they will seek to asperse, who can sacrifice anything or everything to their selfish aims, and who hate because they fear him.

Let these men read Mr. O'Connell's admirable letter to a member of our General Assembly, and see how far a Catholic has excelled a Protestant, in the beautiful virtues of meekness and charity; and oh! let them hide their diminished heads for very shame, or retract the foul calumnies which they have rashly (and inconsiderately, let us hope) uttered against him. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Abbey of Paisley.

P. BREWSTER.

Mr. Brewster has since actually stood his trial before the assembled wisdom of the Presbytery of Paisley, and on the motion of the Rev. Dr. Burns, grounded on an old Act, forbidding intercommuning *with malignants*,—the Act, when passed, being levelled chiefly against members of the Church of England,—*the censure* of the Presbytery was passed on Mr. Brewster for attending the dinner to O'Connell, at Glasgow. Against this iniquitous sentence, two persons only, we believe, besides the condemned, protested; and they were laymen. We leave the deep and indignant reprobation of such inquisitorial doings to every freedman of Christ Jesus.

DIED at Glasgow, October 29, after a short but very severe illness, Mr. William Rae, youngest son of Mr. Rae, so long a member and trustee of the Unitarian Chapel in this city. Educated in the principles of the Christian faith, early led to the paths of knowledge and virtue, this excellent young man evinced an untiring thirst for information, an energetic and

well-directed zeal for the diffusion of truth, united with a most amiable disposition, and the purest practice. His friendships were sincere and ardent; his labours for the good of others, indefatigable; his devotion to the interests of the institutions connected with the Unitarian congregation, and especially its Library, most exemplary. His death, at the early age of eighteen, is a severe loss to the religious society of which he was already so useful a member. He won the esteem and affection of all who knew him, and his memory is endeared to the beloved family circle of which he was the ornament and pride, by many hallowed recollections. Not for him have his parents cause to mourn; nor will they sorrow as those who have no hope of reunion with departed goodness. Strikingly applicable to their child is that beautiful language, "Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor, that is measured by number of years, but wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. He pleased God, and was beloved of Him; yea, speedily was he taken away, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."

It is our painful duty to record the death of another highly valued friend—the friend of knowledge, religion, virtue, science, freedom, and humanity. Dr. John Wilson Anderson died at his house, Bonnington Lodge, near Edinburgh, on Sunday, Nov. 1, aged thirty-five. We extract from an Edinburgh newspaper, the following just tribute to the memory of the deceased:—

"It was with deep regret that we learned from last week's obituary, that this eminent and scientific chemist and excellent man has been cut off at the early age of thirty-five. Dr. Anderson was originally destined for the Church, but conscientious scruples, respecting certain of its speculative dogmata, having induced him to abandon this career, he thenceforward devoted his whole energies to the study of the rising and fascinating science of chemistry; and hundreds of those who have enjoyed and benefited by his instructions, will now deplore that his prospects of eminence and usefulness in that department of knowledge, have been so untimely frustrated by the destroyer who spares neither youth nor age—neither him whose useless life has slumbered through years of mere animal gratification, or him who, like our lamented friend, gave in youth the pledge that his maturer efforts would place him in a high station among the illustrious contributors to chemical discovery. For several years Dr. Anderson, who was a Member of the Royal College of Physicians, officiated as Practical Assistant to Dr. Ure of Glasgow, and afterwards to Dr. Hope of our University; and in that capacity he may be said to have introduced, in Edinburgh at least, the study of practical chemistry, in which the students

are taught to perform the experiment's themselves—a department of the science which is now considered so very important, that the College of Surgeons will not grant their diploma without the most satisfactory evidence of its having been pursued. And though he was afterwards in a great degree severed from public instruction, by the engrossing claims of his extensive chemical works at Bonnington, yet he still found leisure enough to prepare and deliver a course of lectures on chemistry to the Leith Mechanics' Institution, the value and benefit of which were best evinced by the splendid testimonials which the students presented to him on the termination of his labours. His views, as a chemist, were peculiarly clear and philosophical; and being thoroughly conversant with his subject, nothing but his extremely diffident and unobtrusive disposition prevented his becoming conspicuous as a popular lecturer; and devoted chiefly to the closet and the laboratory, his friends confidently hoped, that, as his studies extended, and his experience increased, he would be enabled to achieve something worthy of his perseverance and talents. These hopes are now for ever blasted. But, apart from ambition, something—much still remains, the knowledge that he has too early closed a laborious and useful life, with a high character, to which every friend is proud to add his testimony. In politics, an ardent enthusiastic lover of rational liberty; in religion, a devoted adherent of the liberal faith, which preaches charity as the truest attribute of Christianity; in private life, a warm and generous friend; he is followed to the grave by the chastened sorrow of all who knew him—for all who knew him were his friends."

Truly has the writer described our friend's devotedness to knowledge and science, his earnest desires and labours for their more general diffusion. As truly has he stated his integrity of principle in relation to religion. He was led to enter the Unitarian Chapel at Glasgow, during the ministry of the Rev. B. Mardon, by noticing a placard announcing a discourse on a controverted subject. The lecture led to further inquiry—the perusal of Wardlaw and Yates's works—the serious study of the Bible; and the conviction was thence induced of the scriptural truth of Christian Unitarianism. There came not to our friend, however, as to many, many others, any hesitation as to the course to be followed. He would not sully his soul by subscribing what he believed untrue. He abandoned the church of his fathers, because he could afford to keep a conscience. He became a member, and an active one, of the sect everywhere spoken against, and devoted himself to preparatory studies for the medical profession. From various circumstances, unnecessary to detail, chemistry became the object to which his powers and life were devoted, and Edinburgh the place of his residence.

The disease which terminated his valuable life, was an enlargement of the heart. Notwithstanding the severe illness that afflicted him, and his greatly debilitated frame, he came in a chaise to the opening of the New Unitarian Chapel in Edinburgh, on the 18th October, the last public religious services in which he was destined to join. A fortnight after he expired. If mental excellence, if moral worth can prepare a man for death, our friend was prepared. His was the fraternal affection which manifested itself in deeds of unceasing generosity—his the conjugal affection, evinced by acts of devoted, unwearied attention and kindness, anxiety and care—his the fatherly affection, the loss of which is indeed deeply to be deplored for his orphan boy. And that which sanctified and governed all, was religious principle. That gave firmness to his resolve of adherence to despised and unpopular truth—that sustained him amidst many adverse and heart-afflicting circumstances in life—that consoled and cheered him in the prospect of departure from this scene of things, the going down of the sun of his existence while it yet was day—that gave the peacefulness of sweetest slumber to the closing moment. The religious services at Dr. Anderson's funeral, were conducted by Mr. Stannus, and Mr. Harris. Both preached funeral sermons at Edinburgh and Glasgow, on the following Sunday; that by Mr. Harris having also reference to the death of Mr. William Rae.

PRACTICAL PROTEST AGAINST THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY ENFORCED ON DISSENTERS BY THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Unitarian periodicals have often recorded Protest against, with Conformity to, the Rite as by law established in England; but we have now the pleasure of recording Protest and Nonconformity to an unrighteous law. “Married at 16 Kingston-Place, Glasgow, on Monday, November 16, 1835, by the Rev. George Harris, the Rev. Francis Knowles, of Park-Lane Chapel, near Wigan, Lancashire, to Miss Rebecca Vickers, of Moor-Fields, Sheffield.” Previously to the service, the parties delivered to Mr. Harris the following document:

“To the Rev. George Harris.

“SIR,—We, whose names are undersigned, come from our native country, in England, to this distant part of the United Kingdom, to enter into the contract of marriage:—

“1st, Because the Marriage Ceremony of the Established Church of England, which is enforced upon Dissenters, as well as upon members of the Church, recognises the Trinity, and the Deity of Jesus Christ—doctrines which we utterly disbelieve, and which we regard as great corruptions of Christianity, and highly prejudicial to the diffusion of its glad tidings among the nations of the earth.

“2dly, Because we think it inconsistent with Christian liberty, and the allegiance which is due to the only Master of

Christians, to submit to the imposition of human authority in matters of religion; especially when that authority, as in the present instance, would compel the parties to abjure their faith, and violate their consciences. And,

“3dly, Because we deem it ‘right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto God more than unto men,’ and to ‘obey God rather than men.’

“In thus acting, we solemnly protest against the state of the English law in this case, as unjust, tyrannical, and persecuting in the extreme.

“At the same time, we feel it to be only just, to exonerate his Majesty’s present Ministers from all blame in this respect, and to affix it, where alone it is due, to a majority of Lords Spiritual and Temporal, who, daringly interfering with the prerogative of God in regard to conscience, have hitherto defeated every attempt to remove this great grievance, and this great scandal to the Christian name.”

(Signed) “FRANCIS KNOWLES.

“GLASGOW, Nov. 16, 1835.

“REBECCA VICKERS.”

The religious principle which dictated this conduct cannot be sufficiently admired. It was by similar conduct, the Society of Friends got rid of the obnoxious law as applicable to their members, and had Christian Unitarians been equally firm, it would, as far as they are concerned, have ere now ceased to disgrace the statute-book.

To Correspondents and Subscribers.

VARIOUS Communications have been received, and are intended for insertion in our next volume. We shall be obliged, if W. M’K. will forward the remainder of his communication. We are anxious to bring up our Review department, and hope to do so early in our next volume.

May we again press on our Subscribers our necessity of help? Individuals can do more in this respect, than an address from the Editor. A single additional subscriber obtained by every present one, would place our work beyond the reach of failure. Is it too much, to ask every Subscriber to attempt this?

CHRISTIANITY
AND
CHURCH OF IRELANDISM:
A
SERMON

PREACHED
AT GLASGOW, SUNDAY, JANUARY 25, 1835,
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE
MASSACRE AT RATHCORMAC.

BY GEORGE HARRIS.

FIFTEENTH EDITION.

To which is Prefixed,
A NARRATIVE OF MR. HARRIS'S VISIT TO GURTROE; AND HIS
CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE REV. J. B. RYDER.

LONDON:
R. HUNTER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; C. FOX, PATERNOSTER-
ROW; J. MARDON, ST. MARTIN'S LE GRAND;
S. ARCHER, BELFAST; R. GREER, NEWRY;
KING AND COMPANY, CORK.

1835.

That it may please THEE to defend, and provide for the fatherless children
and widows; and all that are desolate and oppressed.

Prayer of the Church of Ireland.

A cry goes up to THEE
From the stain'd sod. Make thou thy judgment known
On him, the shedder! Let his portion be
The fear that walks at midnight; give the moan
In the wind haunting him, a power to say
'Where is thy Brother?' and the stars a ray
To search and shake his spirit, when alone
With the dread splendour of their burning eyes
So shall earth own THY will—MERCY not Sacrifice!

PREFACE.

THE following Sermon was composed in the usual course of the Author's pastoral labours. He was so much struck by the heart-rending details of the Massacre at Rathcormac, he felt that the whole proceedings were so utterly alien to the genuine spirit of the Gospel, they affixed so foul a stigma on the hallowed name of Christian, and so closely associated Protestantism with blood-shedding, that he deemed himself imperatively called on to vindicate the pure and undefiled religion of the Saviour, from any participation in such enormities ; to show, that benevolence is not more opposite to malignity, than is the spirit of the New Testament to an anti-national Established Church ; to point the abhorrence of his hearers, not so much at the instruments of the evil deed, as against the system which induced and authorised the outrage ; and to utter his earnest and most solemn protest against its being for a moment imagined, that Christianity lends the slightest sanction to principles and conduct, as much at war with the doctrines and commandments of the Sacred Volume, as they are with every sentiment of natural reason and every feeling of common humanity.

The Sermon was delivered to the Unitarian Christian Congregation with which the Author esteems it his privilege and happiness to be connected, on Sunday morning, January 18. His hearers so warmly sympathised in its views and objects, that they requested him to deliver it in the evening. He did so to a large and deeply attentive audience. In the course of the week, the author was repeatedly asked again to preach it, both by members of his own congregation and others unconnected with his religious communion. He consented, provided a Collection was made for the families of those who were shot on the melancholy occasion which called

forth the Discourse. The Committee of his Society unanimously appointed a Collection for that purpose ; and in the afternoon of Sunday, January 25, the Sermon was again preached to as large an audience as could possibly be contained within the walls of the building. Many hundreds could not get in, and even before the worship began, a notice had to be affixed to the Chapel, that the Sermon would be repeated for the fourth time, the same evening. The audiences manifested their detestation of injustice and outrage and their benevolent wishes for the sufferers in Ireland, by a handsome contribution.

The Massacre at Rathcormac is but a single Chapter in the history of misgoverned and injured Ireland. The misnamed National Church of that unhappy country, has been baptised in the blood of its unfortunate inhabitants. Instead of enlightening, it has made more dark ; instead of civilising it has brutalised ; the Bible has been associated with the sword, Protestantism with the Tithe Proctor, education with exclusiveness and bigotry, and the name of England with oppression. High time is it that such enormities should cease. There must be no patchwork attempts at amendment ; the root of the evil must be removed ; the abomination must be entirely swept away ; Universal Education must take its place ; well-directed and unceasing efforts must be made for the enlightenment, the moral and social elevation of the whole people ; and the civil and religious liberties of every individual of every denomination, must be founded on a basis, which no intrigue, no human force will be able to overturn, impugn, or pervert.

The Sermon is published at the urgent solicitation of very many persons of various denominations. May it lead to the more firm, practical, and general conviction, that the pages of the everlasting Gospel are fraught with mercy and benevolence ; that they disclose to the glad homage of human kind, the God of love, the wise and beneficent Father ; that they set forth the blessed Jesus as the Saviour of the world ; that they inculcate the universal brotherhood of man ; that Christianity

is the grace of God, bringing salvation to all his children ; that it is light, and life, and liberty, and blessing, to all people of all climes, colours, faiths ; and that its beneficent and god-like purposes will only be accomplished, when Christ shall have put an end to sin, misery, and death, and God shall be all in all. Creed-makers may utter their ravings, and call them the Commandments of Heaven ; they may fashion to their distorted conceptions a spectre of woe, and call it the messenger of reconciliation ; they may build up a Babel edifice on the ruins of human hope and human happiness,—

But true Religion, sprung from God above,
Is like her fountain, full of charity,
Embracing all things with a tender love ;
Full of goodwill and meek expectancy,
Full of true justice and sure verity
In heart and voice ; free, large, even infinite ;
Not wedged by strait particularity,
But grasping all in her vast, active spright:
Bright lamp of God ! that men would joy in thy pure light !
GLASGOW, *January 30, 1835.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE *FIFTH* EDITION.

In the short space of one week, *four large editions* of the following discourse have been called for,—a proof of the deep interest taken by the people in the wrongs of injured Ireland—their abhorrence of the spilling of human blood—and their desire for the diffusion of the benevolent spirit of the Gospel of Christ.

From the nature of the contrast drawn in the Sermon, notice could be taken only of a single victim to the unscriptural connection of Church and State. A list is now subjoined, of those whose lives were immolated on the melancholy occasion, as well as of those whose maimed and wounded bodies will cause them to remember to their dying hour, the tender mercies of Church of Irelandism.

GLASGOW, *February, 7, 1835.*

PREFACE TO THE *ELEVENTH* EDITION.

I depart in the present instance, from the usual mode of drawing up a Preface, in consequence of the peculiar and highly interesting circumstances in which I have lately been placed. A few days since I reached the City of Cork, to pay a long promised visit, to my friends and fellow-believers, and in furtherance especially, of an object connected with the prosperity of the Congregation of which I am the Minister. On Sunday morning, April 12, I was waited upon by the Rev. JOSHUA B. RYDER, a Magistrate of the County of Cork, and a brother of the Archdeacon. He was accompanied by his son, and an individual, whom I afterwards learned was an Attorney, of the name of BARBER. What was the real object of this Sunday visit—whether to exhibit an example of Christian courtesy, by intruding on the privacy of a Christian family—or to endeavour to catch me in my words, by exciting angry feelings,—or to extort an acknowledgment that I was the Author of the following Sermon, I leave the Public to decide. The object is of trivial consequence, except as illustrative of the upholders of a Church established by Law.

Mr. RYDER, having asked if I was the Author of the Sermon on the affair of *Gurtroe*, to which I at once readily answered, that I was; next inquired, if I intended to preach that Discourse, during my stay in Cork; to which I said he should know the publication of the Sermon was a sufficient reply, it not being usual to re-deliver a printed discourse; and further, that my visit to Cork was connected with the peculiar affairs of my Congregation at Glasgow. Mr. RYDER then asked, on what I had grounded the statements in the Sermon? I replied, on the evidence adduced before the Coroner's Inquest, and the general, and as far as I knew, the hitherto uncontradicted accounts in the Newspapers. On this Mr. RYDER vehemently affirmed, that that was impossible; for the evidence afforded no grounds whatever for the charges—that I had cruelly misrepresented the transaction, and tra-

duced his brother, who was a man totally incapable of doing any thing of the kind imputed to him; and that the evidence in his possession, gave a complete refutation to the whole calumny. My answer was, that from the evidence I had seen, I had formed a totally different opinion from that he had expressed; that, of that in his possession, I could, of course, not judge; but that as I would not knowingly injure a fellow-creature, I should be greatly obliged by a perusal of that evidence, and should most gladly retract any error or mis-statement into which I might have fallen. Mr. RYDER more than once promised to give me that evidence; but afterwards said, he must consult his professional adviser on the subject. A few remarks then passed between him and some of my friends, who came in during the conversation, and he and his coadjutors withdrew.

The next day, Monday, April 13, I addressed the following Letter to the Rev. J. B. Ryder:—

“ SIR,

In consequence of your calling on me yesterday, and affirming, that I had cruelly misrepresented in my Sermon the circumstances attendant on the melancholy occurrences at Rathcormac; and that had I seen the evidence in your possession, I should be convinced I had done so; I think it my duty to inform you, that having received since my arrival in this City, various orders from Liverpool and London, for copies of that Sermon, I am about to print another edition.

As I stated to you yesterday, I never knowingly or willingly wronged a single human being. I should, indeed, despise myself, if for any purpose whatever, I could stoop to a misrepresentation of the conduct of any man. I should equally despise myself, if, when convinced of any mis-statement, or error, I was not rejoiced to retract the one, and renounce the other.

You will, therefore, confer on me a personal obligation, by furnishing me, in the course of this day, with the evidence, which you so confidently affirmed would alter my opinion, and vindicate the justice and Christian propriety of the conduct of the parties implicated in the transactions referred to.

I am respectfully your's

GEORGE HARRIS.”

That day, the same trio, Mr. Ryder, his Son, and the Attorney, again called. I declined having any communication with them, except in writing. After stating to the friend at whose house I resided, that they had now got, in consequence of my writing, partly what they wanted, AN AVOWAL, THAT I WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE SERMON—THAT THEY INTENDED TO PROSECUTE—and that printing another edition of the Sermon would be considered AN AGGRAVATION OF THE OFFENCE,—the parties left the evidence which was to convince me I had cruelly misrepresented the circumstances, and which would infallibly demonstrate the justice and Christian propriety of the conduct which had been impugned.

That evidence I carefully perused. I rose from its investigation, with the deliberate conviction, that my representation of the melancholy circumstances had been in strict accordance with the facts of the case. In one respect, however, that evidence was unsatisfactory to my mind. It was disjointed and imperfect. The first portion furnished me was paged 32-34—and began with the conclusion of the testimony of one of the witnesses. The other evidence left for my consideration was paged 44-58. Supposing therefore, that page 58, really closed the evidence that had been given, I was asked to alter my opinion, and to acknowledge myself in error, on reading, *not a third of the testimony* adduced, (the testimony of three witnesses out of the twenty) which had led a majority of the Coroner's Jury, *on their oaths*, to pronounce a verdict of WILFUL MURDER ! I know it is too customary for people to read the Bible in this manner ; and from a verse here and a sentence there, a few words from this Psalm, tacked to a member of a text in that Epistle, to construct a fabric which they hallow with the name of Christianity. But I also know, that such a mode of procedure is as much at war with common sense and Scripture, as is truth with error, and justice with perfidy. It may be consistent with the theory and practice of Church of Irelandism ; but it is altogether destructive of reason and the Gospel.

Before I came to Ireland I had wished to visit the spot, on which the fatal occurrences had taken place. I now determined to put

that wish into execution. Accompanied by two friends, I went to Rathcormac, on Tuesday, April 14th. Never can that day be effaced from my recollection. We waited on Mr. W. O'Connell of Rathcormac, the Treasurer of the fund, which has been contributed by those who have sympathised in the afflictions of their Christian brethren. The Catholic Clergymen of the Parish kindly went with us to the Widow Ryan's. Her farm is situated a mile and a-half from Rathcormac.—The view from it is delightful.—The valley reposing in its peacefulness, refreshed, but not disturbed by the gentle murmurings of the silver stream that is gliding through it, the hills clothed to their very summits by a luxuriant sward, and every spot exhibiting the proofs of human industry and cultivation, present a picture, on which, it might have been hoped, no eye could rest but with complacency, nor the mind and heart of any lover of creation's beauty and creation's benignant Author, but joy to pour forth its thankfulness and adoration to the Infinite Spirit of Love, by which every portion of the animated scene was impressed. And yet the evil spirit engendered by an anti-national Church, could mar this loveliness, and mingle with the hallelujahs of nature, the wailings of human agony. In the midst of this scene, stand the residence, and place of worship of an Archdeacon of the Established Church of Ireland. I might almost literally say, *his* place of worship; for in the parish of Desart, which is joined to that of Gurtroe, not a single Protestant, as I am informed, is resident; and in Gurtroe, with the exception of the family of this Church Dignitary, and that of his Clerk, it would not require a minute to number, individually, all the souls of whom he has the cure. The Catholic population exceeds three thousand persons.

I walked over every part of the ground surrounding the Widow Ryan's premises. I ascertained minutely the positions traversed and occupied by the Military, the Magistrates, and the People. I saw the actual spots, on which the slaughtered fell, as also the marks the bullets had left in the walls. I conversed with many of the individuals who were spectators on the occasion. Amongst the number I listened to the pathetic and

artless narrative of the Widow Ryan. With all a mother's affection she told me of the virtues of her lost one ; she threw herself down on the place in which she had discovered her son weltering in his gore ; she described with all the native simplicity and eloquence of truth, the proceedings which had made her dwelling the abode of mourning. I saw the Widow Collins ; she, who, on the morning of the massacre, rejoiced that her old age was aided and blessed by two excellent sons ; and at night, was as Rachel weeping for those sons' deaths. Not as Rachel, however, did she refuse to be comforted. She might have sat for the figure of Christian resignation. Her's was the trust in God, which elevates and purifies the spirit—which converts even affliction into an instrument of improvement. But that resignation alters not the desolateless of the widowed and childless mourner. Her fields must have remained unploughed, unsowed, had not the compassion of her neighbours prompted them to do that for her, which but for the misdeeds of misnamed Protestants would have been executed by the hands of her own children.—I saw the widow Twomey ; whom these proceedings found a wife, but left husbandless ; deprived her four infant children of a father's labour and protection, and cast her and her little ones destitute and friendless on the world.—I saw William Ambrose ; stretched on the bed, from which it is scarcely possible he will ever rise ; his body paralysed by the bullet wound, but his mind as clear and collected as in the days of his bodily health. Around that bed were gathered his wife and six young children. It was a spectacle to excite compassion even in a savage ; and yet his door could be passed by a professing Christian Minister, and no sound of sympathy heard to issue from his lips ; no remembrance of the good Samaritan shown by a deed of Christian Charity.

Am I asked my opinion now of the circumstances which, originally induced me to write the following Sermon ? I answer, no description which it is in the power of language to depict, can possibly come up to the heart-rending facts.—*Cruelly misrepresented !* It is not possible by words to misrepresent them. *Justice ! Christian propriety !* Those terms

are out of place in the same vocabulary with Tithes and Church of Irelandism. PROSECUTION ! Let them try it. It might be personally harrassing and injurious to myself ; but it would deal another, and a more deadly blow to Ecclesiastical corruption than it has yet received, that would not fail of doing good service to this hitherto wronged and injured country. *Aggravation of the offence !* When the Christian code is superseded by human law—when the Saviour abdicates the sovereignty of his church—when humanity becomes a crime, and justice is to be discarded for oppression—then it may be an offence to prefer morality to unrighteousness—compassion to hardheartedness, and the preservation of human life to its destruction.

I cannot conclude my narrative, without bearing my admiring testimony to the peaceful disposition of these much maligned people. Amidst taunts and jibes, almost beyond human endurance, and exactions utterly alien to every principle of Christianity, they attempt not by physical force, to right themselves. They repose their confidence in the moral power of public opinion—they are sustained by the hope, that justice will be done—that Britain will not for ever remain insensible to the miseries entailed on Ireland, by a succession of misgovernment ; that a more accurate and extensive knowledge of the condition and disposition and habits of the people, will at length excite the sympathy of enlightened minds and generous hearts ; and that that will lead to the adoption of measures founded in justice, and hallowed by the morality and benevolence of the Gospel, by which alone some slight approach can be made towards repairing the evils caused by injustice, and a foundation be laid for the future improvement, freedom and happiness of the nation. Such measures, I am persuaded would meet ready and grateful co-operation. I say this from the sentiments expressed by the Catholic Clergy and laity, to whom I have had the pleasure of being introduced. I say this from a knowledge of the conduct they have been long pursuing. Their desire for the education of the people, their persevering labours for its extension, their willingness to join in the circulation of the morality of the Gospel of the Saviour, puts to the blush, the intolerance of the Established Protest-

antism, and Orthodox Presbyterianism of the land. It is a presage of the future enlightenment of the people, that I hail with sincerest gratitude.

I am well aware of the prejudices entertained by many persons both in England and Scotland, on all matters relating to Ireland; but I am persuaded that these prejudices have been excited by misrepresentation; by the adoption of every art that could induce Scotsmen and Englishmen to acquiesce in the sacrifice of the comfort and improvement of the many, to the cupidity and aggrandisement of the few. Those portions of the United Kingdom, notwithstanding the occasional and local grievances of which they have reason to complain, are so free from anything approaching to the condition of the people of Ireland, that they are apt to view with suspicion the statements made of that condition, and to suspect, that exaggeration is at work, to deceive, and mislead. Were they convinced by actual observation, that no representation which has been made, can exceed the reality of the evil, then all the religious and political anomalies by which Ireland has been divided into factions, and degraded into castes, would at once be swept away. When no longer dwarfed by ill-usage, and dragooned by misgovernment, a new era will open on her view, and the greatness, and brightness of her future glory, powerfully and beautifully contrast with the gloom and debasement from whose thralldom she has at length been for ever emancipated.

To accelerate the coming of that happy day, to spread information, to disabuse the public mind of prejudice, should be the aim of every man, who has at heart the advancement of the liberties, improvement and happiness of the human family. The more I reflect upon it, the more I rejoice that I penned, that I published the following Sermon. Any trouble to which I have been yet put—any trouble it may yet cost me, has been more—Oh! how much more! than amply repaid by the prayers and benedictions, which as long as my memory remains, will never cease to thrill my recollection, which were poured on me by the widowed mourners of Gurtroe.

GEORGE HARRIS.

10, Brown-Street, Cork, }
April 16, 1835. }

SERMON.



LUKE vii. 11-17.

And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain ; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow ; and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier ; and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother. And there came a fear on all ; and they glorified God, saying, That a great Prophet is risen up among us ; and, That God hath visited his people. And this rumour of him went forth throughout all Judæa, and throughout all the region round about.

GOD is Love. God sent his Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. This commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also. Yes, the great, the characteristic distinction of the religion of Jesus Christ the righteous, is, that it is a system of benevolence. It proclaims the essential, free, unbounded, eternal mercy of God our Father : it delineates in vivid and beautiful colours, the philanthropy of the Saviour ; it breathes throughout its teachings, and enforces on all its disciples, the spirit of love ; its discoveries are glad tidings of great joy to all people. This was its prelude strain, and this shall be its ever-echoing anthem,—Peace on earth, good will to men, glory to God in the highest !

It was the labour of his life who was its blessed Author and Finisher—it was his meat and his drink, to benefit mankind. The sigh of sorrow, the prayer of affliction, were never directed to him in vain. At the sight of human woe his heart melted in compassion,

and his powerful hand was immediately extended to its relief. How amiable, how benignant, how endearing does our generous and exalted Master appear, when, at the tomb of friendship, unable to suppress his emotions, he mingled his tears with those of the sisters of his friend. *Jesus wept.* Those tears were characteristic of the feelings of his heart, they were emblematic of the nature of his religion. The lesson which the great Teacher of morality incessantly inculcated upon his friends and followers, was Love—God's best and holiest attribute. "A new commandment give I unto you," these were his words, "that ye love one another." Nor did Jesus enjoin by his precepts what he neglected to enforce by his example. "As I have loved you, so also love ye one another." Nor was this affection to be confined to those only whom he then addressed. It was to be the test of the sincerity of Christian profession, the practical proof of faithfulness to his commands. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Yes, the benevolence of him who went about continually doing good, is a never failing theme of interest, astonishment, and delight. Amidst all the histories of mankind, so full of cruelty and injustice, so stained with the recital of crime and deeds of blood, it is consolatory, it is heart-inspiring, to have one at least separate and distinct, one in which our better feelings are never shocked, in which no act even approaching to injustice appears; but in perusing which, our pleasure increases, our admiration rises in exact proportion to the sensibility of our hearts, the elevation of our minds. Amongst all the characters which have appeared upon the earth, which have become the admiration of mankind, the characters whose deeds have called forth an idolatry as blind as base, whose fancied immortality of glory is in truth that of infamy and debasement, full as their history generally is of desolation and disaster, eternal as is their fame only in the devastation and outrage they have perpetrated, and purpled as is their pedestal, "from Macedonia's madman, to the Swede," with the blood of the best and bravest of their fellow-creatures,—it is indeed delightful to turn from pages so stained by folly and blurred

o'er with crime, to a Book irradiated by the purity and benevolence of heaven; to a character more eminent than all, whose life was not sullied by the shadow of a fault, whose actions were marked only by the most unparalleled excellence; dignity and meekness, purity and compassion, guilelessness and simplicity, justice and benevolence, crowned and sanctified by a soul-elevating piety,—all blended in winning and graceful harmony, and all directed and devoted, daily, hourly, to the removal of human affliction, the advancement of human happiness, the annihilation of prejudice, bigotry, error, and sin, the establishment of the true knowledge, adoration, obedience, and love of the One God and Father of all.

There is, then, an infallible criterion, by which we may judge of the truth of any opinion, of any system of doctrines, or of any form of Church government, which may claim regard as the religion of Jesus Christ. If they tend to soften the heart, to cherish the kind and benevolent affections, to render the manners amiable and gentle, and to fill the bosom with enlightened and universal philanthropy, and, of consequence, with an abhorrence of the slightest appearance of injustice, and a detestation of the spilling of a brother's blood on any pretext or pretence,—then, there is reason to believe, that such principles and institutions are indeed a part, or natural result of the genuine Gospel of the meek and benignant Jesus. But if, on the contrary, they familiarise the mind to the contemplation of human woe; if they lead it to acquiesce in, or worse, to triumph over the irremediable misery of millions of the human race; if their influence be gloomy and anti-social, confining the flow of the generous affections of human nature to a few selected individuals only; and the gloomy and anti-social influence of their creed, issuing in injustice, pillage, atrocity, and murder, *then*, whatever may be their pretensions or their name, however firmly they may be maintained or generally received, or by what human power soever they may be supported, they are neither the principles nor the conduct which were inculcated and exhibited by Jesus—they are positively contradicted by his precepts—they are solemnly condemned by his practice.

There are few circumstances in the short but eventful life of the Saviour, more interesting than those which are recorded in the chapter from which I have selected the words of the text. Jesus had just delivered that admirable and all-important discourse, in which is comprehended the sum and substance of man's duty to God, his fellow-beings, and himself. He had pronounced that invaluable directory of conduct, in the hearing of "a great multitude of people, out of all Judea and Jerusalem, and from the sea-coasts of Tyre and Sidon." Immediately after having instructed them in the truths which lead to present happiness and everlasting peace, Jesus hastens to show them in his actions the way to embody his precepts in their lives. "Now when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum ;" and he closed the day with an act of mercy. The servant of the Centurion, who had been sick, was made whole.

The day following was destined to witness a still greater act of benevolence. On the morrow, leaving Capernaum, the Saviour went forward to Nain, and as he came nigh to the gate of the city, he beheld a spectacle as mournful as any which it is possible to conceive. And however little, from the commonness of its occurrence, we may regard such a spectacle, however indifferent we may sometimes feel as it passes by, and the mourners go along the streets, yet to every individual of seriousness, benevolence, or feeling, conscious of his own mortality, it offers an impressive lesson, a most solemn warning. It was a funeral. It was a funeral accompanied with peculiar circumstances of sorrow and distress. It was the funeral of a young man ; it was the funeral of the only son of his mother, and that mother, a widow. Imagine the scene, my friends. Behold the only hope of a fond parent, carrying with slow and solemn step to the place destined to receive his lifeless remains. Behold his aged and destitute mother following in the mournful train, her eye alternately bent on the ground, or fixed in almost unconscious gaze on the bier upon which her child lies stretched in death. She is the picture of grief, of agony, of despair. The eye of a mother, warm, moistened, overflowing with delightful visions of the future excellence,

welfare, honour of her child, is no longer visible. It is exchanged for the haggard, the sullen, the beamless look which despair produces. Conscious that it is her duty to controul her gushing sorrow, and to bow to the dispensations of Almighty Power, she makes repeated efforts for resignation; but they only open wider the fountain of her tears, and convince her of the completeness of her misery—the utter desolateness of her condition. What gloomy thoughts, what agonising ideas rush to her recollection, and sweep across her troubled memory! She is silent, but is she therefore insensible? Behold her falling tears, and let the heart that has wept interpret them. Intense affliction is not loquacious. The thoughts that flit through her distracted mind, it may be, are such as these:—There, there, cold in death lies the object of all my hopes and prayers. Just as he was beginning to be my consolation, my support, my joy, he is snatched from my side. He is gone who was my confidence, my stay for the time to come. Whom have I now to hold me up? When in this sad manner I followed his beloved father to the grave, the thought of my child assuaged my sorrow. I reflected that at least I should have him with me, the living image of him who was no more. But now he too is gone! Where, where, shall I look for comfort? My soul is bowed down like a bulrush. I am alone, childless.

Much people of the city, we are told, accompanied the widowed and childless mourner. It was a proof of their sympathy in her sufferings, but could not mitigate them. The vague and commonplace consolations which often fall on the ear of sorrow, cannot come near the heart. They sometimes lacerate where they are intended to heal, and add to the keenness of the sufferings they are meant to alleviate. The grasped hand, the flowing tear, are often more soothing and affecting to the soul-stricken mourner, than any language that man could utter. Still, in any of its shapes, sympathy in another's woe is a noble feature of our common humanity, and a sacred duty is it to weep with those who weep.

It was this afflicting spectacle that met the eye of the Saviour, as he was about to enter the gate of Nain.

Avoided he the sight? Looked he on it, and then passed by on the other side? Oh no. It had every thing in it to attract the gaze and excite the compassion of the Man of sorrows. It was impossible for the benevolent Jesus to behold a scene like that, without commiseration, "And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her." He knew what was in the heart of that lone and desolate one. She had been a mother, and now was childless—a wife, but was now a widow. With her grief no one could intermeddle. The Saviour's compassion was not manifested merely in words. Those words were few. With the majesty and mildness of goodness, he only said, "*Weep not.*" True benevolence delights not in epithets. "And Jesus came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still. And he said unto him, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother." How simple, how artless the narrative! how beautiful, how perfect the conduct! Language can add nothing to its pathos. Its moral sublimity and sweetness go directly to the heart. Most impressive, most affecting is the portraiture which it gives of Christ and Christianity, human feeling and beneficent deed. Truly this was a righteous man; truly this was the Son of God!

For a moment reverse the picture. Suppose that Jesus, imbued with the prejudices of his countrymen, had preferred the title of King of Israel to that of Son of God, and, in accordance with popular expectations, had done battle as an earthly conqueror, instead of performing pilgrimages of mercy as the Prince of Peace. Listening to the imaginings which passed through his mind before he came forth as the Messiah, suppose he had yielded to, instead of triumphed over these adversaries, these Satans to the beneficent and godlike purposes of his mission from the Father of Lights; and instead of preaching the Gospel to the poor, binding up the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them which were bound,—he had founded a ruthless dominion over men's souls, and instead of a spiritual rule, had established a kingdom of this present evil world, with all the titles and corruptions usually consequent thereon.

Suppose, that instead of insisting on the essential and all-important duties of justice, mercy, and faithfulness, he had demanded tithe of mint, of anise, and of cumin, to build up and cement this temporal authority, neglecting and setting at nought by its enforcement, those weightier matters of the law which alike opposed his destructive and direful sway. Suppose, that instead of condemning the exactions of the Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, he had imitated their nefarious deeds, to his own aggrandisement; and in his progress through the land, devouring widows' houses, had come to Nain to demand the tribute-money. Suppose, that irritated by the refusal of an individual—that individual a woman, that woman a widow—to comply with his demand, and thereby contribute to the support of a faith which abrogated the ceremonies herself and her fathers had always loved and venerated, he had called for fire from heaven to consume her garnered store of food, or by his supernal power had struck down her son a breathless corpse at his widowed mother's feet, or called on his armed band to destroy the people who sympathised in her refusal and mourned her melancholy fate;—suppose all this, and how different would be our feelings! Who then would glory in the cross of Christ? Who then but would class Jesus of Nazareth with Mahomet, and Christianity with imposture? Instead of dwelling with gratified and absorbing interest on the details of the history of the widow of Nain, we should turn from them heart-sickened and loathing. The execration of such a system, would be the righteous rebellion of nature against atrocity and nefariousness. Insulted humanity would cry out, in a voice of power which could not be resisted, **CUT IT DOWN, WHY CUMBERETH IT THE GROUND!**

I feel, my Christian friends, that even in momentary supposition, to have attributed such infamous conduct to the blessed and benignant Jesus, is a flagrant injury to him who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. The supposition is as opposite to all he said, to all he did, to his doctrines, spirit, mission, and life, as is light from darkness, truth from falsehood, heaven from hell.

What, then, shall we say of the professed Christian,

who with the history of the widow of Nain, and the Saviour's conduct to that widow—at once the illustration and enforcement of the Sermon on the Mount—placed before him as the model of his duty, prefers inscribing in characters of blood in the chronicles of his Church, language and deeds the very reverse of those of the Master he pretends to follow! What is religion? “Pure religion and undefiled before God even the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.” The ecclesiastical dignitary did visit the widow indeed, but it was to leave her more afflicted than he found her. The plague-spot of Mammon was on him when he went; the blood of the widow's son besmeared his sacerdotal garment on his return.

What shall we think of a system, which authorises the professed preacher of peace, to conduct an armed band to invade the cottages of the poor—to plunder thousands in order to pamper the few—to extort the hard-earned pittance from the members of one religious communion, to enable the upholders of a faith they abhor, to wallow in bloated luxury, whilst they are pining on the husks which alone are left them for their sustenance—which denounces sympathy as riot, which supports social order by outrage, and promotes obedience to the laws by murder!

Can their possibly be a more striking contrast presented to the imagination, than is offered by these two histories? The visit of Jesus was a visit of mercy;—that of his professed servant was an errand of rigour. Many of his disciples went with Jesus, and much people,—a hired soldiery, armed with the death-weapons, followed the ecclesiastic. Death had occurred ere Jesus drew nigh to the City;—death was the result of the approach of his professed follower. When the Lord saw her of Nain, he had compassion on her:—when the self-styled minister of Jesus saw the widow who was his debtor, he forgot the Christian in the creditor. The compassion of the one clothed itself in the language of tenderness, *WEEP NOT*;—the remorselessness of the other vented itself in the haughty demand, *Pay me MY TITHES!* Jesus said to the dead, Young man, I say unto thee Arise:—the dignitary of

the Church commanded the death-volley to level with the ground the living image of their common Father ! The anointed of Heaven delivered the son whom he had found dead, to his widowed but now joyful mother ; —the anointed of earth's lords, even across the gory and livid corpse of her murdered child, could utter the fiend-like and heart-withering words in that mother's ears, *Widow Ryan, I told you the law would prove too strong for you ; will you pay me my tithes now ?* Is it not horrible ! But marvel not at the contrast. It is between an Archdeacon of the Established Church of Ireland, and the Saviour of the world.

I have felt myself irresistibly impelled to the consideration of the interesting and pathetic history to which I have now directed your attention, by certain recent transactions in Ireland ; transactions which have carried bereavement and woe into many a family, and filled many a habitation with the voice of mourning. I have ever deemed it one of the most sacred duties of a Christian teacher, to seize on passing events, and render them subservient to instruction, morality, and benevolence. And this is no mere political or party question. If it were, I should not have introduced it here. It is a question involving the improvement, virtue, and happiness of millions. It is a matter which, if allowed to pass without exposure, protest, and condemnation, would inflict a blow on public justice—would entail a stain on religion, which no tears of repentance could wash out, no after reparation could heal. For the honour of Christianity, the system which has abused that hallowed name, by authorising its emissaries to imbrue their hands in the blood of their brethren, ought to be repudiated at once and for ever. For the vindication of British justice, the authors and abettors of those foul misdeeds, must be brought to condign punishment. A majority of the Coroner's jury, has brought in a verdict of WILFUL MURDER against the perpetrators ; and may no cajolery, whether of statecraft or of priestcraft, prevent their arraignment at the bar of their injured country.

Apply to these circumstances the test which the Saviour has furnished us of discipleship to him. Will they bear it ? No, surely no. Ask the question of

the Ecclesiastic, which Jesus thrice put to his chosen follower, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Could he give the proof of love which the Saviour commanded of the Apostle, "Feed my lambs; "feed my sheep"? Fleece my sheep; starve, destroy my lambs, are the practical interpretations of this Churchman. Malevolence, not affection—destruction, not preservation, are the characteristics of this titled Christian; and therefore Cain, not Christ, should seem to be his prototype.

Apply the test to the system these atrocities were committed to uphold? Does it not also flinch from it? Love one to another!—Hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, to the mass of the inhabitants in the midst of which it is placed, is its spirit—exaction and oppression, bigotry and exclusion its emblems—ignorance, bloodshed, destitution, misery, its congenial fruits. On this corruption it battens, and amidst the demoralization it has caused and would perpetuate, are its unholy orgies celebrated. What has been truly said of bigotry, is equally applicable to this anti-social system:—"When she moves it is in wrath, when she pauses it is amid ruin. Her prayers are curses, her communion is death, her vengeance is eternity, her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims, and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation."

The occurrences which have called forth the contrast between the benevolent spirit of Christianity, and the melancholy and heart-rending circumstances to which our attention has been directed, impel us to inquire, Is there any thing in *the system itself* which naturally leads to these unhallowed results? Unless restrained by the majesty, the moral power of public opinion, unless counteracted by a purity of heart, an elevation of mind, and a generosity of character—the blessed effects of Christian morality, and which no creed, no system, however anti-social and unholy, could pollute—would not the natural consequences of the system be pernicious? Judge ye. Gladly do I acknowledge the characters of many, many individuals who attend

that Church, to be honourable to human nature. Custom takes them there, but their hearts have opened to kindlier influences than their system could have shed upon them. Their morality has been drawn, not from anathematizing creeds, but from the example of the blessed Saviour; their benevolence has been cherished, not by their system, but in spite of it. I honour those men. I honour them the more, because of their righteousness in the midst of corrupting inducements. But with the errors they uphold and sanction, I can keep no truce. I say with one of their own prelates, "Whatever moderation or charity we may owe to men's persons, we owe none at all to their errors, and to that frame which is built on and supported by them."

What, then, is the system? The creature of Henry the Eighth's lusts; fostered into maturity and vigour, by the tortuous and Machiavelian policy of Queen Elizabeth. Its laws consist of between one hundred and two hundred canons, some confirmed by Act of Parliament,* others only the Act of the Convocation. Its support, millions a-year, forced from those who deny its spirituality, and protest against its power. The population of the parish, for example, where the atrocities I have condemned were perpetrated, consists, it is stated, of *two thousand nine hundred* Catholics, and *forty-two* persons belonging to the Established Church of Ireland, of which number fourteen are members of the minister's household. What a social anomaly is here! This is promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number, by forcing the hundreds to pay for the religion of the units! The enormous revenues of the Church, are distributed in a manner as opposed to justice and fair dealing, as is the exaction itself with reason and Scripture; he who does little, revelling in magnificence and luxury; he who really labours, starving on the miserable pittance doled out to him by his lordly superior. Its supreme head—unlike that Church which is founded on

* "I will respect a Parliamentary King,"—said Lord Wharton in the House of Peers, in the debate respecting the Act passed in the reign of William III. against those who denied the doctrine of the Trinity.—"I will respect a Parliamentary King, and cheerfully pay all Parliamentary taxes, but I will have nothing to do with a Parliamentary religion, nor will I worship a Parliamentary God."

prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone—is, as the case may be, the King or Queen for the time being, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Prelatical or Catholic. It has existed under all, and effected the unrighteous and antichristian purposes of each. The same Head is both the legislative and executive power. Under him or her, by commission, are archbishops, who superintend diocesan bishops, who have under them deans, who in turn are over canons, prebendaries, minor canons, rectors, vicars, curates; the first create the last, and the last swear obedience to the first. The right reverend, and most reverend fathers in God—full well the nation knows the fact—are Lords of Parliament. They have the sole power of ordination, confirmation, and consecration; they have likewise the secular power to issue writs in their own name, to hold courts of judicature, to sentence without a jury, to transact business relative to marriages, wills, administrations; and, for these purposes, they have courts and officers, chancellors, archdeacons, commissaries, vicars-general, officials, surrogates, procutors, registrars, apparitors,—and I know not how many other dignitaries! But this I do know, that the list, long though it be, is unknown to the Christian's charter—the New Testament: and is to be found only in the musty, mouldering records of human folly, superstition, and presumption.

The public worship of the system, is by a stated liturgy, conducted partly by the minister who reads, and partly by the people who make responses, partly from the desk, and partly at the altar. In cathedrals it is chanted. It is composed of genuine and apocryphal Scripture; creeds opposite to each other, to themselves, and to the Bible; prayers of Scripture, the fathers, the Mass-book; political maxims, and State designs. Infants are questioned; boys are taught falsehood, and then confirmed; bread and wine are consecrated; the sick are absolved; services are said for the Stuarts, which make a Christian blush for the blasphemy, and a Briton indignant at their servility of spirit: heretics are execrated; and all who keep not its faith whole and undefiled, are doomed to everlasting perdition—shall “without doubt perish everlastingly.”

The system claims the right, too, of ordaining ceremonies, and practises many—consecrating buildings, making the earth of church-yards holy, bowing to the east and at the name of Jesus, sprinkling infants, signing their foreheads with the sign of the cross, requiring sponsors, affecting great pomp and mystery at what they call the sacrament, kneeling to receive it. The parties likewise all venerate certain vestments, as lawn sleeves, the surplice, gowns, cassocks, hoods, aprons; observing, besides Sundays, one hundred and fifty holy-days in each year; christening at the west-end of their buildings, taking their sacrament at the east. And what shall I say more?—for the time would fail me were I to go over in detail all the minutiae of its constitution. What I have detailed, coupled with its eventful history, will evince but too clearly that British prelacy is a creature of the State, the puppet of its authority, the pander to its corruptions. It has no sympathy whatever with the people; or, if any, such as subsists between the spider and the fly, when the whole web trembles under the expiring agonies of the enthralled victim. Its sympathies are with lords and lordlings. It acts by turns as a tyrant and a slave; in power oppressive, in weakness abject. Its maxims are avowedly those of worldly policy, not the Oracles of the living God. Its aim is not to be good, but to be great; and as it swells in greatness, it swells in pride and in insolence. *When Jeshurun waxed fat he kicked.* And all religious political establishments, when they wax fat—the people know to their cost that they are never lean—if they have the power, never lack the will to kick reason and justice out of the world, and trample down man's civil and religious rights and liberties in the mire. The sandaled foot of the Christian pilgrim, as soon as it crosses the threshold of courts and senates, is changed into a cloven hoof, and the mitred front into the horned brow of a bull of Bashan, ready to push, to toss, and to gore all who oppose its intolerant and haughty bearing.*

* See an admirable Sermon on "One is your Master, even Christ," by William Hamilton Drummond, D. D., M. R. I. A., which contains a powerful and striking refutation of High Church principles. Also, "A Plan of Lectures on the Principles of Nonconformity;" Miscellaneous Works of Robert Robinson of Cambridge, Vol. II.

It was against this system of Church and State corruption, this evil, burdensome, and offensive prelacy, that the Puritans of England, that the Covenanters of Scotland, raised in the old time, the voice of warning, and resolutely and manfully resisted, till on this side the Tweed at least, it was brought down from its pride of place. It was those high-minded men, who by their language and their deeds, cherished and preserved the sacred spark of liberty, which had else been trodden out by the heels of prelates, or extinguished by the cumbrous load of the rituals and creeds of opposing Hierarchies. For this, whatever were their errors, be their memories cherished. In this, avoiding those errors, be their labours imitated. Though Balak may curse, we will rise up and call them blessed ; yea, and they shall be blessed. And can such a system stand longer in Ireland—wronged, insulted, pillaged, dragooned, butchered, as have been her people by the myrmidons of an Establishment, which has for ages so vainly struggled to coerce her children into the profession of misnamed Protestantism ? Ought it to stand like the spot left bare in Israel's halls, to show that slavery is there ? Thank God ! the worm is in its core. It is doomed ; and the glad peal of an emancipated but long-suffering and bitterly injured nation, shall chant its requiem, Glory to God ! deliverance for mankind !

We learn two lessons from the subject we have been considering : one of gratitude for our spiritual privileges and of our consequent obligations ; the other of benevolence to those less favoured than ourselves. Gratitude to the Father of mercies, that our souls are not bowed beneath the iron yoke of an Established Church, that we are the freedmen of Christ Jesus, rejoicing in the liberty wherewith the Son of God hath made us free, and not the bond slaves to a system of extortion and of blood.* Let us show our gratitude by our deeds ; by earnest, unremitted efforts to bring others to the enjoyment of that liberty we ourselves possess ; by enlightening ignorance, and dispelling the errors entertained by numbers on this important and interesting subject.

* See Note at the end of Sermon.

Religious Establishments!—what have been their effects? They have crushed the mind of man, and waged exterminating war with truth and charity; they have dethroned the Saviour, and given the sovereignty of the Church, delegated by God to him alone, to tyrants, priests, and partizans; they have polluted the temple of God with unhallowed worship, and bartered the Word of God for wealth, or made it a stepping-stone to seats of power; and debased and demoralised society, divided it into castes and orders, the privileged elect, and the reprobate million!

Religious Establishments!—What have been the consequences to prince and people, of subserviency to a bigotted and intolerant faction calling itself **THE CHURCH**? It lost Spain the United Provinces. It impoverished France, and enriched England by that tide of Protestant emigration which so mightily advanced her manufacturing superiority. It made execrable the memory of Henry the Eighth. With Mary's name it has for ever connected the epithet of bloody. It indelibly stained the otherwise brilliant reign of Elizabeth. It made James the First the ridicule of all nations. It brought Charles the First to the block. It made Charles the Second the pensioner of France. It hurled James the Second from the Throne; and consigned the royal family of Stuart to beggary, contempt, and exile.* Surely, perfect universal liberty—the full enjoyment by every individual of every denomination, of every civil and religious right—could never be productive of such evils as these. In relation to this matter, prince and people have long since been warned whom and what they should dread. “I am not afraid,” said an eloquent advocate of freedom, in the House of Peers, 1779, “I am not afraid, my lords, of men of scrupulous consciences; but I will tell you whom *I am afraid of*, and they are the men that believe every thing, that subscribe every thing, and that vote for every thing.”

We learn a lesson of benevolence from this subject.

* “A Course of Lectures on subjects connected with the corruption, revival, and future influence of Genuine Christianity, by W. J. Fox.” Also, the Note at the end of the Sermon extracted from the same volume,

It is by the love of our brother—and such is man even in his lowest and most degraded state, in all countries, through every clime, for all bear God's image, all are his children, and we are brethren—it is by the love of our brother, that we manifest our love of God, our discipleship to Jesus.

Nor in all the round
Of being, is there aught, in God's pure eye
So bless'd, so sanctified, as those kind thoughts
That stir the bosom of Benevolence.
What are the joys of heaven, but those of love ?
What God's own bliss ?—The bliss of doing good
Unlimited and perfect. Next to God,
Who stands in happiness pre-eminent ?—
The favour'd spirit that from God enjoys
The largest share of delegated power
To guide the currents of his boundless love.*

Yes, the spirit of Christianity is the same under all its forms—from the love which prompted the blessed Jesus to give his life a ransom for all, to the good will of him who gives but a cup of cold water to a child of misery, in the hallowed name of his benignant Saviour—from righteous efforts for the improvement, purification, happiness, salvation of our fellow-creatures, to the relief of their bodily necessities, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked—from the vindication of their civil and religious liberties, the redress of their wrongs, the enforcement of their reasonable demands, to converting them from the paths and practice of iniquity,—all are doing good in their sphere and according to their mission, all are acting up to the Christian test, “ By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” Such be our principles ; such our conduct.—AMEN.

* He who would taste some portion of the pleasure which is enjoyed by the enlightened and beneficent spirit who rejoices in the pure, the good, the beautiful in the creation, in the frame and mind of man, in the dispensations and providence of God, will read “The Pleasures of Benevolence : a philosophic and didactic Poem, in four books, with Notes. By W. H. Drummend, D.D., M.R.I.A.”

NOTE.

"We dissent, because human legislators exceed their province, when they pretend to fix the religion of the country. Society cannot exist without government. It is for the good of the whole that we should have laws, and that their administration and execution should not be left to individual zeal; but be the peculiar duty of persons appointed to that office. This requires the surrender of much natural right—of how much, human wisdom must decide; it may fairly include even life itself, which, when the good of the community requires, should be offered a willing and a patriotic sacrifice; but the rights of conscience are, from their very nature, inalienable. Man never did give them; he never can give them. The right of believing where he sees evidence of truth, and of worshipping where he finds characteristics of Divinity, as it cannot injure society, cannot belong to society. It is inherent in man as a rational creature, and he cannot divest himself of it, till he can re-create himself, and become another being, and his own God.

"What, then, does a legislator mean, when he says, You shall believe this doctrine—you shall worship that God—you are born to this religion—we decree that you shall be a Deist or a Christian, a Mahometan or a Pagan, a Catholic or a Protestant: and will punish your disobedience! And who gave you this right? God?—Produce the commission, and work the confirming miracle. Man?—When and where? None could do it for themselves, much less for others. But you have the power. True. So had Herod who was devoured of worms, when he slew James—so had Nero, who was assassinated, when he martyred Paul—so had Pilate who died in miserable exile, when he condemned Christ;—and so had others, who died in splendour, but who wait in their graves the righteous judgment of God. You have the power! To do what? To issue the decree? And so you have to decree that robbery is religion, and persecution for the glory of God!—so you have, to decree that the sun shall shine by night, and the moon by day; and they will as soon obey your bidding as the mind and heart of man. But you can inflict the penalties! Yes, and make martyrs of the firm, and hypocrites of the fearful—nothing more. No human authority has either the right or power to make any system the religion of any individual. We reverence human laws and governors up to this point; but with our consciences, our worship and our God, they have no business. We cannot belong to the Church of England, because *she* recognises this claim of man, to tell with authority his fellow-man what he shall believe, and whom and how he shall adore.

Her Articles and Liturgy have been rightly described by one of her own Prelates, 'as a long Act of Parliament'—a decree of the Senate, deciding what we are to think of God, how we are to feel and speak in his presence, and by what to obtain his blessing! Did they appear to us absolutely true and supremely excellent, we have never delegated, nor can we ever acknowledge the authority of others to decide for us that they were so, and compel us to their belief and use.

"If the right of selecting the religion of a country belong to one government, it must also belong to all. It is not more attached to the legislature of Britain, than to the King of Spain, the Congress of America, the Sultan of Turkey, the Emperor of China, or the Dey of Algiers. If it be right in rulers to command on this subject it must also be right in subjects to obey; and, consequently, right to be a Protestant in one land, a Catholic in another, a member of the Greek church in a third, a Mahometan in a fourth, an Idolater in a fifth; in short, to be of all religions; or, which is the same thing, to have no religion at all."

"BUT YE HAVE NOT SO LEARNED CHRIST, IF SO BE THAT YE HAVE HEARD HIM, AND HAVE BEEN TAUGHT BY HIM, AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

LIST OF THE SUFFERERS AT RATHCORMAC.

1. Richard Ryan, killed ; leaving a widowed mother and large family.
2. William Twomey, killed ; leaving a widow and four young orphans very poor.
3. John Collins, and
4. Michael Collins, brothers, killed ; being the only means of support of a widowed mother.
5. Michael Barry, killed ; the sole support of a father aged 86 and helpless.
6. Michael Lane, killed ; small farmer, with a distressed family.
7. Patrick Curtin, killed ; leaving a widowed mother, and a brother now lying severely wounded in hospital.
8. William Cashman, killed ; small farmer, an only son, leaving a mother and five sisters to deplore his loss.
9. John Daly, killed ; leaving a widowed mother and five orphans, he being their only support.
10. Andrew Shennick ; son to a small farmer ; if he recover, must be disabled for life ; it is impossible he can recover the use of his arm, the ball fractured the elbow-joint and passed through the fore-arm.
11. William Ambrose, labourer ; a wife and six children, one prematurely born since the occurrence ; ball wounded the spine, and he is now lying paralysed in hospital ; if he should survive, he must be a miserable creature for life.
12. John Curtin, wounded in the back ; brother to the person killed, No. 7.
13. Daniel Daly, small farmer ; wounded in the neck, one arm paralysed.
14. Michael Ryan, journeyman smith ; ball entered the groin ; convalescent.
15. Daniel Keeffe, poor labourer ; wounded in the thigh ; cannot do anything for his family for some time.
16. Manl. Cotter, small farmer ; ball fractured the collar-bone, passed down, and not extracted ; must be a long time helpless.
17. John Ivis, farmer ; wounded in the shoulder severely ; convalescent.

"And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus, stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the High Priest, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place for all they that take the sword, shall perish with the sword." Mat. xxvi. 51 52.

"Jesus answered, MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD. If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence." John xviii 36.

THE
DOCTRINES OF THE REFORMATION,

WHAT THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY ARE NOT;

A DISCOURSE

PREACHED ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1835,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE

CHURCH OF GENEVA,

*And in sympathy with their Celebration, on that day, of the
Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Reformation.*

BY GEORGE HARRIS.

—o—

“Require of Christians only to believe Christ, and to call no man master but him only; let those leave claiming infallibility that have no title to it; and let them that in their words disclaim it, disclaim it likewise in their actions; take away tyranny, which is the instrument to support errors, and superstitions, and impieties in the several parts of the world, which could not otherwise long withstand the power of the truth; restore Christians to their just and full liberty of captivating their understanding to Scripture only; and as rivers when they have a free passage run all to the ocean, so it may well be hoped, by God’s blessing, that universal liberty, thus moderated, may quickly reduce Christendom to truth and unity.”—CHILLINGWORTH.

—o—

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1835.

TO THE
VENERABLE COMPANY OF PASTORS
OF THE
CHURCH OF GENEVA,

The following Discourse,
IN ILLUSTRATION AND VINDICATION OF THE GREAT
PRINCIPLES OF THE REFORMATION,
FOR MAINTAINING WHICH, IN THEIR SINGLENESS AND PURITY,
THEY HAVE BEEN SO CRUELLY MISREPRESENTED,

Is respectfully Dedicated,

In Admiration of their Adherence to the Freedom of the Gospel;

*In Sympathy with their Sufferings from Calumny
and Reproach, as base as unchristian;*

*And in Gratitude for their Labours to diffuse that Charity
which is the end of the Commandment.*

A DISCOURSE.

ACTS v. 29:

“We ought to obey God rather than men.”

“WE OUGHT TO OBEY GOD RATHER THAN MEN.” These words embody the spirit of religious freedom. They assert the supremacy of conscience to the commands of magistracy—the homage which the creature is bound by ties of gratitude to offer to the Great Spirit who breathes his goodness throughout creation, to the allegiance tendered cheerfully to righteous earthly authority, but refused the instant it passes its proper province. If that authority encroach on the rights of conscience and humanity—if that authority infringe, in the slightest degree, on that higher and more sacred allegiance which is alone due to the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, then is man to be neglected, and God only to be obeyed. And of that encroachment—of that infringement, every individual must be his own judge. No one can legislate for the conscience of another. It is amenable to no human law, it is cognisable by no human authority. Admit that it were amenable, that man had the right to legislate upon it, and where would be the end of imposition, of civil and sacerdotal tyranny? My conscience, it may be, differs from yours, and yours from mine, whilst that of a third differs from both. Shall I legislate for your mind, or you for mine, or a third party for the whole? Or, to our own Master shall we each stand or fall? The assumption of infallibility by any one, the enforcement of uniformity of faith—that Moloch of intellect—would be the destruction of every man’s freedom. It would be a violation of that privilege in which the blessed Saviour instructed his disciples to glory, each judging for himself that which is right; it would set at nought the exhortation of the Apostle, “let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;” it would efface the distinctive mark of humanity—the gift of reason; it would nullify the blessing of the Gospel, which is not the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the spirit of love, of power, and of a sound mind; and it would dishonour God, the Fountain

of all intelligence, the gracious Bestower of Christian knowledge, liberty, and truth, who requires not from his children the subjection of the slave, but who is glorified by the reasonable service of men of understanding.

“We ought to obey God rather than men.” So declared the Apostles of Jesus to the High-priest of their day, when branded for not obeying his bidding, and refraining at his order from teaching doctrines they believed to be true. Noble declaration! Worthy of the freedmen of Christ, and illustrative of that firmness of purpose, that devotedness to duty, which the Gospel inculcates on those who would obey its precepts. Cast into prison for their labours of beneficence, they trembled not for the malice or the power of their enemies. Their trust was in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of those who believe in his goodness, wisdom, truth. Delivered from that prison, by the outstretched arm of their Maker, they with renewed boldness proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to the people. Irritated by their contumacy, the captain and officers were again ordered to bring the obstinate adherents to the cross of Christ, before the chief-priests and rulers of Israel. Demanded why they had not conformed to the law and obeyed the directions of the magistrates, the Apostles, mindful of their privileges and obligations as the disciples of Christ, disclaimed the jurisdiction of earthly tribunals, and appealed to a higher authority than theirs in defence of Christian liberty: “We ought to obey God, rather than men.” Alarmed by the appearance of the people, and partly persuaded by the advice of Gamaliel, the incensed rulers and priests contented themselves with venting their wrath on the bodies of the impugnors of their might, accompanied by a few words of threatening, and let them go. Despite their beating and their threats, the injured and maltreated Apostles, “daily in the temple and in every house, ceased not to teach and to preach Jesus Christ,” still practically illustrating the admirable maxim, that in the performance of Christian duty, the advancement of human improvement, the dissemination of the purity and the truth of Heaven, we ought to obey God rather than men.

“We ought to obey God rather than men.” That sentence embodies the principle of Christianity in relation to human authority in matters of religion; that sentence also embodies the principle of Protestantism on the same point. Its practical observance dignified humanity, when Apostles shrunk not from their duty, though the evil eye of power frowned upon their labours. When noble-minded and free-spirited men, in after centuries, imitated their righteous example—their resistance to human authority in religion, gave birth to the honourable title of Protestant, and produced the

Reformation. On the 19th of April, 1529, the Elector of Saxony, and four other German princes, together with the deputies of fourteen imperial or free cities, entered a solemn *protest* against a decree of the Diet of Spire, which decree had forbidden *further innovation* in religion:—they reprobated this document as unjust, and impious; and hence they obtained the name of Protestants. They acquired this title, not by protesting against the Church of Rome, or even against what they might deem Catholic errors and superstitions; but simply by protesting against an edict which in itself was an usurpation over the rights of conscience, and which assumed the lawfulness of issuing, and the duty of obeying, human mandates in concerns entirely religious.* The language of their conduct emphatically said, “We ought to obey God rather than men.” Protestantism, then, consists in no specific creed—no particular ritual. Protestantism is a protest, both by word and by deed, against the exercise of human authority in the concerns of religion. Its symbol, its test, its practical exhortation, its spirit is, “We ought to obey God rather than men.”

And yet how common is it to hear the phrase, *the doctrines of the Reformation*, applied to a particular creed, adduced to uphold some sectarian system, and to depreciate and condemn those who demur to its reasonableness and scripturality! Than this, nothing can be more at war with the character of genuine Protestantism; it is in truth a renunciation of the vantage-ground on which true Protestantism places its advocate—it is an appeal on behalf of the doctrines in question, to that very human authority which the genuine and consistent Protestant altogether repudiates.

The principal champions of religious reformation at different periods, were John Wycliffe in England, John Huss in Bohemia, Jerome of Prague, Luther and Melancthon, Zwinglius, Savaranola, Calvin, Servetus, and Erasmus, Socinus in Poland, and John Knox in Scotland. Were these eminently gifted and heroic men united in one common belief on Christian doctrine and practice? Were their views of Christian truth the same—were their ideas of church discipline exactly coincident? No. Greater diversity on these subjects could not possibly prevail among the most opposite of mankind, than existed in this band of illustrious Reformers.† It was not for the peculiar dogmas of Calvinism,

* See an admirable series of papers, entitled “The Protestant Controversy,” No. I.—IV. written with the usual clearness and judgment which distinguish the compositions signed “N.” *Christian Reformer*, 1834, p. 169–173, 274–280, 362–368, 435–441.

† The Reformers were divided in opinion on the Unity of God, and on the person of Christ. Socinus and Servetus, men who, for learning, piety, talent, and Scriptural knowledge, were not a whit

that Martin Luther first raised the standard of resistance against the Roman Pontiff. All Europe was not set in a flame, prince against subject, and nation against nation, that the five points of Calvinism, or the consubstantiation of Luther, might become the religious faith of Christendom. The throne of Papacy did not totter to its very base, because the Church wanted to heave off from its lacerated bosom a load of Arminian and Unitarian heresies. The Reformation was not commenced and carried on, to establish—unexamined and unquestioned—what, aping the presumption of the infallibility the Reformation was intended to destroy, their respective advocates now so often vaunt forth as *the doctrines* of that Reformation. Subjects of far more pressing importance were then in agitation. The right of the human mind to THINK—to think at all on religion, except as its masters bade it—was denied, and the battle was for its emancipation from that direful slavery. The Bible had been hidden for ages in the cell of the monk and the cabinet of the Pontiff, and men were struggling that it should illuminate and bless the cottage and the hovel, as well as the palace. The people had for ages been trampled into serfs and abjects, and they now were springing up in the attitude and claiming the rights of freemen. And as to doctrine,

behind the chief of their contemporaries, rejected the notions of the Trinity and Godhead of Jesus, which others entertained. Even Luther and Calvin disliked the unscriptural phraseology in which it was common to speak of Deity. That dislike led Luther to say,—“The word Trinity sounds oddly, and is a human invention. It were better to call the Almighty—God, than Trinity.” The same feeling of repugnance drew from Calvin the language,—“I like not this prayer, O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity. It savours of barbarity. The word Trinity is barbarous, insipid, profane, a human invention grounded on no testimony of God’s Word—the Popish God, unknown to Jesus Christ and his Apostles.”

That doctrine which the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in their reply to the Pastors of the Church of Geneva, call “*the distinguishing doctrine of the Protestant creed—Luther’s articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ—the doctrine of justification by faith in the Son of God,*” was regarded by Melancthon as a matter not only not essential or distinguishing, but absolutely indifferent. Is the General Assembly prepared to avow themselves the upholders of Luther’s doctrine, that good works are neither the *condition* nor the *means* of salvation? Are they prepared to adhere to the declaration of the early supporter of Luther’s doctrine against Melancthon, that good works are an *impediment* to salvation?—Mosheim’s Ecclesiastical History, vol. iv. 323–341. No wonder that a Church, which holds such a principle as its distinguishing doctrine, should ordain a Fast for the “multiplied and aggravated transgressions” of its ministers and people! The Fast, it may be, was itself inconsistent with the principle; but that signifies little. It was not more at variance with reason, than the doctrine with Scripture.

men had first of all to clear away absurdities that appealed to their senses, before they entered upon the thorough consideration of opinions that required intellectual abstraction, earnest attention, and Scriptural study. It was enough, therefore, for one generation, that a few resolute and devoted men convinced many millions of people, that the great and eternal God, he who fills immensity with his presence, was not contained in a loaf of bread, yea compressed into a wafer, after the monstrous belief had been rooted in the world's mind for nearly nine centuries. It was enough that they roused the millions to thought and inquiry, to know, to demand, and enjoy their rights. It was enough that they rescued the Bible from the fangs of priestly and royal cupidity, and made it the poor man's heritage. And these great objects they did accomplish; and for this be their memories embalmed in the grateful recollection of every one who values integrity, truth, and freedom—who rejoices in the blessed privilege of untrammelled thought, and whose heart's desire and prayer is, that the Gospel may have free course, to the end that the Father of mercies may be adored, in the name of Christ Jesus, in spirit and in truth.

An offering to the shrine of Power

Our hands shall never bring—

A garland on the car of Pomp

Our hands shall never fling—

Applauding in the conqueror's path

Our voices ne'er shall be;

But we have hearts to honour those

Who bade the world go free!

Stern Ignorance man's soul had bound

In fetters, rusted o'er

With tears—with scalding human tears—

And red with human gore;

But Men arose—the MEN to whom

We bend the freeman's knee—

Who, God-encouraged, burst the chain,

And made our fathers free!

Light dwelt where darkness erst had been—

The morn of Mind arose—

The dawning of that day of love

Which never more shall close:

Joy grew more joyful, and more green

The valley and the lea,—

The glorious sun from Heaven look'd down,

And smiled upon the free!

Truth came, and made its home below;

And Universal Love,

And Brotherhood, and Peace, and Joy,
 Are following from above:
 And happy ages on the earth
 Humanity shall see;
 And happy lips shall bless their names
 Who made our children free!

Praise to the Good, the Pure, the Great,
 Who made us what we are!
 Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
 With radiance brighter far;
 Glory to them in coming time,
 And through eternity!
 They burst the captive's galling chain,
 And bade the world go free!*

I know that several of the leading Reformers were sincere believers in the doctrines of the Trinity, of original sin, of election and reprobation, and their kindred opinions. Were these doctrines the offspring of the Reformation? By no means. From whence did they come, then? From any quarter *but* the Reformation. The Trinity had, many centuries before, been the ground-work of that Babel pile of mysticism, and contradiction, and intolerance—the creed of St. Athanasius; and original sin, that appropriate scion of monkery, had been wrought out in the heat of controversy with Pelagius, by the metaphysics and anger of Augustine. These doctrines were not attacked first, because they did not directly bear upon men's property, liberty, consciences, domestic happiness, and social privilege. And because, in the agitation and turmoil of that stirring period, when the very first principles of thought and of freedom were jeopardised, these doctrines escaped some of the Reformers, they are now, forsooth, to be called *the doctrines of the Reformation!* Why, in fact, they existed in spite of the Reformation. They were not fostered in its bosom; but were only accidentally entangled, and therefore preserved in the skirts of its garments. Whether they were true or false, Scriptural or unscriptural, they were exactly those doctrines which *never were reformed*. Their true title should rather be, the doctrines of *non-Reformation*. Call them, if you please, the sediments of the Reformation—the refuse of the Reformation; but if there be any truth in history, or any reality in

* These lines were composed as an anthem, for the Third Centenary of the Reformation, and inscribed to my excellent friend—the friend of truth and of man, the Rev. Henry Clarke of Dundee, by Mr. Robert Nicoll. They are worthy of the subject. They give promise of future poetic excellence also in their author, which, I doubt not, will be fully realised.

fact, or any use in language, they are not *the doctrines* of the Reformation.*

The essential principles of the Reformation, are other and very different to these. Truly, a man may earn the honourable title of Protestant cheaply enough, if he assumes that title merely because he admits not Transubstantiation, nor joins in celebrating the sacrifice of the Mass, or in bowing at the elevation of the Host. Such an individual may indeed with perfect truth declare, that he ranks not among Catholics; but if he at the same time be the minister or member of any church which asserts and exercises human authority in matters of religion, then he has no right whatever to the name of Protestant; for he calls on his fellow-creatures to obey men rather than God—to receive a human creed equally with the Bible;—and still less is he worthy of the title, if personally he seek or affect the possession of a right to determine for others in spiritual affairs, and to employ the arm of man for the avowed purpose of advancing the cause of God.† To cling to the opinions of individual Reformers, how-

* See an excellent article on this subject, in the Unitarian Miscellany and Christian Monitor, published at Baltimore, U. S. and edited by the Rev. Jared Sparks, 1822, vol. i. p. 337-344.

† “The Protestant Controversy, No. I.”—*Christian Reformer*, 1834, p. 173.—“I say, that by imposing a particular subscription to a human standard, we have departed from the Protestant foundation; and that the introduction of the Confession of Faith has taken away the distinction between the Churches of Scotland and Rome. For what is this distinction, and on what is it founded? Was it not founded on this principle, that the Church of Rome by requiring implicit submission to her decisions, had raised them to a level with the Scriptures? And what has the Church of Scotland in effect done less? She denies indeed in words, that she considers her Confession as of equal authority with the Scriptures; yet she imposes it upon her members, as if it was. She acknowledges that she is liable to error, and may have erred; yet she insists upon it, that in fact she has not erred; and we find the consequences the same to us, as if she openly asserted her own infallibility. The Church of Rome maintains that her decisions are just, because the authority which issues them is infallible; she has not erred, because she cannot err. The Church of Scotland acknowledges her fallibility, and at the same time asserts her actual rectitude. She hardly insists upon it, that she is right in every point; while, with the same breath, she acknowledges she may be wrong in all. Which of the two Churches is most consistent? I may ask, which of them is most honest—the one who acts the deed and avows the principle; or the one who acts the same deed and disowns it? You deny you put your Confession on the same footing with the Scriptures; but tell me what it is you require to the Scriptures, which you do not require to your Confession? You require us to believe all your opinions. What does the Church of Rome do more? But we burn no heretics. Heretics would, no doubt, be obliged to your humanity, if the difference between burning and starving were a difference of much consequence. It is not you, however, whom we have to

ever eminent, instead of carrying out the great principles which led to their righteous rebellion against human authority in religion, would be to act as absurdly as navigators would have done, had they never ventured beyond the limited track over which those who first adopted the mariner's compass fearfully sailed; instead of employing the instrument which they used, and traversing like them under its mysterious but certain guidance—unknown seas, discovering new continents, spreading everywhere a knowledge of distant regions, and bringing even the ends of the earth into a holy and blessed communion.*

What, then, are the principles which may with justice and truth be denominated the principles of the Reformation? We have already seen that that which gave origin to the name of Protestant, and from which sprung the Reformation, was a protest against the exercise of human authority in matters of religion. "We ought to obey God rather than men." Opposition to human authority in religion is, then, the essential principle of Protestantism, of the Reformation—the principle without which it could never have had existence—the principle which, unless it be practically adopted, renders Protestantism an empty name.

Inseparably connected with this principle, is that of the sufficiency of Scripture as a rule of faith and practice. The Reformers were unanimous as to this principle. Calvin emphatically declares, that "no preacher can require implicit belief to what he utters; only to the word of God in the Scriptures." In the dedication of his "Institutes" to Francis the First, Calvin declares, in reference to the Fathers and human authority in religion, "While we make use of their writings, we always remember, that all things are ours to serve us, not to have dominion over us, and that we are Christ's alone, and owe him universal obedience. He who neglects this distinction, will have nothing decided in religion, since these holy men were ignorant of many things, frequently at variance with each other, and sometimes even inconsistent with themselves." Zwingle bears testimony in the strongest language to the principle. "The Scripture," he affirms, "explains itself, and has no need of an interpreter. If men understand it ill, it is because they read it amiss. It is always

thank even for this favour; your range is limited by the civil power; what you can, you do. You brand with infamy whoever presumes to differ from yourselves, you deprive him of his emoluments, and enforce him to pine in poverty. The Church of Rome commits him to the flames, and puts an end to his misery."—*The Religious Establishment in Scotland examined upon Protestant Principles: 1771*, p. 157-160.

* The Rev. Charles W. Upham's Sermon at the Dedication in Salem, U. S. 1826, p. 12.

consistent with itself; and the spirit of God acts by it so strongly, that all readers may find the truth there, provided they seek it with a sincere and humble heart." Luther's accordance with these opinions, is characteristically stated in his letter to Melancthon; and no one more earnestly insisted on the sufficiency of the Scripture than did Melancthon. Indeed there is no doubt—there can be no doubt—that all the Reformers adopted this as a main, an essential principle.

Another principle of the Reformation, is the right of individual judgment—that all men have a right to read and understand for themselves the Scriptures of truth; and intimately connected with this right, or rather another aspect of the principle, is the denial of all power to compel opinion in matters of religion. Calvin is full and explicit on this point. "Now," he observes, "since the consciences of the faithful, being privileged with the liberty which we have described, have been delivered by the favour of Christ from all necessary obligation to the observance of those things in which the Lord hath been pleased they should be left free, we conclude that they are exempt from all human authority." "Christ is abolished with respect to us, unless our consciences continue in their liberty, from which they are certainly fallen if they can be ensnared in the bonds of laws and ordinances at the pleasure of men." Luther declares, "We have not received any authority or power to compel belief." Describing civil authority, Luther affirms, "the kingdom of Christ is of an entirely different nature. If you are willing to believe, yours will be the benefit; if you refuse to believe, the choice is free to you, and yours alone is the responsibility." He thus expresses the general principle of the Reformers on this point: "We do not unsheathe the sword, neither do we resort to force; words and arguments are the only weapons of our warfare." Melancthon fully develops the principle of the right of individual judgment, and of the impropriety and invalidity of all human laws or ordinances in matters of religion: "Let all have full liberty to teach and maintain whatever opinions they may choose to teach and maintain; let them all be listened to, and let them be judged by all."*

Yes, these—the great, the only essential principles of the Reformation, are embodied and immortalised in their deeds and labours, and their efforts vindicated, and their memories embalmed, in those words of Chillingworth to his Catholic antagonist—I would they were engraven on the hearts of all professing Protestants, I would they acted in accordance with their spirit,—“Know, sir, that when I say the religion

* Upham's Sermon before quoted, p. 13-17; and the note, p. 35, where the authorities are given.

of Protestants is in wisdom to be preferred before yours,—as on the one side, I do not understand by *your religion* the doctrines of Bellarmine, or Baronius, or any other private man among you—nor the doctrine of the Sarbonne, or of the Jesuits, or of the Dominicans, or any particular company among you, but that in which you all agree, or profess to agree—the doctrine of the Council of Trent;—so, accordingly, on the other side, by *the religion of Protestants*, I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon—nor the Confession of Augsburgh or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidleberg, nor the harmony of Protestant Confessions, but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony as a perfect rule of faith and action—that is the Bible. The Bible, I say, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants. Whatever else they believe beside it, well may they hold it as matter of opinion; but as matter of faith and religion, neither can they with any coherence to their own grounds believe it themselves, nor require the belief of it in others, without most high and schismatical presumption. I will think no man the worse man nor the worse Christian, I will love no man the less, for differing in opinion with me;—and what measure I mete to others, I expect from them again. I am fully persuaded that God does not, and therefore man ought not, to require any more from any man than this,—to believe the Scripture to be God's word, to endeavour to find the true sense of it, and to live according to its commandments."

Such, my Christian friends, are the genuine principles of the Reformation—the utter and absolute repudiation of all human authority in matters of religion—the sufficiency of the Scriptures alone as the rule of faith and duty—the right of individual judgment, as to the teachings of Scripture—the open confession of that judgment, no one daring, no one attempting to make man afraid of the expression of his conscientious convictions.

That all the Reformers did not act consistently with these principles, is deeply to be regretted, for the principles themselves are worthy of all acceptance. In imitating the tyranny of Rome, as Calvin did, when he had the power to wreak his unholy vengeance on the martyred Servetus, he fell from his high estate of mental and moral independence, violated every principle of the Reformation, and stained his memory with the blood of innocence.* In practically abandoning the principles of the Reformation, by assuming and exercising authority in religion, many Protestant communions

* "Many have pretended to apologise for Calvin; but who is John Calvin, and what are his nostrums, which end in tyranny and murder, that the great voice of nature is to be drowned in the din of a vain babbling about him?"—*Robert Robinson*.

have virtually renounced the Protestantism of which they still make their boast—which they form solemn leagues and covenants to uphold—which they disgrace by their secret oaths, and pollute by their unholy orgies. Oh! were it essential to Protestantism to malign and oppress—to batten on human misery—to pillage the poor of other communions—to cement the unholy edifice of ruthless power, with the carnage of the widow's offspring—to prolong misrule, and perpetuate injustice and atrocity,—abjure would I, at once and forever, the unhallowed name. But deeming Protestantism, as I do, to be identified with liberty, the harbinger of improvement, and its essential principles urging men ever onward in the career of knowledge, goodness, freedom, happiness,—gladly would I see its genuine principles acknowledged and acted up to. But when I look at the Christian world, what do I behold? The lament which the pious Puritan, Robinson of Leyden, poured forth in 1620, is as applicable to some portions of the Christian world now, as it was then: “For my part,” said the venerable man, “I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their Reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for I am verily persuaded, the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word.” “It is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick antichristian darkness, and that the perfection of knowledge should break forth all at once.”

Most Protestant sects have so long been in the habit of reviling their Catholic parent, that they little imagine the close resemblance which exists between them. Any church founded upon, and requiring subscription to a human creed, has abandoned Protestantism. The Church of Rome has a confession of faith separate from the Bible, to which all her members must conform—and so have *they*. The Church of Rome assumes the spirit of infallibility, it cannot err—and *they* affirm they are always in the right; which answers all the practical purposes of infallibility, with the advantage of not being clogged by the monstrous repugnance of that claim to reason, justice, and truth. The Church of Rome considers all as schismatics who dissent from her doctrines and forms of worship; and so do *they* debar from countenance here, and heaven hereafter, those who dissent from them. The Church of Rome has its spiritual courts, and *they* also have their ecclesiastical tribunals for uprooting heresy. The

Church of Rome denies the right of individual judgment to her members—and so do *they*. The Church of Rome asserts, that uniformity of faith is essential to the maintenance of a church—and so do *they*. It matters not to them though individual opinion be in accordance with the Bible; if it disagree with their standards, they cast out the heretic from among them.* What are these sects, then, but merely reformed Catholic sects—scions of the same parent stock—obeying men rather than God—discarding their liberty as the freedmen of Christ Jesus—and in bondage to human ordinances, traditions, and commandments! Yes, Bishop Burnet was right:—"Certainly our Reformation was never perfected, neither can it be, until we all come openly to acknowledge it, and to act upon that principle which was the only ground upon which the Reformation did or could stand, namely, that the Scriptures are the only rule of faith to Christians; and that every Christian, as he has to answer to God for his own actions, and not others for him, so he is to judge for himself how to act in matters of religion, and not others to judge for him. Where this principle does not prevail, there Popery still remains, though it passeth under the name of Protestantism. And till this principle does prevail, we can expect no completion of that Reformation, which as yet can only be said to have been happily begun among us."

The Church of Geneva, though its early history, when under the influence of Calvin, was stained by a deed of blood, remains faithful to the genuine principles of the Reformation—the essential principles of Protestantism and of Christian liberty. The members of that Church have no Confession of Faith, save the Bible. They celebrate this day, the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Reformation. They have invited the Reformed Churches of Europe to join in that celebration. Among the rest, application was made to the Church of Scotland to send deputies to the jubilee. That application was met with contumely. Because the Church of Geneva had obeyed that law of progress which the Creator has stamped upon all his works, and had not stuck fast where it was left by Calvin—because its members preferred

* "The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of his Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of church-officers, distinct from the civil magistrate. To these officers the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures; and to open it unto penitent sinners by the ministry of the Gospel, and by absolution from censures as occasion shall require." What intolerable presumption breathes throughout this language! And who employs it? The Church of Rome? No: the pure, immaculate, *Protestant* Church of Scotland!

the Word of God, which cannot be bound, to Confessions of Faith and parchment covenants—because they were free, and not contracted—because they looked on man as the child of God, and did not parcel out the human family into Heaven's favourites and reprobates,—the Church of Scotland refused to fraternise with the Genevese, or to join with them in celebrating an event which, whether by Calvinist or Arminian, Trinitarian or Unitarian, cannot be recollected but with feelings of gratitude to God, and of veneration for the righteous instruments who called the world from slavery to freedom. Under these very peculiar circumstances, it seemed to be the duty of the Christian Unitarians of Scotland, to address a letter to the Pastors of the Church of Geneva, expressive of their sympathy and Christian regard. As that Address is illustrative of the object of this discourse, and as it in some measure marks the steps in the progress of the Church of Geneva,—it, together with their answer, which breathes the spirit of freedom and benevolence, I introduce to your serious attention.

“To the Venerable Company of Pastors of the Church of Geneva.

“Christian Friends,—The Christian Unitarians of Scotland would feel themselves guilty of a dereliction of duty, were they not, under the circumstances which have recently occurred, to address you. Their sympathies have long been yours. Your past history, your present condition, are subjects in which they take a deep and lively interest. United as were our forefathers, in the religious faith of those who founded your ecclesiastical institutions; and banded together, as they were, in vindication of the rights of man, and of the sacred privileges of the freedmen of Christ Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, against the power which for ages had trampled both civil and religious liberty beneath its despotic and inquisitorial sway—it was natural that their descendants should look with anxious and inquiring eye to the opinions and practices of their brethren at Geneva. Honouring the struggles of our forefathers, in behalf of that liberty where-with Christ had made his disciples free, we were irresistibly impelled to the conclusion, that truest reverence of their memories, was shown by imitation of their hallowed example. Investigation taught us, that the great, the essential principles of the Reformation, were, the sufficiency of Scripture, the right of individual judgment, and the free and fearless expression of that judgment—principles these, utterly void and set at nought, when communion with a Church is identified with subscription to a human creed, and belief in the Bible is deemed valueless unless associated with belief in the Confession of Faith. To admit such claims on the part of the Church of Scotland, or of any body of Christians dissenting

from her communion, appeared to us, to be returning to the beggarly elements which our forefathers spurned. We therefore separated from her, because she had repudiated the principles on which alone the Reformation was founded, and by which alone that holy rebellion against oppression could be justified. Happy were we to find, that the Genevese had acted in a similar spirit, and, auspiciously for the community, having the power, had abolished subscription to the Confession of Faith as a term of Christian communion and fellowship. This was carrying out the great purpose of the Reformation—the emancipation of the mind from the trammels of human authority in religion. You did not suppose the perfection of truth and liberty to be attained in 1535; but whilst honouring those, who in an age of comparative darkness, had done so much for Christianity and mankind, you rightly judged, that the *Lord had more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word.*

“The natural consequences have followed, both in your country and in our own. Persecution, imprisonment, and death, having marked the once prevalent faith of Geneva, suspicion of its truth was naturally engendered; for truth has a necessary affinity with justice, and benevolence is its blessed result. Purer ideas of God, more elevating sentiments of human nature gradually made way, reverence and love of both took place of fear and loathing; morality was founded on its only secure and lasting basis; good will to man, reverence of the Saviour, has followed; and piety to the One Eternal Father, has crowned and sanctified the whole. Similar causes have led to similar results in Scotland also; and whilst we congratulate you on the adoption of that purer faith, which we are convinced you have peace and joy in believing, we bless God for our own deliverance from heart-withering creeds, and inquisitorial conclaves.

“In your struggles to uphold the great principles of the Reformation—the great charter of Christian liberty, the New Testament—you have been assailed by every species of insult and vituperation. Falsehoods the most gross have been circulated respecting you; and statements the most contradictory have found a ready credence to your prejudice. You were bound no longer in the iron bonds of a human creed, and therein consisted your criminality. You were Protestants in deed and in truth, and that was an unpardonable sin. Lamentations have been poured out over the length and breadth of Scotland for your defection, and every calumny which an intolerant priesthood could fabricate and vend, has been as eagerly credited by a prejudiced and hoodwinked people.

“Not universal, however, has been this state of sentiment and feeling. A band, small indeed when compared with the

nation, have honoured your efforts, have sympathised in your labours, have vindicated, as far as their power extended, your characters and principles. In the *Christian Pioneer*, a periodical conducted by the individual who signs this Address, the true condition of Geneva has been made known to those who would read and judge for themselves. At the Annual Association of the Unitarians of Scotland also, your circumstances, religious doctrines, and prospects, have been dwelt upon and rejoiced in. But there are minds which are impervious to argument, sealed against the evidence of fact. It did not surprise us, therefore, that your letter to the Church of Scotland, inviting her members to join with you in celebrating the Reformation, met with so uncourteous a reception. It would have surprised us had her General Assembly fraternised with those who regard the Word of God as superior alike to the traditions of the Church of Rome, the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, or the Westminster Confession of Faith. It would have surprised us, had the members of that Assembly fraternised with the lovers of Christian liberty, the advocates of untrammelled thought, human improvement, happiness, and peace.

“But, under such circumstances, we should hold ourselves unworthy of our privileges and of the sacred and benevolent faith we glory in professing, did we not embrace the opportunity of expressing our cordial attachment to the principles you uphold—our admiration of the firmness and consistency with which you have maintained them—our sympathy in the labours of benevolence in which you are engaged—our regret for the calumnies to which you have been exposed—our confidence, that those calumnies, like every other instance of evil, will be overruled by the Providence of God for the good of those who have suffered them—our assured hope, that your virtuous and truly Christian efforts, will be blessed to the advancement of the pure and undefiled religion of the Saviour, and the adoration of the One Universal Father in spirit and in truth.

“Go forward, brethren, in God’s name, and prosper. You occupy an honourable position in the contest for Christian liberty. You will fill it worthily. Its duties are arduous, but you will not flinch from their performance. The eyes of the nations are on you. You will not relax your efforts because bigotry may anathematise, and intolerance scowl upon you. In all the nations, there are some minds who honour you, there are some hearts which beat in unison with the hopes that animate your own. The wide waters may divide us, but the eye of a common and benignant Father is upon us to bless us; and our prayers shall ever ascend to that Father, that your labours to diffuse the truth of Christ, may be successful on earth, and that He may be your portion and

reward for ever.—I am, in the name and on behalf of the Committee and Members of the General Association of the Unitarians of Scotland,

“Very respectfully and faithfully,

“Your brother in Christ,

“GEORGE HARRIS,

“Glasgow, June 26, 1835.

Secretary & Treasurer.”

To this Address I have lately received from the Church of Geneva, the following reply:—

“*The Venerable Company of Pastors of Geneva, to Mr. George Harris, Secretary & Treasurer of the General Association of the Unitarians of Scotland.*

“Geneva, July 27, 1835.

“Sir, and much honoured Brother—The Company of Pastors of Geneva have received with much pleasure and gratitude, the assurances of esteem and affection which you have given them in the name of the Association of which you are a member. Called, as they have been, for the last twenty years, to struggle against misrepresentations, the tendency and results of which they deeply deplore, it is gratifying to them to find Christians who sympathise with them, who understand and approve the course they have followed.

“They venerate and bless the memory of those Reformers who rendered such signal services to the church and to the world during the sixteenth century; but they do not confound them with those inspired men who spoke directly in the name and on the part of God, eighteen hundred years ago. They still preserve those principles, by the aid of which Luther and Calvin reformed the Christian church; but they likewise examine the doctrines which they professed, that they may assure themselves whether they are agreeable to the letter and spirit of the teachings of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. In particular, certain that by the benevolent will of God, man is destined to perfection, they reject the formularies which trammel religious opinions, and tend to replace the Christian under the yoke of human authority in matters of faith. For the rest, they respect every conscientious opinion, and greet with the name of brethren and Christians all those who base their faith upon the Gospel.

“It is under the influence of this spirit, they have wished to call together to the jubilee which the Church of Geneva intends soon to celebrate, all the reformed national churches, whatever might be their opinions. They have seen with regret, that a few amongst them have formed an idea of the Reformation, to which they cannot agree, and in consequence have rejected the great principles of the Gospel, which are, that in every nation he who feareth God is accepted of him; and that all the disciples of Jesus, the only Son of God, have

a right to our love. We hope to persevere in this spirit, and we wait with confidence for better times.

“As to you, Sir, and much honoured Brother,—you have addressed to us a letter, in which we recognise the spirit of the Master, and of fraternal affection. We accompany you with our best wishes, and pray God that he may grant you his all-powerful assistance. Accept, Sir, our very sincere and fraternal regards.

“In the name of the Company, and by their order,
“J. S. CHOISY, Secretary.”

My Christian friends, after the length to which this discourse has already extended, I shall only add my conviction, that these sentiments of the Church of Geneva are in strict and beautiful accordance with the essential principles of that Reformation they this day celebrate, with the genuine principles of Protestantism, and the pure and benevolent spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Be it ours to imbibe the spirit of the Saviour. Whilst we sympathise with those in every clime who are struggling for human rights and human good—whilst we venerate the Reformers who in the old time so gloriously struggled for the mind’s emancipation, let us resolve to imitate all, as far as they followed Apostles and the Son of God. Only as we imitate their righteous conduct, are we worthy the name of Reformers, Protestants, Christians—only as we imitate their righteous conduct, are we worthy successors to the good, the brave, and the holy, who did valiantly for truth, esteeming it, as they justly did, the highest, the most sacred interest of man. I address you not merely as men and as Christians, I speak to you as inhabitants of a country long and widely famed for its struggles and its sufferings in behalf of what was considered to be Christian truth, freedom of thought, liberty to worship God according to the dictates of individual judgment. I call upon you to hallow the memory of your forefathers by similar devotedness. Go and visit the lonely grave of the Covenanter, amidst the wild glens and heathery mountains of your land, meditate by his lowly bed, yes, humble yourself on the grave of the martyr, and ask why that lone grave was raised in the wilderness, far away from the haunts of man? What must be the answer? What would be the answer, could the voice of the tenant of that grave be heard arising from beneath the damp sod? Would it not say, The Almighty gave me a rational soul, and I exercised it; he gave me a revelation of his will, and I investigated it, and from it formed my belief; and rather than yield up that belief at the command of men, frail and fallible as myself—rather than bow down to creeds and forms which I abominated, I endured persecution—I fled to the caves and dens of the earth—I became an outcast from society—I was hunted up and down as a wretch

unfit to breathe the air of heaven—and I died, yea, and I died firm in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free. I searched for truth, and I found it—and having found it, I cherished it—and having cherished it, I died for it, and have received my reward. Follow my example, and your soul shall enjoy the peace of God, and the blessing of the Master. True! and if ye be not the degenerate children of such high-souled beings, you will feel that you owe the exercise of your reason to the God who bestowed that reason on you—to that Saviour who hath called you to liberty, and blessed you with truth—to that Protestantism which can alone be justified by its advocates judging for themselves that which is right. Yes; you will feel that that grave is more sacred than the gilded tombs of monarchs—that that memory is more blessed than the pride, pomp, and circumstance which surround the satellites of power, or which crown the mitred fronts that glare amid courts and palaces.

Above all things, recollect the Gospel is not a thing to stand still. It is not like an image, beautiful indeed, but without vitality. It is mighty through God to the uprooting every obstacle opposed to the onward progress of humanity. It is to go forward in company with all improvement, it is itself the source of that improvement; and its perfection, so far as known and enjoyed by man, is still as far off, as is the perfection of the human intellect. Follow reason, then, rather than your ancestors. Reverence the Bible above all human creeds. Prostrate your understanding before no ritual, no confession, at the bidding of no Synod, no Assembly. “We ought to obey God rather than men;” that is the sentiment alone worthy of Protestants, alone worthy of rational and immortal beings. Ever, therefore, may it be our prayer, our firm resolve—

Almighty! thou in mortal heart hast placed
 This thirst for truth unquenchable and free;
 And shall we fetter that bless'd liberty
 By its own light, through darkening ages traced?
 Father! in mercy be it not erased;
 That glorious charter of the free-born soul;
 Never to bow, but to thy high control,
 Nor be by power of mortal yoke abased.
 This world's depression we elastic spurn;
 By its conflicting creeds unchanged in heart,
 With our soul's steadfast faith to thee we turn,
 Father! to thee who will not say, Depart:
 Firm in thy trust to search Truth's glorious ray,
 Till on our darkness, bursts the living day.

NOTE.

THE preceding Discourse was delivered in the Christian Unitarian Chapel of this City, on Sunday afternoon, August 23, to a very crowded and deeply attentive audience. It is now published in compliance with the warmly expressed wishes of many of the Congregation. It is hoped, too, that amidst the struggle carrying on between the advocates of Church Establishments and of the Voluntary principle for the support of religion, it may lead some minds to examine whether both the contending parties are not, as Protestants, wrong; the one, in imposing a human creed by the aid of the Civil Power; the other, in enforcing the belief of a human creed by the help of Synodical authority. The Christian who acknowledges only one Master, Jesus Christ, and that all his disciples are brethren, has no desire to uproot Church Establishments, merely to exalt a similar abomination. He regards both as alien to the spirit of the Gospel, setting up another head of the Church in opposition to the Saviour—as a flagrant violation of every principle of Protestantism—as subversive of Christian privilege and destructive of human liberty. Whilst he rejoices in the progress of Dissent—inasmuch as that which makes men think, will ultimately lead to the good both of the individual and of society, he laments that the worst spirit of an Establishment should be cherished by those who have cast aside her yoke. Bigotry and intolerance, from whatever causes they may spring, or under whatever name they are kept alive, are the pests of society, and their extinction would be at once the sign of purity of faith, and the pledge of religious unity and peace.

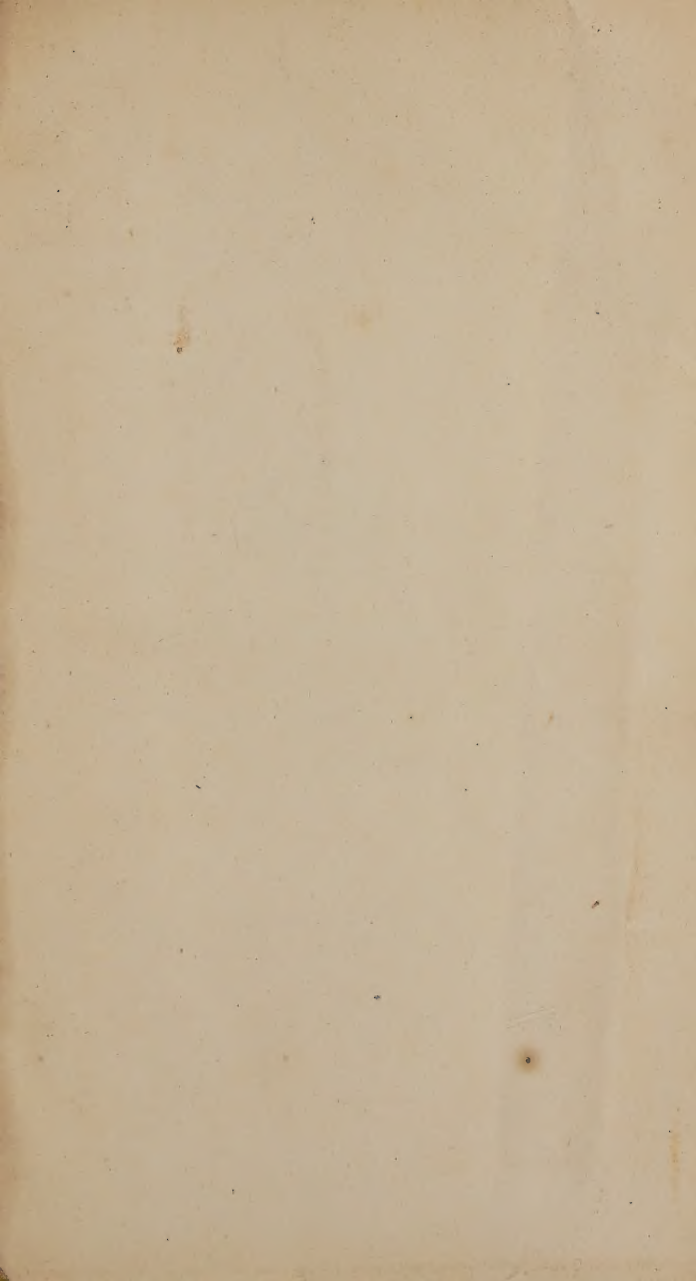
About the middle of the seventeenth century, some French divines adopted doctrines inconsistent with the decisions of the Calvinistic Synod of Dort. They rejected arbitrary election and reprobation, and taught that no believer is excluded from salvation by the Divine decrees. These opinions were received in all the universities of the French Huguenots, and gained ground in Geneva. They also denied the doctrine of original sin, as implying the imputation of Adam's transgression to his posterity. To check the progress of these doctrines, a profession of faith was framed, which embraced all the confessions of the Helvetic churches, and was therefore entitled the Consensus. In Basle, however, they refused to require subscription to this formula from candidates for the ministry, and abrogated it by a positive edict in the year 1686. In the other cantons of Switzerland, it gradually fell into disuse, and is now sunk into oblivion.

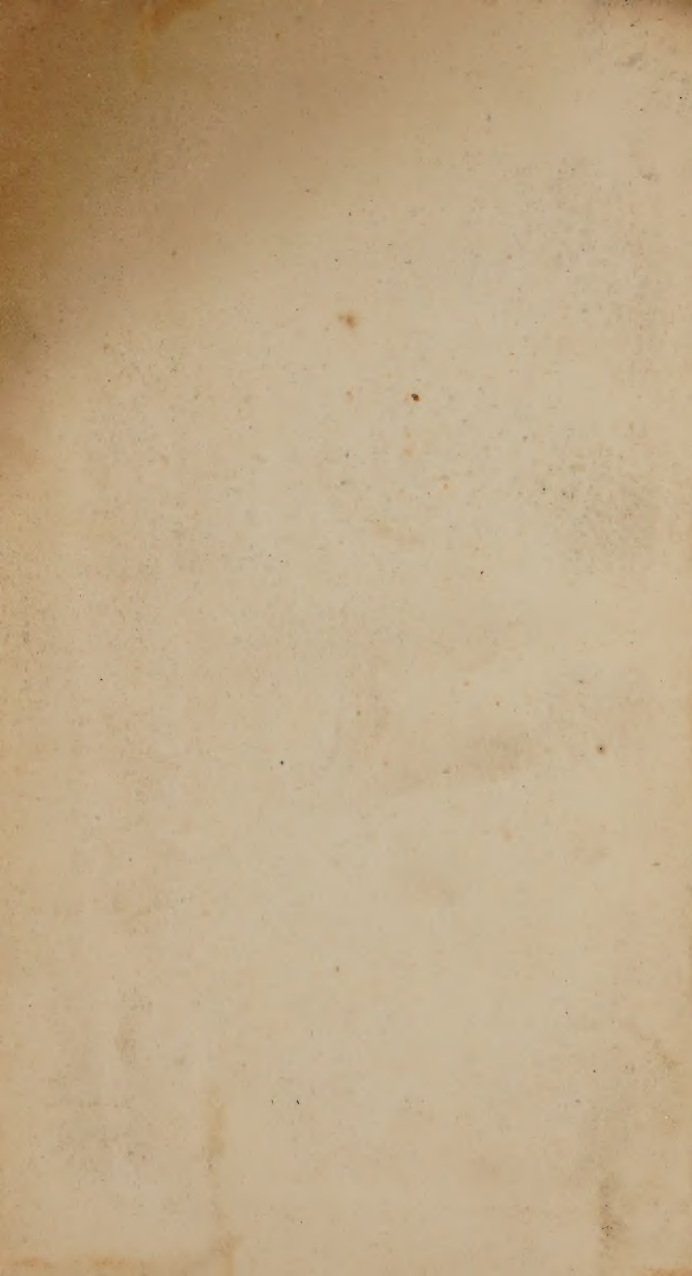
In Geneva the Consensus retained its authority in some degree till 1706. M. Jaques Vial de Beaumont, a divine of Neufchatel, being called to Geneva to exercise his ministry there, was required to subscribe this form of doctrine. This he refused to do, except so far as it agreed with the Scriptures. His licence to preach was consequently withheld. He appealed to the body of divines of that republic, who after a long debate, decided that M. Vial's subscription was satisfactory. From the Pastors, an appeal was lodged before the Magistrates, who determined in favour of the articles; but the divines who had supported M. Vial brought the matter before the Council of Two Hundred, who adjudged that the following oath should be sufficient:—"I swear and declare, in the presence of God, that I hold the Holy Scriptures to be the only rule of my faith; and that it contains in a very clear manner whatever is necessary to salvation; and I promise that I will be conformable thereto, both in my doctrine and practice."

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in their reply to the Church of Geneva, express their belief, "that through the abundant effusion of the Holy Spirit, the day is not far distant when Christ shall be preached in all your churches, that he is the Son of God." The General Assembly knew well enough that that is the doctrine already preached in the Churches of Switzerland. Their real wish is, that Christ should be preached, not merely that he is the *Son of God*, but also that he is *GOD THE SON*. They wish the Genevese, in fact, to read Scripture backwards, and to employ unscriptural phraseology, instead of adhering to the plain declarations of the Bible. Those maligners of their Christian brethren, who would deny the Christian name to those who think not exactly of "the Son of God," as they do, would find it useful to ponder well the following language, addressed by Dr. John Jebb, to the Bishop of Peterborough, 1773:—"If your Lordship will please to turn to Romans x. 9, you there will find, 'That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' If your Lordship shall ask, what is to be understood by this confession? I reply in the words of the eunuch unto Philip, words which entitled him to immediate baptism, and consequently to the name of Christian, 'I believe Jesus to be the Son of God.' If you further ask, what I mean by the expression 'Son of God'? I answer, that I mean by it, the same which Scripture meaneth; and your Lordship cannot with decency be supposed to mean more. If my interpretation of this expression, collected from comparing Scripture with Scripture, should differ from your Lordship's, I nevertheless have an indisputable right to the appellation of a Christian, while I profess that I believe this article of religion in that sense which appears to me to be agreeable to Scripture. If your Lordship shall deny that I am a Christian, unless I subscribe to your Lordship's or the Church's explanation of the words in question, I challenge you to show me the difference between your Lordship's claim to authority in controversies of faith, and the extravagant pretensions of the Romish Church to absolute dominion over the reason and the consciences of men."

In the Address of the Christian Unitarians of Scotland to the Church of Geneva, it is stated that falsehoods the most gross have been circulated respecting the principles of the Pastors. The following instance may serve as a specimen. In a pamphlet by Mr. Haldane of Edinburgh, it is stated, that during the residence of Mr. Wilson at Geneva, in conversations he had with M. Chenevière, he found him a violent man, intractable, an avowed Socinian, and that he was terrified by M. Chenevière's attacks on spiritual religion. These are bold charges. What are the facts? *M. Chenevière never saw Mr. Wilson.* Mr. Wilson indeed called on M. Chenevière, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Francis Cunningham, but M. Chenevière was not at home. M. Chenevière called on Mr. Wilson at his hotel, but he had left Geneva. *M. Chenevière, therefore, never exchanged a single word with Mr. Wilson.* May it not with truth be said, that persons guilty of such misrepresentations, practically hold the morality of the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means? They pour forth their calumnies, in the hope that some part of the stain at least, may be fixed on the character and principles the intolerant spirit of their creed induces them to falsify. The world may be hoodwinked for a season by such calumniators; but, sooner or later, truth will be heard, and falsehood and bigotry shall flee away.

Glasgow, September 4, 1835.





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